The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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WITH 68-PAGE ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

£1,000 PRIZE NOVEL COMPETITION.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are announcing a great Prize Novel Competition that is to be open to all writers. Novels submitted should contain between 90,000 and 120,000 words, and must not exceed 150,000. A prize of £600 will be awarded to the best Novel received, and a prize of £400 to the second best. The last date for sending in MSS. is August 31st next, and the adjudicators will be Miss Beatrice Harraden, Sir William Robertson Nicoll, and Mr. Clement Shorter. Full particulars and conditions of the Competition will be sent post free on application to Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton (Novel Competition), St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

William Makepeace Thackeray.

(Age about 24.)

From a miniature painting in the possession of J. Pierpont Morgan.

From "The Yellowplush Papers," Centenary Biographical Edition. (Smith, Elder.)

We reproduce on our cover the original wrapper-designs for the monthly parts of four of Thackeray's books; these are taken, by permission of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew & Co., from the facsimiles of these wrappers that are given in Messrs. Smith, Elder's Centenary Biographical Edition of Thackeray's works. For much other assistance with the Thackeray illustrations we are indebted to the kindness of Messrs. Smith, Elder, Mr. Frowde, Mr. John Lane (who published Mr. Lewis Melville's admirable "Life of Thackeray"), Messrs. A. & C. Black, and Messrs. Macmillan, who have permitted us to reproduce a number of the delightful drawings with which Mr. Harry Furniss illustrates the Centenary Edition de Luxe of Thackeray that they are now issuing.

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes has completed a new novel which is to appear serially in the *Daily Telegraph*. She is at present engaged on another novel, the scene of which is laid partly in Scotland and partly in France, and is planning yet another, a story of intensely dramatic character which was suggested to her by a French *cause célèbre* of sixty years ago. She is also preparing a further volume of short

stories which, like her "Studies in Wives," will have a unifying thread of interest running through them.

Mrs. Lowndes was educated at the Convent of the Holy Child at Mayfield, but spent much of her youth in France, with which country she has strong links of sympathy. She is Mr. Hilaire Belloc's sister, and is descended through her mother, Madame Belloc (*née* Bessie Rayner Parkes, and author of "In a Walled Garden," "La Belle France," etc.), from Joseph Priestley, of whom Madame Belloc possesses some very interesting memorials, including the prism with which he made certain of his scientific discoveries, and a curious contemporary picture of his house being sacked by the Birmingham mob. Mrs. Lowndes was brought up in a literary and artistic atmosphere from childhood, both in France and in England. Her grandfather was a famous painter whose portrait of his wife and little daughter hangs in the Louvre. She has made a special study of past and present French literature, and succeeded Miss Flora Shaw (Lady Lugard) as reviewer of the French magazines in the *Review of Reviews*, a post which she retained for some years after her marriage. Mrs. Lowndes speaks very gratefully of Mr. Stead, to whom she was introduced by Cardinal Manning, and who encouraged her greatly in her literary work, always prophesying her success as a novelist. Her first book, published anonymously when she was twenty-one, was an edition of the Life and Letters of Charlotte Elizabeth, Princess Palatine. It was published by Mr. Heinemann, who has brought out all Mrs. Lowndes's books; her first novel, apart from a short dialogue story, being "The Heart of Penelope" in 1904, and her eighth and latest "Jane Oglander," which we review on another page.

Camera portrait by Hoppé.

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes.

Not many successful novelists can write short stories with equal success, but Mrs. Lowndes is one of the few who have done so. Her first short story and three later ones appeared in the *Fortnightly*, and attracted so much attention in America that Mr. McClure made arrangements to reprint them in his popular magazine, to which and to *Scribner's* and *Ainslee's* Mrs. Lowndes has since been a frequent contributor. A new story of hers is appearing in *McClure's* for May. In spite of a sort of revival of the very long novel lately, Mrs. Lowndes believes that the short novel of about 30,000 words is destined to have a great vogue in this country. Her story, "The Uttermost Farthing" (1908), was one of this kind; it was published by Mr. Heinemann at half a crown, and though she confesses it did not do particularly well in that form, she finds it has done very well indeed in other forms, at a dollar and a half in America, at sixpence in England, as well as in the Tauchnitz series, and in German and French translations; this making the third of her books that have been included in the famous Tauchnitz library.

That distinguished Italian poet and scholar, Dr. Luigi Siceliani, has published in Italy a volume of admirable translations from English poetry. His selection includes Swinburne's "Garden of Proserpine," two of Keats's Odes, some of Shelley's lyrics, Poe's "Raven" and "The Bells," and many translations from the Brownings, the Rossettis, Matthew Arnold, William Morris, Meredith, Oscar Wilde, and Kipling. It is a representative and varied gathering, to which he has given the challenging title of "Perfect Songs" (*Cant Perfett*).

Mr. Heinemann is publishing shortly a new book by Mr. J. E. Patterson under the title of "My Vagabondage: Being the Intimate Autobiography of a Nature's Nomad." It tells the story of Mr. Patterson's wanderings and adventures at home and abroad, at sea and ashore, his experiences

as a sort of vagabond in journalism, and later in the fields of literature, and has been written on the suggestion of those who have knowledge enough of the facts of his varied and strenuous career to know how full of interest it has been. The motto of the book is Sidney's "Fool, said my Muse to me, look in thine own heart and write."

Mr. W. A. Mackenzie, whose "Rowton House Rhymes" (Blackwood) we review on another page, was long well known in Fleet Street as an able and successful journalist, but he has now for some time been resident in France. He was born in the Highlands forty years ago, and studied medicine at Aberdeen University, where he collaborated vigorously in the editing of the University magazine, *Alma Mater*. In 1893 he came to London as editor of one of James Henderson's publications; and from 1897 to 1900 was editing *Black and White*, with Eden Phillpotts for his first assistant. Then he forsook office work and turned to writing fiction; he has published many serials, and six or seven novels in book form—"light, popular stuff," he says, "having rather less than more success." We remember some of these as books that certainly deserved rather more than less, but for the moment we are concerned with Mr. Mackenzie as a poet.

Mr. W. A. Mackenzie.

As a rule, when an author publishes a book, especially a book of verse, at his own expense, it means that he is going to lose money. But Mr. Mackenzie adopted this course at Aberdeen with his first book of poems in 1893, and made a profit of £20. Between 1894 and 1897 he issued privately four booklets containing verse that had appeared in the *Yellow Book*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Sketch*, etc. One of these poems, "Shon Campbell," achieved a wide popularity, "owing to the publicity given to it," says Mr. Mackenzie, "by Claudius Clear in the *British Weekly*," and on the walls of the Students' Union at Aberdeen University other of his verses are to be seen in fresco, the expense of such work being defrayed by Mr. Pirie, M.P. for North Aberdeen. The "Rowton House Rhymes" were all written since Mr. Mackenzie, whose health has broken down, has been living in France—in the years that have passed since he sojourned (as his article in last February's *Graphic* related) at "the King's Cross Road palace." He did not write them for publication, but "to lay the ghosts of a miserable time and empty of old rancour the rag-bag of memory"; and the "Rhymes" were published for the reason given by his Apologia in the book. Not many will read that book without being glad that for any reason, no matter what, it was published; it is no ordinary collection of poems and should not be missed by any lover of modern poetry. At present Mr. Mackenzie is engaged on two new novels, and is preparing another selection of his poems, less drably realistic than are the "Rowton House Rhymes," for the press.

Photo by Marcus Macdonald. **Mr. Frederic W. Macdonald,**

Whose essays, "Recreations of a Book Lover" (Hodder & Stoughton), were reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

At the end of his book on "Mark Twain," which we review elsewhere, Dr. Archibald Henderson remarks that though the bibliography he gives there comprises more than two hundred and thirty titles, it is of necessity incomplete. "There remain," he adds, "numerous articles, essays, and interviews scattered about in newspapers and magazines all over the world. These articles are

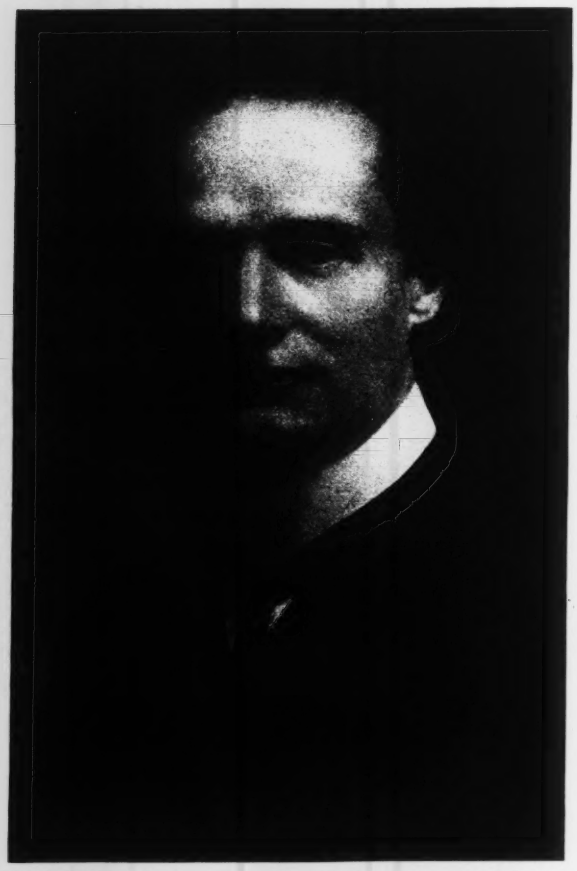

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. F. Raymond Coulson,**
Whose new book of humorous verse, "This Funny World," will be published this month by Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co.

not indexed, and consequently are difficult to trace. . . . The author will sincerely appreciate any aid given him in the effort to perfect the present bibliography, and will gratefully acknowledge all articles or titles that may be sent to him," care of Messrs. Duckworth, 3, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C. Mark Twain authorised Dr. Henderson to write this book about him during a visit Dr. Henderson paid to the great humorist at Stormfield about a year and a half before his death; but the present work is intended as preliminary to a more elaborate and comprehensive volume that will include everything of permanent literary, biographical, or pictorial interest that has ever been published concerning Mark Twain. Dr. Henderson's work is not to be a formal biography such as is now being written by Samuel Clemens's official biographer, Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine, but a gathering together of all that has been said of Mark Twain in anecdote and criticism all the world over, and it will not supersede his just-published book, but be the complement of it.

Mrs. Henry Grey-Graham, the author of "An Odd Situation," which has just been published by Messrs. Ouseley, is the widow of the late minister of Hyndland Church, near Glasgow, who is well known for his writings on the social life of Scotland in the eighteenth century.

Mrs. Maud Diver, the author of "Captain Desmond, V.C.," "The Great Amulet," and other excellent stories of Indian life and character, has received a long personal letter about her work from "an unknown friend," who withholds her address as well as her name, and wishes Mrs. Diver to reply to her through the columns of THE BOOKMAN; and in response to this curious request Mrs. Diver asks us to find room for the following communication:

"DEAR MADAM,—

"Since I cannot have the pleasure of answering your letter in a more personal form, I am—through the courtesy of THE BOOKMAN editor—to take the means you suggest of assuring you that those who made the statement you mention in regard to my future books know more about my plans than I do myself. Though for the present I am working on other lines, I feel the call of the Frontier far too strongly to desert it altogether. It is good to know from many sources the strong liking my readers have for those particular characters. But it is not advisable for an author to harp too persistently on one string. The suggestion you make had already occurred to me; and I hope very much I shall some day achieve a novel in which so fine a relief could form the central event. It was a great pleasure to hear from you and to know how much you like the characters and the books.

"Yours truly,
"M. DIVER."

Messrs. F. V. White & Co. are publishing a new novel by Dick Donovan (J. E. Preston Muddock) entitled "The Trap." It is a sensational story founded on facts that Mr. Muddock has gathered from quarters that are reliable, but not easily accessible, and deals with a mystery that centres on the doings of the Camorra and Black Hand secret societies. It has a particular interest just now, when the astonishing trial of the infamous Camorra gang is proceeding in Italy. Mr. Muddock, by the way, has written under official sanction, a "Romance and History of the Crystal Palace" which will be on sale there during the forthcoming Festival of Empire.

Mr. Stanley Paul is publishing a History of Clifford's Inn, with which his own business has been associated since the outset. He had hoped to publish it on the ground it celebrates, but as that part of the Inn he occupies is presently to be

demolished, he asks us to mention that by the time this appears in print he will have removed to larger premises at 31, Essex Street, Strand. To say nothing of its historical associations, Clifford's Inn is full of memories of Scott, Coleridge, Southey, Lamb, and that most delightful of eccentric bookmen, George Dyer, and a full story of the place and its people should make good reading.

Mr. Jonathan Nield's "Guide to the Best Historical Novels and Tales" was first published just before the last Coronation. It then ran to no more than a hundred and twenty pages, but with each new edition it has been revised and enlarged, and next month Mr. Elkin Mathews is publishing a fourth edition (making five thousand copies) which has been further revised and brought up to date and contains a large supplement. The book has already taken its place as the standard work of reference on this subject; it now deals with some three thousand novels, to say nothing of juvenile fiction and short stories, and its author tells us he has not "gone to workers in the same field of bibliography and stolen their honey," but has got his information direct from the novels or tales described. Mr. Nield was born forty-eight years ago at Rochdale, in Lancashire, and is the son of a well-known banker of that town. He went from Eton to live in France for a while, and later was for many years engaged in business in London; then he became private secretary to a Scotch M.P., and afterwards acted for several years as a publisher's reader. He has written and published one novel, but it was not a historical one, and he speaks of it disparagingly; and two years back Messrs. Duckworth issued his translation of Professor Emile Boutroux's "Science and Religion in Contemporary Philosophy." He has edited a good many theological books, and has contributed articles and reviews to the theological newspapers. But his most important work is this Guide to Historical Fiction, which promises in its latest form to be as comprehensive and as nearly complete as such a book can be.

Mr. Jonathan Nield.
Photo by G. R. Lewis, Eastbourne.

Miss D. Brandon, whose new novel, "The Davosers" (John Long), has been very favourably received by both critics and public and is already in a second edition, has lived a good deal at Davos, where the scenes of her book are laid. She wrote the story during a long convalescence when, as she puts it, she was feeling very bored with her own personality, and so escaped from it by assuming another and representing herself as the Reginald Challoner Eyre of her novel. She has written a number of short stories and has another novel in course of preparation, but, like most present-day novelists, her ambitions are towards the theatre, and she is busy also on a play which she hopes to see produced in due course on the London stage.

Messrs. Herbert & Daniel, who lately brought out three charming poetical anthologies, "A Book of Verse by Living Women," "Eyes of Youth" (with an introduction by G. K. Chesterton), and "For Her Namesake," a dainty selection of famous and lesser known poems on girls' names, are starting the publication of a series of little books of selections from the works of great authors, beginning with "Johnson," by Alice Meynell, and following with "Leigh Hunt," by Edward Storer; "Richardson," by Sheila Kaye-Smith; "Wordsworth," by E. Hallam Moorhouse; and "Fanny Burney," by Thomas Seccombe.

Those who saw Mr. Charles MacEvoy's admirable realistic comedy "All That Matters" at the Haymarket last month, and wondered that so fine a piece of work did not meet with a larger measure of popularity, will be glad to know that Mr. Herbert Trench has published the play at a shilling. "Whether it fail or succeed (and those best qualified to know will recognise the great technical difficulties inherent in a work so delicately beautiful)," writes Mr. Trench in a preface to the volume, "I

shall not regret as long as I live attempting to bring before the public a true piece of English country life in a true piece of English literature."

Last year the Buckinghamshire Players produced at Naphill Miss Gertrude Robins's "farcical fact in one act" entitled "Pot Luck." Like Mr. MacEvoy's play, it gives a realistic picture of country life, but it is much slighter, and is woven round a broadly farcical incident in the lives of a poacher and the local police. It is a brilliantly clever little sketch, and its success on the amateur stage has led Messrs. Samuel French, Limited, to issue it as a sixpenny booklet.

Mr. Martin Secker announces a book of fantastic tales entitled "The Hoof-marks of the Faun" by Arthur Ransome.

Mr. Ramsay Colles, whose new book, "In Castle and Court House," has just been issued by Mr. Werner Laurie, has recently resigned the editorship of *Madame* and severed his connection with journalism, and is dividing his allegiance between literature and commerce. He began life as a carpenter's apprentice, and one of the first things he made when he became proficient was a coffin. This he fitted with shelves and drawers

Photo by Mills & Co., Wimbledon.

Mr. Mulvy Ouseley,

Whose new novel, "The Jewess," has just been published by Messrs. John Ouseley.

Miss Gertrude Robins.

From "Pot Luck" (Samuel French, Ltd.).

and kept standing in his room at Dublin as a cupboard. In later years he has been manager of a bank, timber importer, managing director of a cycle company, and newspaper founder and proprietor. He has also edited the poems of Darley, Beddoes, and Hartley Coleridge in Messrs. Routledge's excellent Muses' Library series. Mr. Colles has just signed a contract with Mr. John Long to write a book dealing with the ladies of Charles II.'s Court; he is otherwise more prosaically engaged as Chairman of the National Footballers' Club, and in the arranging and signing a contract for an important commercial undertaking.

We have much pleasure in printing on another page, with the author's permission, the special preface that Mr. Arnold Bennett has written for the edition of "The Old Wives' Tale" that Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing in America. By common consent this is Mr. Bennett's greatest novel, so far, and it has met with an immense success in America, and in this country, where the same publishers have issued it at two shillings. Mr. Bennett's story of how he came to write this book, as it is revealed in his Preface, is a very vivid and interesting bit of autobiography.

The portrait of Thackeray on our cover is from the painting by Samuel Laurence; and our plate portrait from a painting by H. P. Jackson.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

April 1 to May 1, 1911.

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EVELYN-WHITE, C. H.—County Churches of Cambridgeshire. 2s. 6d. net.
FOXE, GERTRUDE M.—The Russian Wife. 6s.
MACLEANE, DOUGLAS.—The Great Solemnity of the Coronation. 5s. net.
MAETERLINCK, MAURICE.—The Double Garden. Pocket Edition. 2s. 6d. net.
NEAL, MARY, and R. R. BUCKLEY.—The Shakespeare Revival. 3s. 6d. net.
NYE, G. H. F.—The Story of the Church of England. New and Revised Edition, 1d.
TUNZELMANN, G. W. DE.—The Superstition called Socialism. 5s. net.

Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith.

COUCH, SIR ARTHUR QUILLER.—Brother Copas. 6s.

Messrs. A. & C. Black.

BESANT, SIR WALTER.—South London. 30s. net.
BROWNE, EDITH A.—Sugar. (Peeps at Great Industries.) 1s. 6d. net.
MORRAH, HERBERT A.—Highways and Hedges. Painted by Berenger Benger. 7s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Wm. Blackwood & Sons.

BRIDGES, PHILIPPA.—The Green Wave of Destiny. 6s.
CANDLER, EDMUND.—The General Plan. 6s.
CRAWFORD, ALEXANDER.—Kapak. 6s.
CURTIS, MARGUERITE.—Oh! For an Angel. 6s.
FITZGERALD, JOHN ZACHARY.—Ruth Werdress, Father O'Haralan, and Some New Christians. 6s.
GRAHAM, J. EDWARD, K.C.—A Manual of the Acts Relating to Education in Scotland. 25s. net.
HOBART-HAMPDEN, E.—The Price of Empire. 6s.
RONALDSHAY, EARL OF, M.P.—An Eastern Miscellany. 10s. 6d. net.
SIMPSON, VIOLET A.—In Fancy's Mirror. 6s.
WEIGALL, ARTHUR E. P.—The Treasury of Ancient Egypt. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Cassell & Co.

ALEXANDER, J.—The Truth About Egypt. 7s. 6d. net.
BURGEL, H. BRUNO.—Astronomy for All. Translated by Stella Bloch. 10s. 6d.
DEEPING, WARWICK.—Joan of the Tower. 6s.
HAGGARD, H. RIDER.—The Yellow God. 1s. net.
HOWARD, KEBLE.—The Happy Vanners. 6s.
JONES, BERNARD.—Electric Accumulators. Electric Primary Batteries. 1s. net each.
JONES, BERNARD.—Hardening and Tempering Steel. 2s.
PEMBERTON, MAX.—The Show Girl. 6d.
Book of the Coronation. 1s. net.
Nature Lover's Handbook. 2s. 6d. net.
Penny Book of Beauty.
Penny Book of Household Management.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall, Ltd.

ARCHER, WILLIAM.—Life, Trial and Death of Francisco Ferrer. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net.
BROWN, VINCENT.—The Irresistible Husband. 6s.
CHANCELLOR, E. BERESFORD.—Lives of the British Sculptors. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net.
CULLUM, RIDGWELL.—The One Way Trail. 6s.
DAWSON-SCOTT, MRS. C. A.—Mrs. Noakes. 6s.
DICKENS, CHARLES.—David Copperfield. 2 Vols. The Uncommercial Traveller. Centenary Edition. 3s. 6d. per Vol.
REYNOLDS, MRS. FRED.—The Horseshoe. 6s.
THURSTON, E. TEMPLE.—The Love Story of an Ugly Man. 6s.
WELTON, THOMAS.—England's Recent Progress. 10s. 6d. net.
Author of "Honoria's Patchwork."—What Matters. 6s.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

JERNINGHAM, CHAS. EDWARD.—The Bargain Book. 7s. 6d.
McCARTHY, JUSTIN.—A History of Our Own Times, 1897–1901. (St. Martin's Library.) 2s. net and 3s. net.
MacDONALD, GEORGE.—Complete Poetical Works. 2 Vols. (St. Martin's Library.) 2s. net and 3s. net per Vol.
RUSSELL, W. CLARK.—Is He the Man? Cheap Edition. 6d.
STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS.—Lay Morals, and Other Papers. 6s.
ZOLA, EMILE.—Germinal. Cheap Edition. 6d.

Messrs. W. B. Clive & Sons.

BRAY, S. E., M.A.—School Organisation. Second Edition, largely rewritten. 2s. 6d.
CARTER, M. E.—Outines of English History. 3s. 6d. In three parts: Part I., To 1603; Part II., 1485–1714; Part III., 1660–1910. 1s. 6d. each.

Messrs. Gay & Hancock, Ltd.

CALL, ANNIE PAYSON.—Every Day Living. 4s. 6d. net.
POCOCK, ROGER.—A Frontiersman. 1s. net.
WHITING, LILIAN.—Life Transfigured. 4s. 6d. net.
WIGGIN, KATE DOUGLAS.—Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. 1s. net.
WIGGIN, KATE DOUGLAS, MARY FINDLATER, JANE FINDLATER, and ALLAN McAULAY.—Robinetta. With 8 Half-tone and 30 Text Illustrations by A. Ludovici. 6s.
WILCOX, ELLA WHEELER.—Are You Alive? 4s. 6d. net.
WILCOX, ELLA WHEELER.—Great Thoughts for Each Day's Life: a Birthday Book with Thumb Index to Cheering Words. 2s. 6d. net and 5s. net.

Messrs. Harper & Bros.

JOHNSON, WILLIAM SAMUEL.—Glamourie. 6s.
WILLIAMS, H. NOEL.—Queen Margot. Cheap Edition. 7s. 6d.

Harper's Library of Living Thought, 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.:

FREMANTLE, THE HON. W. H. (Dean of Ripon).—Natural Christianity.
PETRIE, PROF. W. M. FLINDERS.—The Revolutions of Civilisation.

Mr. Wm. Heinemann.

ANSTEY, F.—The Brass Bottle. Paper, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s. 6d.
BERGET, ALPHONSE.—The Conquest of the Air. New and Revised Edition.
GIBBS, PHILIP.—The Street of Adventure. 1s. net.
HOURTICQ, LOUIS.—Art in France. 6s. net.
LONDON, JACK.—Burning Daylight. 6s.
McCARTHY, J. H.—If I were King. 1s. net.
ROLLAND, ROMAIN.—Storm and Stress. (John Christopher.) 6s.
RYCE, MARK.—Mrs. Drummond's Vocation. 6s.
SCHWANN, DUNCAN.—The Magic of the Hill. 6s.
SHARP, WILLIAM.—Poems. 5s. net.
STEEL, FLORA ANNIE.—The Bread upon the Waters. 2s. net.
TENNYSON, ALFRED.—A Portentous History. 6s.
Author of "Hedwig in England," etc.—Marcia in Germany. 1s. net.
Author of "Marcia in Germany."—Her Husband's Country. 6s.

Messrs. Herbert & Daniel.

ATKINSON, SOPHIE.—An Artist in Corfu. With 14 Coloured Illustrations by the Author. 18s. net.
BUNSTON, ANNA.—The Porch of Paradise: an Allegorical Poem. 3s. 6d. net.

The Regent Library, 2s. 6d. net each:

KAYE-SMITH, SHEILA.—Richardson.
MEYNELL, ALICE (Edited by).—S. Johnson. With Introduction by G. K. Chesterton.
MOORHOUSE, E. HALLAM.—Wordsworth.
STORER, EDWARD.—Leigh Hunt.

Illustrated Literary Encyclopædias, 3s. 6d. net each:

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FIELD, CLAUD.—Persian Literature.

Messrs. Hutchinson & Co.

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WILSON-WILSON, THEODORA.—Moll o' the Toll Bar. 6s.

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KIRKMAN, F. B., B.A. (Oxon).—The British Bird Book, Section IV. 10s. 6d. net.
MACFALL, C. HALDANE.—The History of Painting, Vol. III. 7s. 6d. net.
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BARTON, F. TOWNEND, M.R.C.V.S.—Our Dogs and All About Them. With 44 Illustrations in Duotone. 3s. 6d. net.
HORTON, ROBERT F., M.A., D.D.—The Hero of Heroes: A Life of Christ for Young People. With 8 Illustrations in Colour by J. Clark. 3s. 6d. net.
MAXWELL, W.—Canada. 1s. net.
YORKE, CURTIS.—Carpathia Knox. 1s. net.

Mr. Elkin Mathews.

AINSLIE, DOUGLAS.—Mirage. 3s. 6d. net.
NIELD, JONATHAN.—A Guide to the Best Historical Novels and Tales. 4th Edition. 6th Thousand. With Large Supplement. 8s. net.
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THE READER.

THACKERAY.

By Prof. George Saintsbury.

Initial drawn by Thackeray.
From "Vanity Fair."
The Oxford Thackeray. (Frowde.)

DAY or two before I was asked to write this article, I happened to be reading a book (the subject does not matter) which was published in 1854. The lithograph-illustrated paper-boards in which, after a fashion of the time, it was bound, were somewhat dilapidated, and even more soiled, as was natural; but on the end-papers there was pasted, almost as fresh as if it had been printed yesterday, a pink advertisement-slip informing the public that they could now buy "The Works of ENGLAND'S GREATEST LIVING NOVELIST" (the three first words in small, the last in large caps) for "a sum very often given merely to read them," to wit eighteenpence a volume. The pecuniary estimate was somewhat excessive; for, so far as I remember, even seaside circulating libraries did not make you pay sixpence a volume for three-volume books, though they often, and wisely, did insist on a "deposit." But that is not the present point of interest, which concerns another estimate in another line of value. Who could—without absurdity even in the mouths of his own publishers—be called "England's greatest living novelist" in the year 1854?

It was, of course, a great period of novel-writing; it is probable that Prince Posterity will allow it to be the greatest ever known in England. Some of the lights of its galaxy-gallery had indeed not yet appeared, or were hardly settled in their place and magnitude by astronomers. Mr. George Meredith had produced nothing but verse. Charlotte Brontë's brief life was all but over, and her too scanty work practically done, but she had not been registered in any part of public opinion as "greatest"—if as "great." George Eliot had not begun. Reade, and Kingsley, and Trollope had; so also had Mrs. Gaskell. But "Westward Ho!" was only of this very year; "The Warden" of the next; and "It Is Never Too Late to Mend" of the year after that. There were only three writers of fiction who (without the aforesaid absurdity) could be described in the words quoted—Bulwer, Dickens, and Thackeray. The first, after writing novels in great numbers, and in considerable variety, for nearly thirty years, had just—with that curious versatility of his which has not always been duly recognised—taken to a fresh style in "My Novel." Dickens had just finished "Bleak House," and was beginning to make his more critical admirers look rather uneasily at each other as to "Hard Times." Thackeray, after an almost unexampled struggle of nearly twenty years, not merely with public coldness, but with certain strange hampers of temperament and craftsmanship on his own part, had at last and for some seven years "got himself ready" and with the four great victories of "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "Esmond," and "The Newcomes" had conquered his place.

Not, however, with our friend of the pink advertisement. *He* thought—not merely as it was his duty, being a puffmaker, to do, but in common with a very large number of the people of England itself—that Bulwer was the greatest living novelist. I say that a great number of people would have agreed with him, and I am by no means sure that it would not have been the greatest number. At any rate Bulwer would have had, so far as mere popularity went, only Dickens to contend with. If you weighed the votes, instead of counting them, Thackeray might have had more than a chance; but, on a general poll of the never-mind-how-many-millions mostly never-mind-what, he would certainly not have had the faintest.

Thackeray.
From the painting by Samuel Laurence in the National Portrait Gallery.

How far that chance would have been increased since must be a matter of individual and rather hazardous calculation. Bulwer, indeed, must have dropped pretty well out of the running for a long time. I fancy

he had done so, despite the extraordinary cleverness of his latest books, even before his own death. He never quite won the weight-carrying votes; and "A Strange Story" was about his last successful appeal to the numbers. Dickens, I suppose, has held his own pretty steadily, both as regards the quantity and the quality of the admiration and predilection bestowed upon him. It is less easy to trace the record of Thackeray's always lesser popularity. It has certainly not, as a whole, sunk; that fact may be said to be proved to demonstration by the issue, as copyrights fell in, not merely of individual books, but of whole sets, containing a great deal of work which never has been, and hardly ever can be, in any wide sense popular. But whether it has grown in due proportion to the increase of reading and of the book-trade, is a point on which I am very uncertain. Nor is it possible to be much more positive as to the position of what I have called the weight-carrying vote. It is still very considerable; the really competent critic, professional or amateur, who like Matthew Arnold "does not think Thackeray a great writer," must be, as Matthew Arnold himself, by the usual irony of Fate, undoubtedly was, a slave of Caprice of one sort or another. But I rather doubt whether, if you could catch in a net the exceedingly undulating and diverse body of persons who intelligently like literature, and know something about it, and could poll them, the voters for Thackeray would be quite so numerous in proportion as they would have been had a similar process been carried out, say, thirty years ago. At any rate, if there were a decrease it would not surprise me, for reasons which, except perhaps by some future glances, it would be impertinent to give in this place.

Thackeray at the age of two, with his father and mother.
From the water-colour by Chinnery in the possession of Lady Ritchie.

Richmond Thackeray, the father of the Novelist.

I need, however, hardly say that this test of popularity (that is to say, of general vogue at any particular moment) is, on any really critical estimate, merely curious and hardly in the least important. Nothing like sufficient time has passed for anything like a sufficient perspective to have been attained or established. Beginnings of centuries have often had a quaint habit, like other children, of regarding their immediate elders as removed from them by almost impassable gulfs. But the fact remains that every person who is still middle-aged, besides those who are no longer so, was an actual contemporary of Thackeray, and that while the general atmosphere, say of "My Novel" itself, has an indefinable but distinctly perceptible old-worldness about it, large passages of "The Newcomes" might, with the slightest change of mere "furniture" in slang, etc., have been written to-day. It must take another generation or two before men can—at least before most of them can—take even such a comparatively achromatic estimate as they can take (and this is by no means quite "dry-lighted") of Scott or Miss Austen, much less such a one as can be taken of Fielding; least of all such as can be taken of Milton or of Shakespeare.

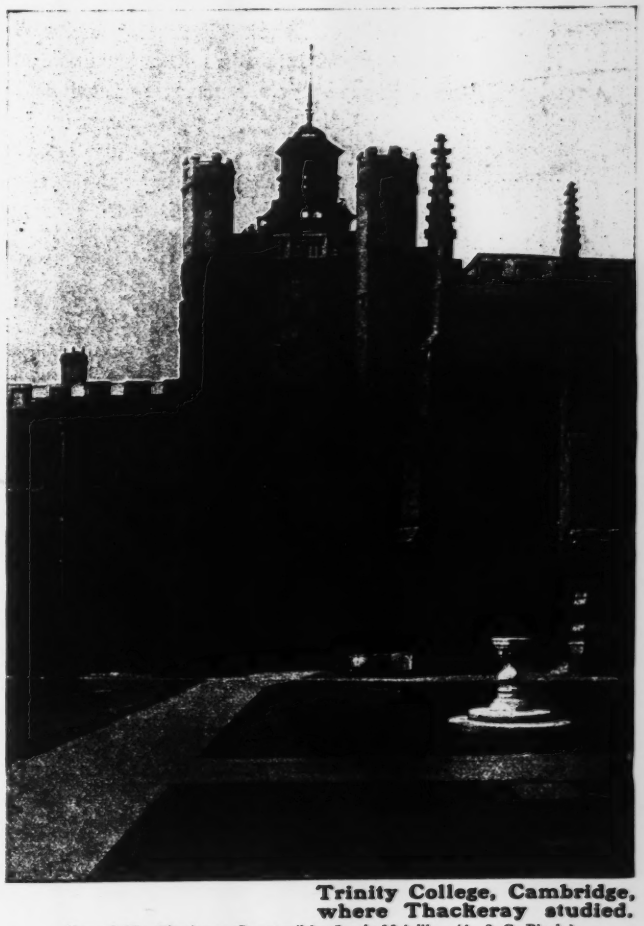
Nor will even Time himself always settle matters. Even now, it is not so very uncommon to hear the

Larkbeare.

The home of Thackeray's mother in Devonshire.

young ass strain his innocent lungs in braying against Scott, against Miss Austen, against Fielding, against Milton, against even Shakespeare; and it is said, possibly with truth, that the reading of all classics, old and new, is less than ever practised, either in the choked and piecemeal education of youth, or amid the idle racket of business and pleasure in later years. We see indeed continual returns of *engouement*—of accidental or engineered fancy for this and that writer not of the present day. But they seldom last; and one does not even know that it is very desirable that they should. For all fashions are, as fashions, bad: though taken together, and as parts or symptoms of the endless revolutions of the unchanging human mind, they are almost always tolerable and sometimes relatively good. Besides, Thackeray, though he may be made the object of such *engouement*, is singularly ill suited for it. I have actually heard defenders of his use arguments which reminded me of that famous minister who asked, "D'ye think *Powl* knew Greek?" and I fancy the expression on the countenances of the apostle and the novelist, if they heard the respective utterances, must have been not dissimilar. No: for the majority, Thackeray never was a "greatest living novelist," and, for the majority, he never will be a greatest dead one. I should even doubt whether he will ever seem one of the very greatest to any but a comparatively small minority.

To that minority—which perhaps, despite its comparative smallness, has never been and never will be contemptible—he has always seemed and will always seem of the very greatest, and perhaps to some of its members the very greatest of all. But before coming to the reasons of their appreciation, it will be fair to give those of the commoner depreciation. The extreme inequalities of his production—the painful wanderings in the wilderness before the Promised Land was reached—have been admitted; and though in the novice-work there were almost everywhere premonitions of the craftsmastery—though Canaan itself is always in sight from the upper places of the desert—you cannot expect the average reader to be content with, or even to perceive, this. But even the masterpieces themselves are not provided with many strictly popular qualities. A regular plot may seem to some of us a rather idle thing, within the reach of a pretty mean intellect, and hardly capable of giving satisfaction, save of the most banal kind, to an accomplished taste. But there are of course others who attach the highest critical importance to it, and a much larger number who, without any definitely critical views, think there ought to be something of the kind. Thackeray neither would, nor, I think, could, give anything of the sort. Life very rarely, if ever, gives these regular plots; and Thackeray followed Life as the sunflower follows the sun. As a matter of direct consequence, he would not or could not give very intricate plots, regular or irregular, and though these are insucculent to not a few palates, and positively disgusting to some, they are undoubtedly and largely popular. After "Vanity Fair," except in "Esmond" he contented himself (at the bidding of Life again) with the most ordinary incident; he never attempted bizarre or ornate style, elaborate pictorial descriptions, insinuation or proclamation of problems,



Trinity College, Cambridge, where Thackeray studied.

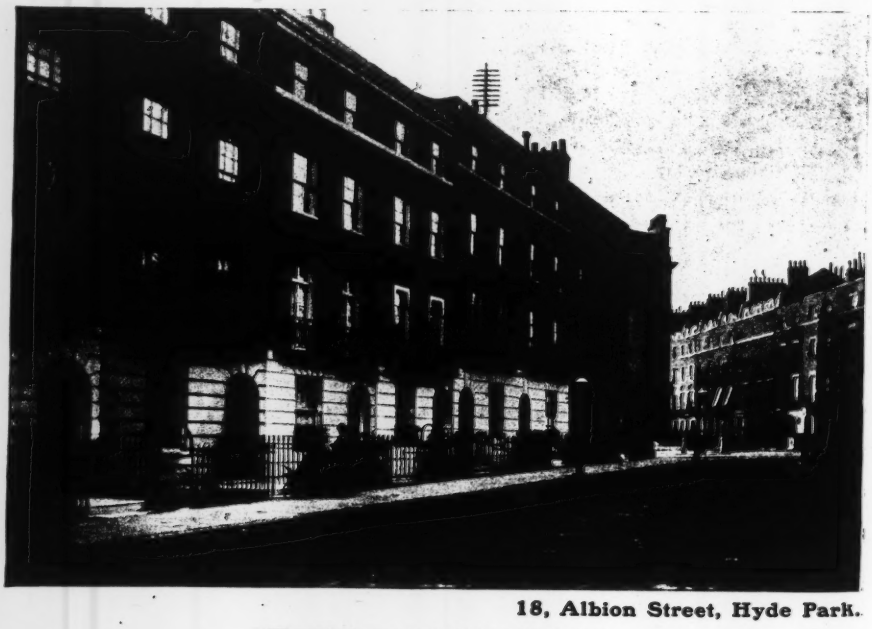
From "The Thackeray Country," by Lewis Melville. (A. & C. Black)

meddling with topics or fashions of the day, or any other tricks of what may be called the "fly-paper" kind.

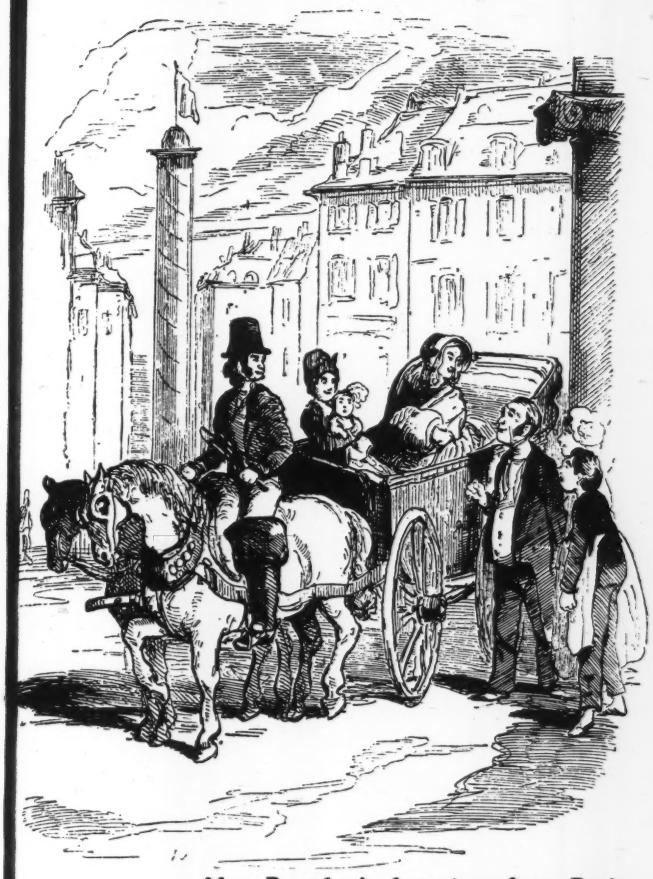
And if, in this way, many people did not find in him what they wanted, the same and many more also did find in him things that they did not want and did not understand. The abstract critical objection to the *parabases*, or addresses to the reader, has always seemed to me utterly unsound and not quite intelligible; but I am fully prepared to acknowledge that there is a large number of people, unpretentious and uncritical, but not contemptible, who are honestly bored, provoked, or otherwise made uncomfortable by them. I never forget the perfectly genuine remark (not to be brushed aside or sneered at) of such a person that "there is *too much* in Thackeray"—a remark which does not apply merely to these abused digressions. And the "too much" is not in quantity only. I should be prepared to admit that Thackeray is one of the most thoroughly undemocratic of writers, for all his curious political *affichage* of democratic principles. Although not in the least posing as a superior person himself (he would probably have been found more forgivable, or at least have *im*posed more, if he had), he is perpetually pointing out to every one of the forty (or is it now fifty?) millions that he *is* mostly a fool, and if not exactly a rascal, a poor creature as well. Now this is perfectly true; but few there are who like to be told of it, not in the form of pulpit warning or pamphlet abuse—that is not much minded—but by a cunning process of artistic and inevitable exhibition. He is always hitting people "on the angles of the moral oxygen"—angles which are as sensitive as funny-bones. He is, without being bookish, literary, and you must have something of letters yourself to understand him. He does not, like some famous writers who have sometimes exchanged unpopularity for its opposite, flaunt "obscurity," and so tickle the vanity of those who think they have cleared him up. And yet only an exceedingly superficial reader will find Thackeray superficial. Above all he is, beyond question or cavil, one of the greatest and, except Swift and Fielding, one of the most profuse users and masters of irony. And there is nothing more certain than that not merely the average woman, as is so often said, but, to almost as great an extent, the average man, regards irony with a feeling which is always one of suspicion and discomfort, not unfrequently rising to something that is positive fear and is very like hatred.

W. M. Thackeray.
From an oil painting by Frank Stone (1836) in the possession of Lady Ritchie.

All these be truths, and the Devil's Advocate need not adopt his client's favourite weapon of not-truth in order even to add to them. But do they matter? Do they interfere with the canonisation, now and for ever, of Thackeray as one of the very greatest of great English writers and (not to be unnecessarily contentious for the present) one of the very greatest of the far smaller body of great English novelists? Never, for a moment! On the head of "writing" in the strict sense, indeed, things have actually improved of late years, as they usually do. A settled estimate of an

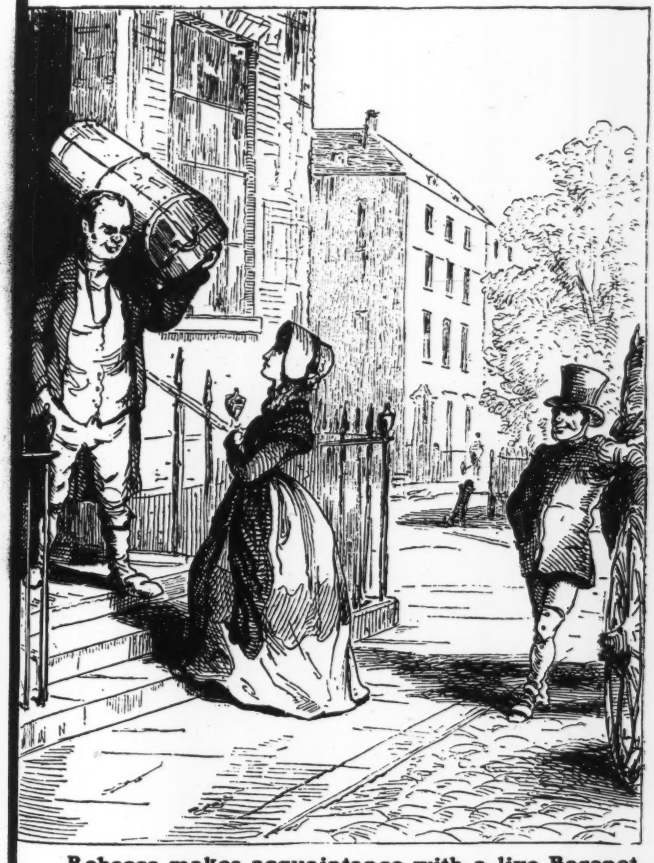


18, Albion Street, Hyde Park.
Where Thackeray stayed with his mother in 1837.
From "The Thackeray Country," by Lewis Melville. (A. & C. Black.)

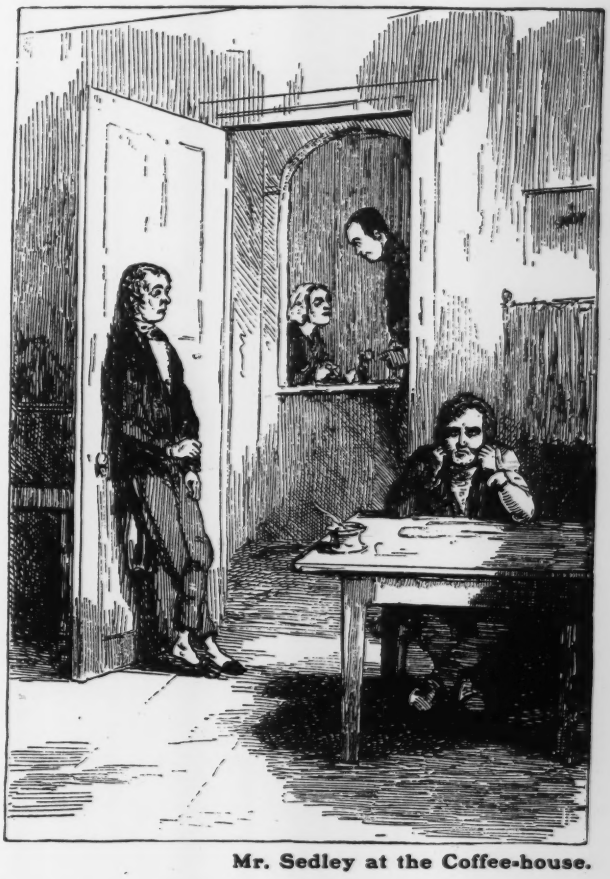


Mrs. Rawdon's departure from Paris.

Sir Pitt's Last Stage.



Rebecca makes acquaintance with a live Baronet.

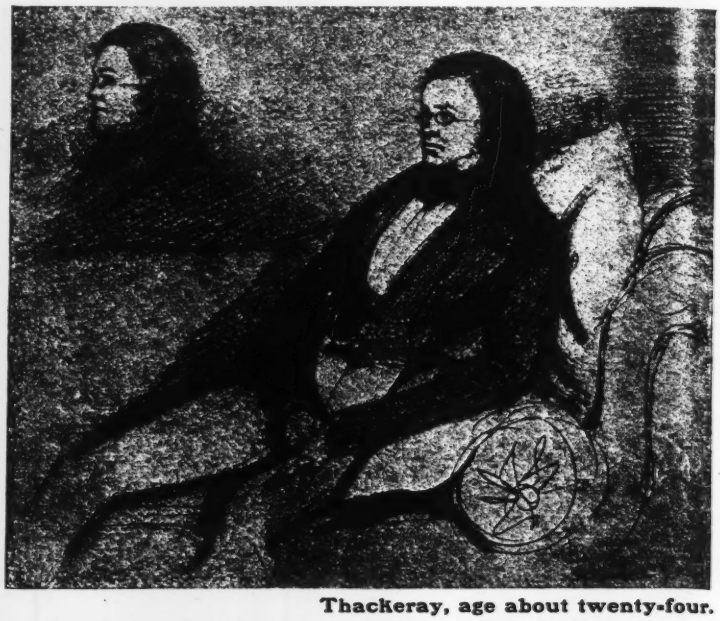


Mr. Sedley at the Coffee-house.

FROM DRAWINGS BY THACKERAY ILLUSTRATING SCENES IN "VANITY FAIR."

From the Centenary Biographical Edition. (Smith, Elder.)

author in the widest sense may (it has been said) never be reached, and always takes a long time to reach. But it is curious how often styles, which have been denounced as bad by short-sighted or pedantic critics at first appearance, have righted themselves in the eyes of succeeding generations. There is nothing which frightens critics more than novelty or unconventionality of style, but they soon get over it. The very censors, nowadays, who have allowed the parrot-cry of "Sentimentality" to take the place with them of the older parrot-cry of "Cynicism" are often good enough to acknowledge that Thackeray could write. But it would hardly be fulfilling the duty of this paper not to go on and inquire *what* he could write—what his contribution to English novel-writing and English literature is in substance as well as in form.



Thackeray, age about twenty-four.

From a drawing by D. Maclise, about 1835, in the possession of Major William H. Lambert. From "The History of Samuel Titmarsh," Centenary Biographical Edition. (Smith, Elder.)

Something has been said already as to what that contribution was *not*—always, to fairly logical minds, the readiest way to apprehension if not to comprehension of what it was. But it would be pusillanimous, and in fact absurd, to keep to negatives; and the positive has been already foreshadowed. His contribution was that of the novelist proper; that is to say, the depicting or re-creating of Life by imaginative presentment, but without the embellishments and the intoxication of poetry, or the factitious accessories of the drama, and with something less than the embellishments and accessories of romance, though with something of these also. The art of novel-writing is not old—it is barely at the beginning of its third century, strictly speaking; and already there has fallen, between Thackeray and that one of his predecessors who was most like him in kind and degree of greatness—Fielding—one of those curious veils which Time drops now and then, but at quite uncertain intervals, and through which we can only see darkly, and by a certain effort and calculation. Of the great English dealers with Life through fiction who are this side that veil, Scott, though he is still on the right side of it to all but very poor and unhappy optics, seems to have been partly entangled in its folds to some, and undoubtedly, pioneer as he was, and dealing as he did mainly with romance itself and with past times, gives only partial play to the actually intimate knowledge of pure Life that he possessed. Miss Austen, almost as absolutely lifelike as Thackeray, has, we are told, her lifelikeness obscured by a partly obsolete style, and she certainly limited and "miniatured" her presentments. Bulwer—our pink friend's "greatest living novelist"—*did* know Life; but he chose to adulterate his knowledge to an intolerable degree with all sorts of conventions, tricks, fashions. Dickens knew it better—in flashes indeed perfectly; but he, again, chose to subordinate his knowledge, itself very partial, to a perpetual glamour of comic or tragic fantasy—not real at all—as well as to worse things, such as political and social prejudice and crotchet, teasing mannerisms of style, hampering disqualifications of literary and other ignorance. Charles Reade, a genius certainly, never could get that genius into any organic condition, and latterly hampered and choked it by flinging on and into it masses of superfluous information. Charlotte Brontë, a genius likewise, had too short and cramped an existence, too narrow an experience, too little critical faculty, and perhaps a temper none too

Photo by Walter Dexter.

13, Great Coram Street, Bloomsbury,

Where Thackeray lived from 1837 to 1840.

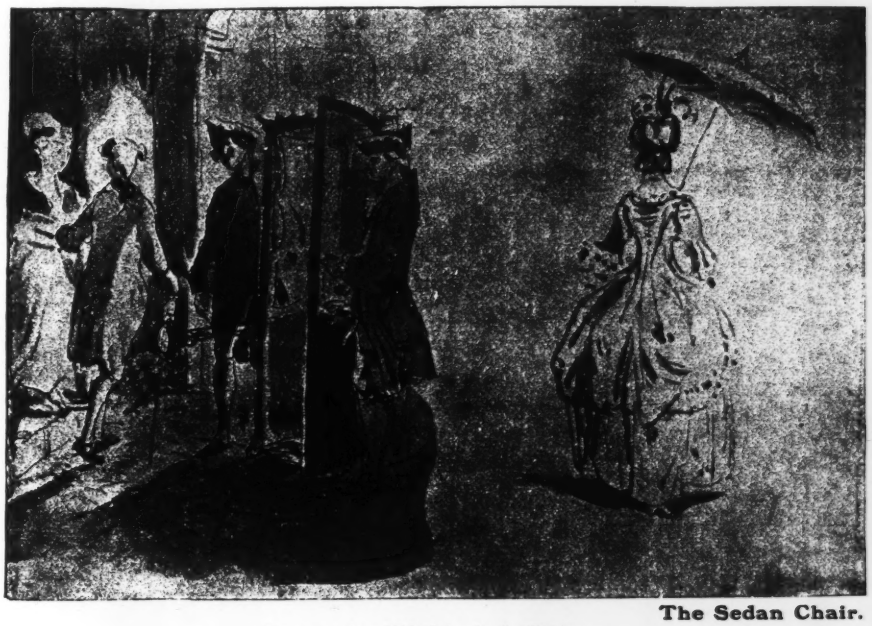
genial. George Eliot bound herself to the schools and the systems till she became little more than a mere eyeless grinder at the mill with scientific slaves. And the late Mr. George Meredith, himself a novelist, be it remembered, of the 'fifties, handed over in no dissimilar way his subtle and eccentric but real life-knowledge as a familiar spirit to jargon and play to coterie-galleries, and subtle cobweb-spinning to catch the flies of foolish cleverness. It would be absurd to say with the poet that in this case as in another

"everywhere
The Knights came foiled from the great quest,"

for all these and some others did great things and achieved great adventures. But none of them ever quite mastered *the* problem, *the* quest of the novelist proper—which is the presentation and criticism, without wandering from it or adding to it, of human Life and character by the way of fiction.

Thackeray did. That he saw Life whole is not true. Who has, in the words of the great Platonic conclusion, "except God"? Not Sophocles, certainly; that, with all respect to Mr. Arnold, is absurd. Of even Shakespeare, near as he has come to it, it is well to remember that Dryden (with that critical finger of his which was unerring when he would let it be so) pointed Shakespeare out as "the *most* comprehensive soul." His universality is comparative, is indeed superlative; but it is not absolute. So, and much more so, there are parts of Life which Thackeray does not touch: large parts, some may say; most interesting parts, others; even the best parts, some. So be it; he was human. But the almost superhuman thing about him is that in nothing that he does touch—after he has attained his majority at least—is he ever *un*lifelike, as, from different reasons and in different manners, all the great rivals and contemporaries mentioned above are sometimes. No other writer with whom I am acquainted, save Shakespeare himself, and no other novelist at all, has this infallible and almost divine power of infusing life—life absolute and quintessential—into every human figure that he creates, or that he even touches for a momentary purpose. It is a power which seems specially to belong to ironists—Lucian seems to me to have had more of it than any ancient—yet there is always a danger of their misusing it, as Swift certainly did to some extent. But Thackeray did not. The two parrot-cries above referred to—the old

William Makepeace Thackeray, age thirty-six.
From a drawing by Count D'Orsay, in 1848, in the possession of Major H. Lambert.
From "Contributions to *Punch*," Vol. II., Centenary Biographical Edition. (Smith, Elder.)



The Sedan Chair.
From a newly published drawing by Thackeray.
From "Esmond," Centenary Biographical Edition. (Smith, Elder.)

"I wish you could see some of Rawdon's friends who are always about our door" (Becky and the duns).—*Vanity Fair.*

Becky sings to Jos Sedley, "When I'm gone."—*Vanity Fair.*

Pen meets his first love.—*Pendennis.*

Ethel and Pen visit the Charterhouse.—*The Newcomes.*

FOUR SCENES IN THACKERAY'S NOVELS.

Drawn by Harry Furniss. From the Centenary Edition de Luxe of the Works of Thackeray. (Macmillan.)

cry of "Cynic!" and the new one of "Sentimentalist!"—are actually testimonies to the fact: for those who utter them unconsciously say, "This cynicism, this sentimentalism, touches us too much on the raw—is too true to life, and therefore too contrary to what we should like life to be."

Some people hold that the novel, having come late, will complete the old joke by going early—that it has not, like poetry and drama and romance, deep enough roots to last. I do not know; I am a critic, not a prophet. But, as a critic, I know that the greatest things and persons in literature never die and are never excelled in themselves. And whether the novel goes or stays, I am pretty sure that Thackeray will never lose, with those who can see, his position (with only the limits noted above) as the Master of Life in the creation of novel-character. Periods which themselves allow the absolute to be obscured by the temporary Life may overlook or under-value him; but Time and Life and he will abide together.

THACKERAY AND THACKERAY'S LONDON.

By Lewis Melville.

Initial drawn by Thackeray.
From "Pendennis." The Oxford Thackeray. (Frowde.)

BORN at Calcutta on July 18, 1811, William Makepeace Thackeray was sent home at an early age, and, after being taught the rudiments of education at private schools at Southampton and Chiswick, he went to the Charterhouse School, then under the headmastership of Dr. Russell. There he remained until he was nearly seventeen, when he came away less distinguished for scholarship than for certain gifts of parody and caricature. His father had died in India in 1815, and his mother had since married Major Henry Carmichael Smyth, of the Bengal Engineers, who, after returning to England with his wife, for a while was Governor of Addiscombe College, and presently settled down at Larkbeare, a house on the confines of Ottery St. Mary—a village that figures in "Pendennis" as Clavering St. Mary. For some nine months after leaving the Charterhouse, Thackeray studied privately at Larkbeare, reading with his stepfather, and perhaps also with some curate who may have been the prototype of the Rev. Mr. Smirke; and then, in February, 1821, he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he occupied rooms in the Great Court, opposite the Master's Lodge, and on the left of the Great Gate, under those once occupied by Newton. He came down from Cambridge in June of the following year, without having taken a degree, and having been there, as at school before, more of a social than an academic success. A minor Grand Tour followed, during which, while staying at Weimar, he had an interview with "grand old Goethe"; and, after his return to England, in the autumn of 1831, he entered himself as a student of the Middle Temple, read (or made pretence of reading) law with one Taprell at Hare Court, and rented the chambers at No. 2, Brick Court that once had been occupied by Goldsmith.

For Thackeray, as earlier for Benjamin Disraeli, the law had no attractions, and when he came of age, in spite of his mother's protest, he abandoned it. He felt justified in following his inclinations because on attaining his majority he came into a sum of money as to the amount of which the authorities differ, but which certainly brought in an income of not less than five hundred a year. Thackeray, however, soon lost most of his patrimony. Some of it went to pay the debts he had incurred at the University; more went into the pockets of his associates at the card-table; and a considerable portion was scuttled in that Indian bank failure that suggested the Bundelkund Bank incident in "The Newcomes." It was, therefore, necessary for Thackeray to earn money, but it was not easy to see

Photo by Walter Dexter.

16 (formerly 13), Young Street, Kensington.
Where Thackeray lived when he was writing "Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis."

W. M. Thackeray.

From a pencil sketch by Richard Doyle.
From "The Life of Thackeray," by Lewis Melville. (John Lane.)

in what way it was to be made. He would not return to the study of the law, he was too old for the services, and neither the church nor medicine attracted him: the professions of art and letters alone were open to him, and these are not usually regarded as avenues to wealth. A chance decided his choice. He happened to know "Alphabet" Bayley, who had just started a weekly paper, the *National Standard and Journal of Literature, Science, Music, Theatricals, and the Fine Arts.* To this periodical Thackeray contributed early in its career; soon he bought it, and for seven or eight months edited it, and poured into its columns reviews, stories, verses, articles, and drawings, not any of them, it must be confessed, of any particular merit. When his finances could no longer stand the strain of the weekly losses—for the paper never paid its way—the publication was stopped. The story of this unfortunate venture may be read in "Lovel the Widower."

Journalism seeming to the young man to be, as he expressed it, "not hoverandabuvremunerative," he turned to painting, in the pursuit of which, however, he was not more successful. He studied for a while at Paris under Brine and Gros, but none of his paintings have come down to the present generation, though a few of his later water-colour sketches have been preserved. In the spring of 1836 he was summoned by Major Carmichael Smyth to London to assist at the discussion of a project to establish a paper that should advocate the ballot, triennial parliaments, the freedom of the press, and religious liberty and equality; and, the scheme maturing, he returned to Paris as the correspondent of the *Constitutional* at a salary of £400 a year. On the strength of this he married; about a year later the paper was abandoned. This indirectly was Thackeray's salvation, though at the moment it must have seemed to him nothing less than a dire disaster. It forced him to make money at once, and, following the line of least resistance, he entered upon the thorny path of literature which he was to tread for the rest of his life. Owing to his wife being connected with Barnes, he was enabled to boil some pots in the *Times*, and, through Maginn, whose acquaintance he had made in Paris, he became a contributor to *Fraser's Magazine.* In these, his 'prentice days, he did work that attracted the favourable attention of good judges. Among his earliest writings were "The Yellowplush Correspondence" (1837–8), and "Major Gahagan's Reminiscences" (1838–9), both of which humorous works were at once pirated in the United States; in 1840 "Catherine" appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*; and in the next year "The Great Hoggarty Diamond"; in 1844 the best of all his earlier works ran through the same periodical, "The Luck of Barry Lyndon." This story, which is now generally accepted as a masterpiece of irony, attracted no notice from the public; and it was only with the publication about a year later of "The Snobs of England" in *Punch* that its author became widely known. It was the success of this series of sketches that induced Thackeray to take up a discarded idea for a novel to be entitled "Pencil Sketches of English Society," and to publish it in monthly numbers—in this following the fashion of Dickens and Lever—as "Vanity Fair." Before the story had run its course the author had "arrived." He became at once a literary lion, and, unlike most literary lions, he had come to stay. His subsequent career was a path of roses, and the public and society combined to worship him from this time until that fatal Christmas Eve of 1863 when, at the early age of fifty-two, he passed away. A great deal of sympathy has from time to time been expressed for Thackeray's struggles, but to the present writer this does not seem called for. From the time he returned to England after the failure of the *Constitutional* newspaper, Thackeray always earned a sufficient income, and within twelve years of his becoming a professional writer he was at the top of the literary tree.

Of all novelists of the nineteenth century Thackeray is, *par excellence*, the novelist of the London of the well-to-do; and it would doubtless be possible—and at some future time may well be done—to reconstruct from his pages the life, in early and mid Victorian days, of the middle and upper classes in the metropolis. Thackeray was in many ways cosmopolitan, but he was at heart as arrant a cockney as ever was born within sound of Bow bells. He loved his London and

Thackeray at the grave of Goldsmith.—*English Humorists.*

A bit of old Chelsea.—*The Bedford Row Conspiracy.*

"Blenheim."—*Esmond.*

Society in St. James's Park, 1790.—*The Four Georges.*

FOUR DRAWINGS BY HARRY FURNISS.

From the Centenary Edition de Luxe of the Works of Thackeray. (Macmillan)

Thackeray in his study at Onslow Square.

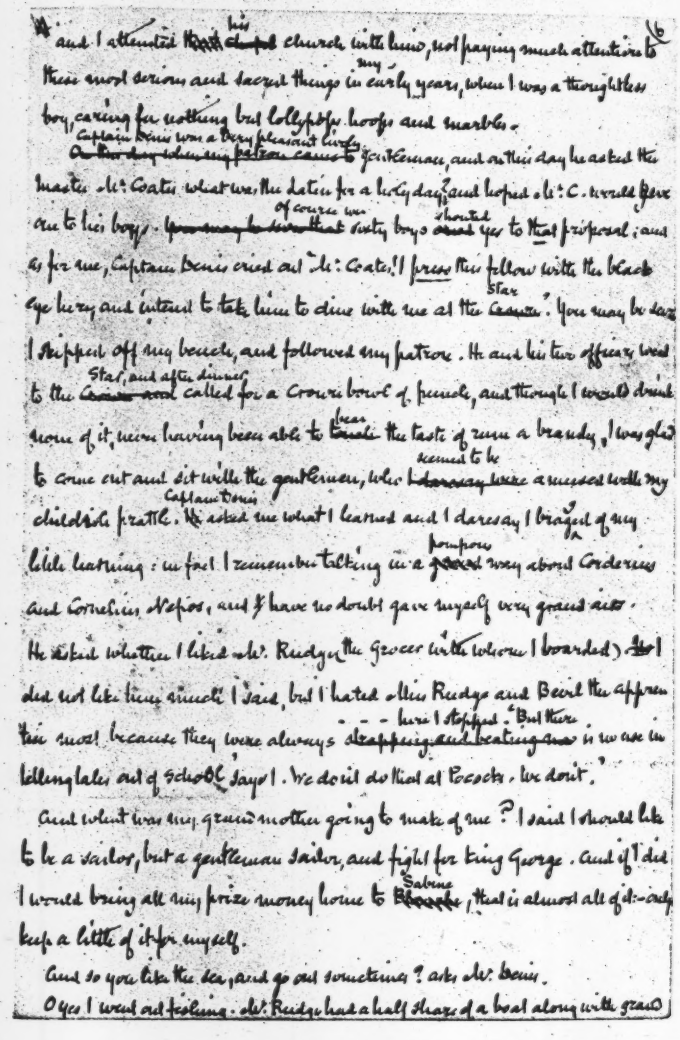
From a painting by E. M. Ward.

From "Esmond." The Oxford Thackeray, edited by Professor Saintsbury. (Frowde.)

knew it as well as most men; but his London, it must be confessed, did not cover the entire area of the capital. With the City he had but little acquaintance, of the East End he knew nothing, and little more of the suburbs, save those directly west of Kensington Church. He knew the west-central district because he lived for a time in Great Coram Street, and the Temple he both knew and loved; but the West End was his beat, from the Garrick Club, in King Street, Covent Garden, to Holland House; and Mayfair and St. James's were the quarters in which he delighted.

Thackeray's interest in London, however, was not so much topographical as human: it was not in perambulating its highways and byways that he found his pleasure, but in the people that lived in its houses and thronged its thoroughfares. It is difficult to recall descriptions of places in his novels: yet with sure touch he always gave the correct atmosphere to any district he introduced. That Thackeray knew his limitation there can be no doubt, for he made fun of himself in this respect. "If you want to travel, my poor Spec," he makes the Rev. Frank Whitestock address him, when he is setting out upon his "Travels in London," "you should not be trusted very far beyond Islington. It is certain that you can describe a tea-kettle better than a pyramid." He also knew his gift, which was to observe people, and utilised it to the full, as all his readers are aware. Wherever he went he kept his eyes open, and his wonderful powers of insight enabled him to observe more clearly than others. Where the ordinary man saw a grumpy old retired officer he saw Major Pendennis; where the ordinary man saw an unscrupulous adventurer, he saw Miss Rebecca Sharp; where the ordinary man saw a disreputable Irishman, he saw Captain Costigan. Often he read into people more than there was in them, but when he turned his experience to account what he put into them never made them impossible, and it would be difficult indeed to select from the hundred of characters in his works, major and minor, any that are so unduly exaggerated as to be untrue to life. Though so many of us pass them by with unseeing eyes, his characters are to be met with every day. To quote from one of the very interesting "Artist's Prefaces" which Mr. Harry Furniss is contributing to his edition of the novelist's works:

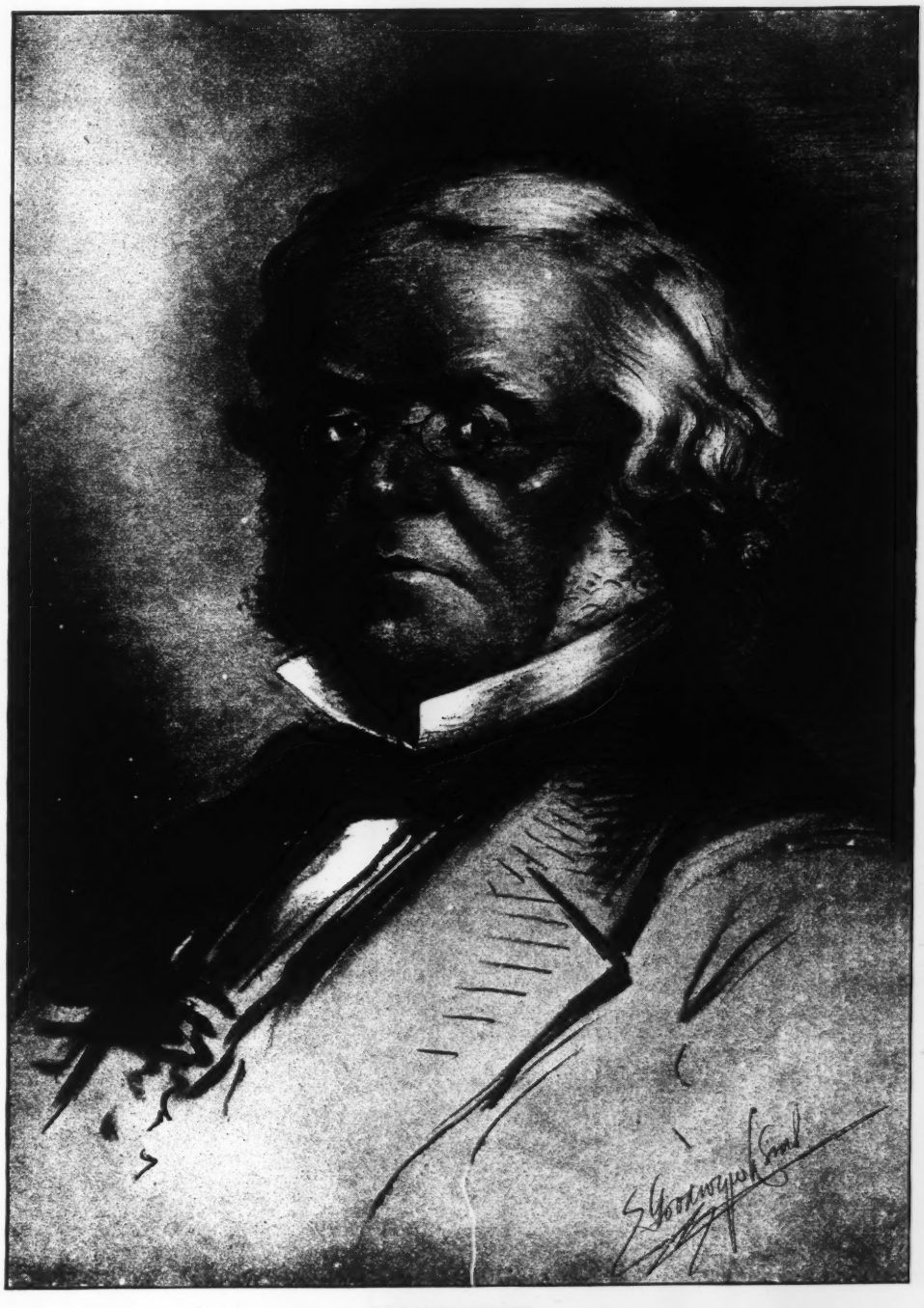
"Costigans will not disappear when Home Rule is granted. Claverings and Altamonts are walking about London, and occasionally can be sketched in the dock at Bow Street; and as for



Facsimile Page of the MS. of "Denis Duval,"

The unfinished novel Thackeray was writing at the time of his death.

In the possession of his daughter, Lady Ritchie.



THACKERAY.

From a crayon drawing by E. GOODWYN LEWIS, formerly in the possession of Mackworth Praed, and now in the Kensington Library.

Walpole House, the Original of Miss Pinkerton's Academy.

"While the present century was in its teens . . . there drove up to the great iron gate of Miss Pinkerton's academy for young ladies, on Chiswick Mall, a large family coach"—the Sedley coach, come to fetch Amelia from school.—*Vanity Fair.*

Major Pendennis, you will find him—at least I did—in his Club in Pall Mall. Pendennises and Warringtons still have chambers in the Temple, only they do not wear long hair and whiskers. The barber has done more to alter the Thackeray types than the tailor."

Fashions in hair and in clothes come and go, but human nature never alters, and Thackeray's creations are to-day still as true to life as when he wrote "Vanity Fair" more than sixty years ago.

When Thackeray settled in London as a professional man of letters, he had already touched life at more points than most young men of six-and-twenty who look to their pen to provide them with a livelihood, and in so far he was better equipped than his contemporaries for the struggle. He had entered London life through the gates open to the upper middle-class. He came of a well-to-do family of Anglo-Indian officials, civil and military, and among his connections found men who could sit for Colonel Newcome and James Binnie. The Charterhouse supplied him with a knowledge of public-school life; and his residence at Cambridge, of course, largely increased his circle of acquaintances. There he found the prototype of Major Dobbin, and brought away with him material for some chapters of the as yet undreamt-of novel of "Pendennis." His proprietorship of the *National Standard* brought him into touch with journalism; and his connection with the *Constitutional* was the means of introducing him to several of the leading Radical politicians of the day, notably Sir James Molesworth—the Bullers he had known earlier, and before he came of age had absented himself from Taprell's to go down into Cornwall to canvass for Charles Buller, who was standing for Liskeard in the Liberal interest. When he was studying art in London he made many acquaintances, who doubtless furnished him subsequently with characters that figure in certain chapters of "The Newcomes"; and his stay at Paris broadened his mind, for there he acquired a knowledge of another literature and another nationality, with its different manners and customs and ways of thought. With Germans and Germany he had previously familiarised himself. The Temple had been the means of his meeting with many young lawyers and numerous journalists of the better (social) class. There it was that he acquired some knowledge of Captain Rook and Mr. Pigeon, which not only furnished him with a character-sketch bearing the name of these two worthies, but which also gave him the idea for a section of "The Yellowplush Correspondence." He also, in the days when he was supposed to be studying law, as again some years later, was introduced to the mixed society of those places of entertainment out of which eventually the music-halls of to-day developed, the "Cyder Cellars," the "Coal-Hole," and "Evans's." What use he made of his acquaintance with these haunts of dubious resorts all readers of "Pendennis" and "The Newcomes" are aware. To club-land he had the entrée in early life, having been elected a member of the Garrick when he came of age, and there, at this his favourite club, he met the undoubted original of Foker. In his thirtieth year he became a member of the Reform Club, and it is generally supposed that it was at this club he found most of the Snobs whom he so calmly dissected. It has been said that he saw

Good Dicky Snooks
Is fond of his books
And is loved by his Usher & Master
But naughty Tom Spry
Has got a black eye
And carries his nose in a plaster.

little Miss Perkins
Much loved pickled Gerkins
And went to the Cup. board & stole some
But they gave her such pain
She ne'er ate them again
She found them so shocking unwholesom.

Little-known Drawings by Thackeray, from a sketch-book in the British Museum.
Two of the illustrations in "Ballads and Contributions to *Punch*." The Oxford Thackeray, edited by Professor Saintsbury. (Frowde.)

in every man a snob, and it is certain that this particular work is not vastly popular: how can it be popular when every reader who is not eaten up with self-satisfaction sees in one snob or the other some traits of his personal character? No man likes to have the mirror held up to his own nature.

Thackeray, then, returned to London with several qualifications for the work that henceforth was to be his—a knowledge of life as it was lived in the upper middle-class, and in literary, journalistic, artistic, Bohemian, and club circles; with three languages at his command, and an acquaintance with the world that every intelligent rolling-stone gathers. How wise he was in the ways of the world every one knows from the sane, kindly week-day sermons which he delivered under the titles of "Mr. Brown's Letters to a Young Man about Town" and the "Prose Papers," which together make up a little volume that should be placed in the hands of every lad about to be launched upon life. So clearly did he see into humanity in its depths, that there must be many who feel as Edward FitzGerald did when he wrote that his friend's books were terrible: "I look at them on the shelf," he said, "and am half afraid to touch them."

Sketch by Thackeray in the margin of his unfinished MS. of "Denis Duval."

A Thackeray Drawing of Himself.
From "Contributions to *Punch*," Vol. II., Centenary Biographical Edition. (Smith, Elder.)

Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.

W. M. Thackeray.

One of the latest photographs taken of him.

As has been said, with the publication of "Vanity Fair" Thackeray became a personage, and he took his place in Society (with a capital S) as one of the leading representatives of letters. London Society of the 'fifties differed greatly from the London Society of the present time. It was not so close a borough as when George IV. was King, but its gates were not then thrown open to admit nearly every one who had money enough to entertain it: one had to have, as Disraeli put it, a title, a genius, or a million—and a million in the 'fifties was a vastly rarer thing than now. To-day there is still a section of Society which demands from all that enter good breeding, but the Society of the newspapers is merely a circle of plutocrats and those who hang on to the coat-tails of plutocrats. Society in the 'fifties was still a comparatively small body, most of the members of which knew each other and were connected by marriage, and of this select coterie Thackeray was soon made free. There, as elsewhere, he was provided with incidents, and in his published letters it may be read how this suggested a scene and that a chapter for a book. Society extended his horizon, as every clever man's horizon is extended when he meets a fresh set of people, whether aristocratic or plebeian. Thackeray did not want to meet a duke to enable him to draw a duke: before he met a marquis he had drawn Lord Steyne with as sure a hand as Trollope drew his bishops without ever having held converse with any member of the clerical hierarchy higher than a rural dean. What he did want was the dining out, and the wines, the lights, the bright conversation, and, above all, the flattery: these things it was that in his later days when he was weary gave him the necessary stimulus.

FOGAZZARO: AN IMPRESSION.*

By L. G. Brock.

A SQUARE-SHOULDERED, thick-set man, below medium height, with a pale mobile face and a shock of grey, almost white, hair and alert, keen, and extraordinarily expressive eyes, which seem to mirror every fleeting emotion of a highly strung sensitive nature—such is Fogazzaro as I remember seeing him more than a year ago in the garden of his beautiful villa at Montegalda, about ten miles from Vicenza. My first impression, I confess, was one of surprise, almost of disappointment. At a first glance this sturdily built, elderly man seemed so ordinary, the reality contrasted so oddly with the imaginary portrait which I had pictured to myself. I had anticipated a more striking and dramatic figure, with something of the grand manner, and perhaps a hint of the patriarchal dignity of Tolstoy. Indeed, there is a real similarity between Fogazzaro and Tolstoy, but a similarity in mind and soul history rather than in manner or physique. But if my first impression was one of momentary disappointment, the author of "The Saint" had hardly spoken before I was fascinated by his wonderful eyes. Most men's faces are masks, Fogazzaro's was a mirror; and the most expressive features of a singularly expressive face were his eyes, nervously bright and alert and reflecting every passing shade of emotion.

Fogazzaro was a restless and elusive man. By temperament he was shy and something of a recluse, but his restlessness prevented him staying long anywhere. Besides his house in Rome, he had at least three villas in different parts of northern Italy, and moved frequently from one to another. He readily accorded me permission to see him, but the difficulty of finding him made me despair of a meeting. At last I learned from a mutual friend, for Fogazzaro himself rarely answered letters, that he was staying for a few ways at Montegalda. A hasty journey from Rome brought me to Vicenza late at night, only to find that a pilgrimage had filled the limited hotel accommodation of the picturesque old town to overflowing. At last I secured an attic in an unpretending and amazingly uncomfortable inn. But next morning, when the innkeeper discovered that I was going to see *il Senatore*, the whole resources of the

* NOTE.—This article was written a few weeks before the death of Fogazzaro.

establishment were put at my disposal. The landlord apologised for not being able to drive me himself, and the crazy victoria and the patched harness enjoyed the rare luxury of being polished and dusted. Even the tired and bony horse seemed to realise the importance of the occasion and simulated an unwonted briskness. It was a beautiful morning, one of those rare golden days of autumn when the dying summer makes a last effort, and the warmth of the sun banishes for the moment the thought of the coming winter. As I drove along the straight high-road, raised, as is usual in North Italy, several feet above the level of the surrounding plain, I passed many little groups of peasants gathering the vintage. All round me stretched a great fertile plain, cultivated to the last inch, with here and there a deserted villa with gardens running to waste and quaintly melancholy statuary, such as d'Annunzio describes so vividly in "Il Fuoco." In the distance the hills, veiled in a blue haze, formed a fitting frame to the beauty of the landscape. Certainly no man could wish for a more beautiful setting to his home than Fogazzaro enjoyed at Montegalda.

Our conversation opened with what might have been an awkward blunder on my part. My Italian is sadly limited, but as I did not know what other languages Fogazzaro spoke, I felt compelled to address him in Italian. As he came across the lawn to greet me, I bowed and murmured, "*Il famoso autore del Santo?*" The moment I had spoken I realised that *famoso* means not "famous," but "notorious," but my host, taking the blunder in good part, laughed merrily and put me at my ease at once. I found that though he understood and read English easily, he did not care to speak it; so we arranged that he should speak French and I English. I asked him how "Leila" (then unnamed) was progressing, but he would tell me nothing. He explained that he was so sensitive to criticism that the mere idea that the plan of an unfinished book was being discussed by others crippled his imagination at once. He would begin to anticipate criticism, and the work seemed to be passing out of his control. His freedom of design was checked and his inspiration ceased. Till the last word of the last revise was reached the secret was not to be divulged to a soul. He did not say so implicitly, but I gathered that every line was carefully revised and that much of the first draft was completely re-written. He confessed to being a slow worker, and that he could not write at all except in complete quiet and seclusion. In Rome he wrote little, if at all, but once he set to work he concentrated on it to the complete exclusion of everything else.

The writing of "Leila" was much interrupted by the part the Senate played in the sensational Nasi trial. But it must not be supposed because Fogazzaro was a senator, that he was a keen politician. The Italian Senate is a nominated body composed of men of good social position who have distinguished themselves in public, but not necessarily in political, life. Still, the author of "The Saint" took his political duties seriously enough to allow them to interfere a good deal with his literary activity. Fortunately, he was a man of considerable wealth, as wealth goes in Italy, and the pecuniary success of his books was a matter of indifference to him. Indeed, he refused to touch the profits of "The Saint," and intended to devote them to founding a course of modernist lectures, but the scheme was vetoed by the Vatican. Remembering that "The Saint" had been placed on the Index, a decree which its author accepted without protest, even to the extent of withdrawing the Italian edition, I could not ask him the question, which all the "intellectuals" of Italy were asking, What is to be the fate of modernism in Italy? But of one thing the interview convinced me, that whatever might be the fate of modernism, the revolt against the Papacy would never have been led by Fogazzaro. Up to a point he was singularly like Tolstoy. Like Tolstoy, he had been a man of the world, and he had tasted the pleasures of the world, and like Tolstoy he experienced a great spiritual change. But he was not the stuff of which great ascetics or great popular leaders are made. He might inspire new ideas, but he was never the man to lead a great cause. He was too nervous, too sensitive, too highly strung, to stand the shocks of a conflict with a great ecclesiastical power. His was emphatically the creative and artistic temperament, he had nothing of the driving force of the rebel or the missionary.

2, Palace Green, Kensington,
Where Thackeray died in 1863.
From "The Thackeray Country," by Lewis Melville. (A. & C. Black.)

I found Fogazzaro keenly interested in English literature. His house was full of English books, among which I noted particularly a well-worn copy of Browning and some of the prophetic fantasies of Mr. H. G. Wells, whose semi-scientific books have excited far more attention on the Continent than in England. I was asked also what circulation d'Annunzio's books enjoyed in England, and Fogazzaro showed a manifest pleasure at hearing that the sale of "The Saint" in its English edition had far exceeded that of any other translation from modern Italian literature. He was a big man, but like all great artists very human. Simple and domesticated in his tastes, he loved to live surrounded by his family; and except when he was hard at work on a new book, his manner of life was very much that of an English country gentleman. But with all his frank simplicity of manner it was impossible to be in his company without feeling the impress of a great personality. He was a fascinating figure, delightful to meet and impossible to forget.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

APRIL, 1911.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

The date fixed above for sending in answers does not apply to Competitors resident abroad, except in the case of competition No. 2; answers from foreign or Colonial readers for competitions 1, 3 and 4 (the subjects of these being the same each month) will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best description of a first ride in a motor-car, in not more than thirty lines of verse parodying the style of Poe's poem "The Bells."

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MARCH.

I.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to K. FISHER, of 25, Cape Road, Warwick, for the following:

SOUND BUSINESS. BY ALBERT E. BULL. (Cassell.)

"Said the pieman to Simple Simon,
'Show me first your penny.'"

Nursery Rhyme.

We also select for printing:

GREED. BY MARIE CONNOR LEIGHTON. (Ward, Lock.)

"The carpenter said nothing but
Cut us another slice."

LEWIS CARROLL, *Through the Looking-Glass.*

(Rose C. Canning, 22, St. Mary Street, Kirkcudbright, N.B.)

THE HUSBAND'S STORY. BY DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS. (Appleton & Co.)

"I may have said that I've been dining *here*,
When as a fact I have been dining *there*;
I may have said with A, when 'twas with B,
I may have said with *him*, when 'twas with *her*."

W. S. GILBERT, *The Palace of Truth.*

(Frances Innocent, 83, Brixton Road, London, S.W.)

THE THIRD WIFE. BY HERBERT FLOWERDEW. (Stanley Paul.)

"And thrice my peace was slain."

EDWARD YOUNG, *Night Thoughts.*

(Josephine Gregory, 3, Oak Villas, Bradford.)

THE SIMPLE LIFE LIMITED. BY DANIEL CHAUCER. (John Lane.)

"Love in a hut, with water and a crust,
Is—Lord forgive us!—cinders, ashes, dust."

KEATS, *Lamia*, Part II.

(Mrs. E. M. MacGregor, 2, Chetwynd Road, Oxton, Cheshire.)

TALES OF THE UNEASY. BY VIOLET HUNT. (Heinemann.)

"He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the wust,
He couldn't ha' told you nuther."

J. R. LOWELL, *Biglow Papers.*

(William Morriss, 15, Wilkinson Street, Sheffield.)

II.—Results in this Competition for not more than eight lines on Thackeray, in view of his approaching Centenary, have been plentiful but rather disappointing. The best of the verses sent in speak of Thackeray's fame as having endured for a hundred years, which of course is an error. After careful consideration we have divided the Prize and are sending Two Books to J. RICHARD ELLAWAY, of Lynmoor, Basingstoke, and Two Books to the Rev. EDWIN C. LANSDOWNE, of The Manse, Derby Road, South Woodford, N.E. Of the other verses received, many are careless and pointless, but good examples have also been sent by W. M. Lodge

(Upper Norwood), John P. Wynne (Manchester), Kate Capper (Saffron Walden), Charles Webb (King's Lynn), Emily Kington (Brighton), Rev. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), A. H. M. Sayers (Sheffield), F. B. Bull (Oxford), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Mrs. Sims (Boxmoor), David Whitelaw (Paisley), Miss E. A. Pearson (Fleet), William Morriss (Sheffield), S. A. Doody (Boscombe), Miss A. M. Weir (Arbroath), Miss Watson (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Carrie Lewis (Brixton), Mildred Emerson (Barnard Castle), and Alex Lawson (Edinburgh).

III.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Miss KATE LEE, of 29, Butler Avenue, Harrow, for the following:

VALLEY CAPTIVES. By R. MACAULAY. (Murray.)

The interest of Miss Macaulay's story is both psychological and dramatic. The captives in the secluded Welsh valley are prisoners of their own temperaments. The story of the relations between the obtuse young Bodgers and the sensitive Vallon children, cruelty on one side engendering hatred and fear on the other, makes tragic reading. The analysis of poor Tudor's hideous nervous suffering is pitilessly clever, as also is that of Joanna's concentrated hate. There is much delicate writing, exquisite poetry and insight in the book—but one hates the Bodgerses, though the moral is that one should not do so.

Among the best of the many other reviews received are:

W. M. Thackeray.

From a drawing by D. Maclise (1833) in the possession of the Garrick Club. Reproduced by kind permission of the Club Committee. From the Oxford Thackeray. (Frowde)

LORD RICHARD IN THE PANTRY. By MARTIN SWAYNE. (Methuen.)

The plot of this sparkling novel is as striking as its title. Lord Richard is desirous of wedding a wealthy heiress, and the description of the proposal, which took place in the lion-house at the Zoo, is delightfully humorous, but not more so than the account of his lordship's fulfilment of the unusual condition made by his prospective bride. The quaint and original ideas expressed in the gay and clever talk of the other characters make fascinating reading and should ensure the popularity of this charming book.

(Florence L. Stephens, Coomberry, Bodmin.)

IN THE HANDS OF THE POTTER. By HAROLD BEGBIE. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Perhaps no greater tribute can be paid to Mr. Begbie's new book than to say that it is an absolutely worthy companion to "Broken Earthenware." The stories composing this new book differ from those in "Broken Earthenware," in that they are chiefly stories concerning women; and also, as the author puts it, "They are instances of conversion, but not of sudden, violent, and passionate conversion." The book provides further convincing evidence of the reality of spiritual miracle in our day. Whilst a simple Gospel performs such miracles of saving power, controversies and quibblings on its origins and doctrines can do no great harm.

(H. M. Creswell Payne, "Parkwoon," Roche, Cornwall.)

THE PARTY SYSTEM. By HILAIRE BELLOC AND CECIL CHESTERTON. (Stephen Swift.)

Though this is a dual authorship we can distinguish the predominant partner. It was a bad day for literature when Mr. Belloc went to St. Stephen's, it was a good day for both when he refrained from repeating the calamity. We regard this effort as similar to that of a dog shaking itself after a plunge into water, as much as to say, "I'm glad I'm out of it again." In view of Mr. Belloc's brilliant reputation, largely made through his volumes dealing with a subject he has made his own—French Revolution—we shall do well to treat this twin-souled contribution as mere "letting-off steam."

(A. H. Mannington Sayers, 18, Taptonville Road, Sheffield.)

PAM THE FIDDLER. By HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE. (T. Werner Laurie.)

This story is as breezy and full of life as the northern moors in which the scene is laid. Keenest admiration must perforce be felt for those brave yeomen who were true to their faith, though their lealty meant persecution and death. The Court intrigues of Elizabeth's time are touched upon skilfully, and the glamour of romance aroused by the "Scots Queen" is convincingly and enthusiastically depicted. How Pam the Fiddler and Patience, his daughter, come to be concerned with the affairs of the two Queens must be left to the reader to discover, and he will be richly rewarded!

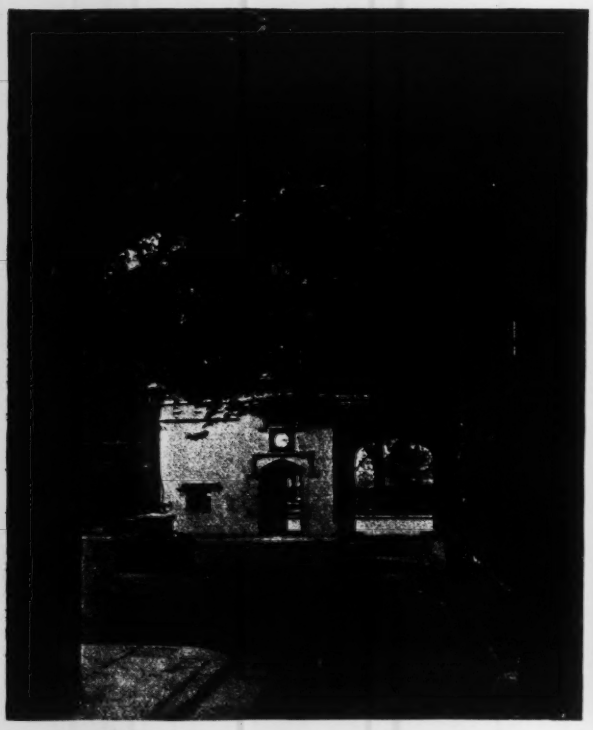
(Miss J. A. Jenkins, Edge Hill College, Liverpool.)

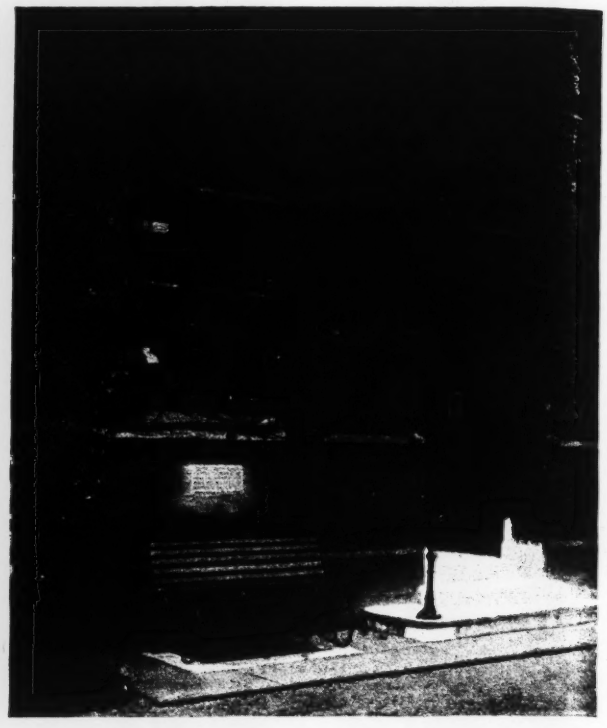
LECTURES ON GREEK POETRY. By J. W. MACKAIL. (Longmans.)

Both the student and the general reader will appreciate "Lectures on Greek Poetry," because Mr. Mackail writes for all lovers of literature. He gives a delightfully inspiring chapter on Homer, and a most enlightening one on Sophocles and the drama. We should have liked a chapter on Æschylus, but perhaps the Sophoclean plays need more interpretation. One is charmed with the delicacy of Mr. Mackail's touch in writing of Sappho, and with his sympathetic treatment of Theocritus, the master of lyrical poetry. Lovers of literature should read "Lectures on Greek Poetry"; it will open a new world to them.

(Miss E. Moore, Greenbank Cottage, Liverpool.)

We also specially commend the reviews sent in by Theresa Herrman (Portsmouth), Miss L. Mugford (Sutton-at-Hone), Miss A. Eleanor Pinnington (Brighton), W. M. Lodge (Norwood), Miss Van der Pant (Folkestone), Alice Gibbs (Wooburn Green), E. J. Notcutt (Holland Park), Adam Miller (Leeds), Maurice A. McDermott (Oxon.), Miss A. Clarke (High Wycombe), Margaret Carter (Birmingham), Ivan Adair (Dublin), C. H. Abbott (Keighley), James A. Richards (Tenby), Sybil Waller





Photos by W. F. Taylor.

Entrance Arch of the Charterhouse, where Thackeray was at school from 1822 to 1826, and a corner showing doorway and window of the room occupied by Captain Thomas Light, whom Thackeray visited here when writing the last chapters of "The Newcomes."

(Boscombe), Harold Weston (Russell Square, W.C.), Constance Ursula Kerr (Lothian), K. Fisher (Warwick), G. M. Ellwood (Grimsby), Miss G. Rutherfurd (Onehunga, New Zealand), Jess Pescod (Aylesbury), Irene Harrison (Bristol), Miss D. Williams (Oxford), Barbara K. Webber (Plymouth), Miss Vane Nicholson (Ipswich), Alfred Redmond (Plumstead), Miss Gwendoline C. Perks (Norwich), Mrs. Sybilla Stirling (Glenfarg), Miss B. O. Andrews (Scarborough), Isabelle Swinscon (Tunbridge Wells), Sidney G. Bell (Wandsworth), W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood), Irene Pollock Lalonde (Bath), and Florence L. Bate (Folkestone).

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to Miss J. G. JEREMY, of Caldecote Towers, Bushey Heath, Herts.

"THE OLD WIVES' TALE."

Preface to the "Author's Edition" (U.S.A.).

IN the autumn of 1903 I used to dine frequently at a restaurant in the Rue de Clichy, Paris. Here were, among others, two waitresses that attracted my attention. One was a beautiful pale young girl, to whom I never spoke, for she was employed far away from the table which I affected. The other, a stout, middle-aged, managing Breton woman, had sole command over my table and me, and gradually she began to assume such a maternal tone towards me, that I saw I should be compelled to leave that restaurant. If I was absent for a couple of nights running, she would reproach me sharply: "What! you are unfaithful to me?" Once, when I complained about some French beans, she roundly informed me that French beans were a subject which I did not understand. I then decided to be eternally unfaithful to her, and I abandoned the restaurant. A few nights before the final parting, an old woman came into the restaurant to dine. She was fat, shapeless, ugly, and grotesque. She had a ridiculous voice and ridiculous gestures. It was easy to see that she lived alone, and that in the long lapse of years she had developed the kind of peculiarity which induces guffaws among the thoughtless. She was burdened with a lot of small parcels, which she kept dropping. She chose one seat; and then, not liking it, chose another; and then another. In a few moments she had the whole restaurant laughing at her. That my middle-aged Breton should laugh was indifferent to me, but I was pained to see a coarse grimace of giggling on the pale face of the beautiful young waitress to whom I had never spoken.

I reflected, concerning the grotesque diner: "This woman was once young, slim, perhaps beautiful, certainly free from these ridiculous mannerisms. Very

probably she is unconscious of her singularities. Her case is a tragedy. One ought to be able to make a heartrending novel out of the history of a woman such as she. Every stout, ageing woman is not grotesque —far from it!—but there is an extreme pathos in the mere fact that every stout, ageing woman was once a young girl with the unique charm of youth in her form and movements and in her mind. And the fact that the change from the young girl to the stout, ageing woman is made up of an infinite number of infinitesimal changes, each unperceived by her, only intensifies the pathos."

It was at this instant that I was visited by the idea of writing the book which ultimately became "The Old Wives' Tale." Of course I felt that the woman who caused the ignoble mirth in the restaurant would not serve me as a type of heroine. For she was much too odd, and obviously unsympathetic. It is an absolute rule that the principal character of a novel must not be unsympathetic, and the whole modern tendency of realistic fiction is against oddness in a prominent figure. I knew that I must choose the sort of woman who would pass unnoticed in a crowd.

I put the idea aside for a long time, but it was never very distant from me. For several reasons it made a special appeal to me. I had always been a convinced admirer of Mrs. W. K. Clifford's most precious novel, "Aunt Anne," but I wanted to see in the story of an old woman many things that Mrs. W. K. Clifford had omitted from "Aunt Anne." Further, I had always revolted against the absurd youthfulness, the unfading youthfulness, of the average heroine. And as a protest against this fashion, I was already, in 1903, planning a novel ("Leonora") of which the heroine was aged forty, and had daughters old enough to be in love. The reviewers, by the way, were staggered by my hardihood in offering a woman of forty as a subject of serious interest to the public. But I meant to go much further than forty!

Colonel Newcome in the Chapel of the Charterhouse.

"His dear old head was bent down over his prayer-book. He wore the black gown of the pensioners of the hospital of Grey Friars. . . . He stood there amongst the poor brethren uttering the responses to the psalms."—*The Newcomes.*

From "A Day with Thackeray." Days with Great Authors Series. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Finally, as a supreme reason, I had the example and the challenge of Guy de Maupassant's "Une Vie." In the 'nineties we used to regard "Une Vie" with mute awe, as being the summit of achievement in fiction. And I remember being very cross with Mr. Bernard Shaw because, having read "Une Vie" at the suggestion (I think) of Mr. William Archer, he failed to see in it anything very remarkable. Here I must confess that in 1908 I read "Une Vie" again, and in spite of a natural anxiety to differ from Mr. Bernard Shaw, I was gravely disappointed with it. It is a fine novel, but decidedly inferior to "Pierre et Jean" or even "Fort comme la Mort." To return to the year 1903, "Une Vie" relates the entire life history of a woman. I settled in the privacy of my own head that my book about the development of a young girl into a stout old lady must be the English "Une Vie." I have been accused of every fault except a lack of self-confidence, and in a few weeks I settled a further point, namely, that my book must "go one better" than "Une Vie," and that to this end it must be the life-history of two women instead of only one. Hence "The Old Wives' Tale" has two heroines. Constance was the original; Sophia was created out of bravado, just to indicate that I declined to consider Guy de Maupassant as the last forerunner of the deluge.

I was intimidated by the audacity of my project, but I had sworn to carry it out. For several years I looked it squarely in the face at intervals, and then walked away to write novels of smaller scope, of which I produced five or six. But I could not dally for ever, and in the autumn of 1907 I actually began to write it, in a village near Fontainebleau, where I rented half a house from a retired railway servant. I calculated that it would be 200,000 words long (which it exactly proved to be), and I had a vague notion that no novel of such dimensions (except Richardson's) had ever been written before. So I counted the words in several famous Victorian novels, and discovered to my relief that the famous Victorian novels average 400,000 words apiece. I wrote the first part of the novel in six weeks. It was fairly easy to me, because, in the 'seventies, in the first decade of my life, I had lived in the actual draper's shop of the Baines's, and knew it as only a child could know it. Then I went to London on a visit. I tried to continue the book in a London hotel, but London was too distracting, and I put the thing away; and during January and February of 1908 I wrote "Buried Alive," which was published immediately and was received with majestic indifference by the English public, an indifference which has persisted to this day.

I then returned to the Fontainebleau region and gave "The Old Wives' Tale" no rest till I finished it at the end of July, 1908. It was published in the autumn of the same year, and for six weeks afterwards the English public steadily confirmed an opinion expressed by a certain person in whose judgment I had confidence, to the effect that the work was honest but dull, and that when it was not dull it had a regrettable tendency to facetiousness. My publishers, though brave fellows, were somewhat disheartened; however, the reception of the book gradually became less and less frigid.

With regard to the French portion of the story, it was not until I had written the first part that I saw from a study of my chronological basis that the Siege of Paris might be brought into the tale. The idea was seductive; but I hated, and still hate, the awful business of research; and I only knew the Paris of the twentieth century. Now I was aware that my railway servant and his wife had been living in Paris at the time of the war. I said to the old man, "By the way, you went through the Siege of Paris, didn't you?" He turned to his old wife and said uncertainly, "The Siege of Paris? Yes, we did, didn't we?" The Siege of Paris had been only one incident among many in their lives. Of course they remembered it well, though not vividly, and I gained much information from them. But the most useful thing which I gained from them was the perception, startling at first, that ordinary people went on living very ordinary lives in Paris during the Siege, and that to the vast mass of the population the Siege was not the dramatic, spectacular, thrilling, ecstatic affair that is described in history. Encouraged by this perception, I decided to include the Siege in my scheme. I read Sarcey's diary of the Siege aloud to my wife, and I looked at the pictures in Jules Claretie's popular work on the Siege and the Commune, and I glanced at the printed collections of official documents; and there my research ended.

It has been asserted that unless I had actually been present at a public execution, I could not have written the chapter in which Sophia assists at the Auxerre solemnity. I have not been present at a public execution, and the whole of my information about public executions was derived from a series of articles on them which I read in the Paris *Matin*. Mr. Frank Harris, discussing my book in *Vanity Fair*, said it was clear that I had not seen an execution (or words to that effect), and he proceeded to give his own description of an execution. It was a brief but terribly convincing bit of writing, quite characteristic and quite worthy of the author of "Montes the Matador" and of a man who had been almost everywhere and seen almost everything. I comprehended how far short I had fallen of the truth! I wrote to Mr. Frank Harris, regretting that his description had not been printed before I wrote mine, as I should assuredly have utilised it, and of course I admitted that I had never witnessed an execution. He simply replied, "Neither have I." This detail is worth preserving, for it is a reproof to that large body of readers who, when a novelist has really carried conviction to them, assert offhand, "Oh, that must be autobiography!"

ARNOLD BENNETT.

J. M. SYNGE.

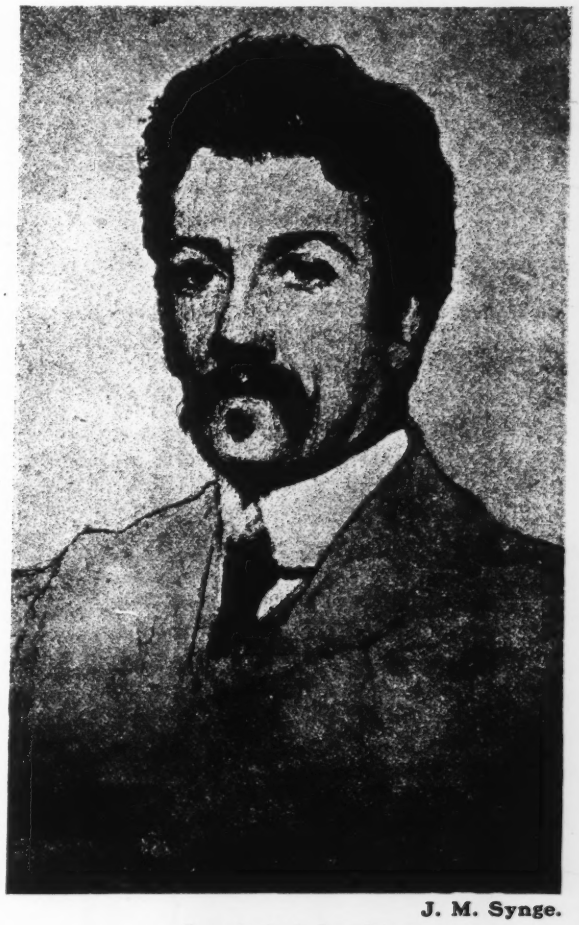
BY DARRELL FIGGIS.

IT was given to John Millington Synge * to achieve one of the supreme paradoxes of literature. He was, of course, not the only one. There was Shakespeare. Of them both it is possible to hear on the one hand that they are the complete expression of their several national spirits, and on the other that they are not national at all, but cosmopolitan and remote. Whereas in fact the truth is that they express their national spirits so completely and finally that they lift them out of the national into the international. They are not hedged by their boundaries, for they are so lofty that they can more readily see each other than the limits of the countries in which they stand. Yet the fact remains that they do indeed really stand in their several countries, and derive their sustenance—not merely their physical, but rather now their artistic, sustenance—from the national earth in which their feet are planted. They speak in the cosmopolitan upper air; but their emotions come from the red national earth that bred them. It is their stature that makes the paradox.

J. M. Synge himself in figure and temperament suggested the intense, brooding, imaginative, and sensitive Irish spirit. He was born in 1871 in Rathfarnham, Co. Galway, the youngest son of John Hatch Synge, barrister-at-law, and the owner of some landed property in that county. Tutored for Trinity College, Dublin, he entered there in 1888, graduated there four years later, taking prizes in Hebrew and Gaelic in the interim. Music, too, engaged his attention; and since in the year prior to his graduation he had taken a scholarship in Harmony, he passed, in 1893, to Germany to continue his studies there. But though music in later hours was to unlock secrets for him in the Isles of Aran and Blasket, it ceased to enthral him now; and in 1895 he was in Paris, seeking to qualify himself for literary criticism with a thoroughness characteristic of him.

* "The Works of J. M. Synge." 4 Vols. 24s. net. (Maunsel, Dublin.)

Yet, though he leaned thus toward literary expression, the creative impulse was then hardly awake in him. The few poems that mark this time are not so much characteristic of him as they are symptomatic of the language that marks a certain type of French poetry. It needed the word spoken into him to awaken the impulse to creation: and that word could not be spoken in Paris. Like all great souls he was paradoxical in all things. He was a silent man because he was full of speech. Thus, too, he wandered Europe because he could be at home only in Ireland. He might have achieved criticism in Paris, because criticism is an aloof function that sees life from without, through literature: he could only have risen to the spontaneity of creation where his soul was attuned to life itself, and this could not have been in alien Paris. Nor had his brooding soul the energy to discover this for himself.



J. M. Synge.

From a drawing by James Paterson.
From "The Works of J. M. Synge." (Dublin: Maunsel.)

It was discovered for him by a divine chance. And it was discovered, appropriately enough, by one who with him stands out and above the earnest band that has determined to raise Ireland again to dignity in European literature. During a visit to Paris in 1899, W. B. Yeats stayed, where he and a number of other Irishmen were wont to stay, at a little hotel in the Rue Corneille, opposite the Odeon Theatre. He here heard of an Irishman who, "even poorer than myself, had taken a room at the top of the house. It was J. M. Synge, and I, who thought I knew the name of every Irishman who was working at literature, had never heard of him." Seeing the man, noting his preoccupation with a literature that had already become obsessed with itself, remote from the warm pulse of life, perceiving, too, how truly he was kin to the soul of Ireland, he bade him leave all these literary forms and expressions, and go to the Aran Islands up the bay of Galway, there "to express a life that has never found expression."

It was a divine chance: it was, indeed, divination: more so than Yeats could ever have been aware of at the time he spoke. For Synge went to Aran; he left his wanderings over Italy, France, and Germany; and went to Aran, spending large portions of the following few years there. And he wrote of Aran. Or rather, Aran spoke through him; for in reading his account of his life there, we do not so much hear a man speaking of the externals of topography, manner of life, and the like, as the soul of a people speaking through the writer, brushing aside, or greatly assuming, those superficial aspects that the inquisitive eye would seek to be informed of. In fine, a manner of creation was already proceeding: impulsion and the act of writing were springing to spontaneity: intensity of life was speaking through intensity of thought. In Paris he essayed to be a critic of a literature that was already becoming decadent. In Inishmaan and Aranmore he was the living voice of a people that had kept its original awe and native purity truer than any other people in Europe. And this is the more remarkable, because he speaks in his book of not understanding the people, of feeling strangely aloof and alien to them. It was, in fact, because he passed so into their life that he felt he understood them so little, even as a man himself least knows the aspect of his own face. His intense identity with them blotted out the critic in him. Yet he was not of them; for he had a voice, and they had not.

It was at this time that he was caught up in the dramatic movement that was stirring to life in Dublin. It was, at least, singular that creation should be stirring in him while the vent for it was stirring in Dublin. Even such strange chances is it, giving the colour of divinity to life, that wake words of wonder on men's lips, such as Hamlet's startled observation. Yet, though he was caught up in it, he was the servant of no movement. He did not create it, as Yeats may be said largely to have created it; nor did it create him, as it has created others. He preserved his detachment by the imperious lonely instinct of his soul, brooding on all things, yet subservient to none; and, though it does not appear to be so at first flush, he really expressed the movement better by his detachment than he could have done had he been its servant, even as he expressed the Irish spirit better because he was an artist, and therefore knew how to select and arrange.

He even brought to it something that was external to it. For the inception of the movement largely arose from a preoccupation with the ancient literature and mythology of Ireland: whereas he came with some-

thing of a contempt for the aerial figures that meant so much to Mr. Yeats, for example, and A. E. They were engaged deeply and earnestly with Angus, Maeve, and Fand, the "plumed yet skinny Shee." He came from a people living on bare, stern rocks, set in a wild tempestuous sea, at war with Time, Wind, and Tide; men hardened to sudden death and wild sorrow; men who had small place for the phantasies of literature, though their lives brimmed and quivered with psychic wonder and adventure, and who knew how to drink deep and live hardily. Love was to him, as to them, not a romance, but a mating; and life was more tragic than tragedy, for there was no elation in it.

Coming thus, though he remained largely aloof from the initial spirit of the movement, he brought a strong earthy flavour into it that moved and bent the spirit of his fellow-workers to itself. Any who compare Yeats's early "Countess Cathleen" with his late "Green Helmet" may see this for themselves. "On the stage one must have reality," he wrote later in the introduction to "The Playboy"; and he brought reality. He came with two plays: "The Shadow of the Glen," a dramatisation of a story he had heard told on Inishmaan, with subtle and delicate alterations in it eminently characteristic of the man; and "Riders to the Sea," a tragedy, or perhaps, rather, a tragic episode, whose site is pitched in Aran. He came also with a speech that was the music of the language spoken in the West of Ireland rendered in smoother and mightier harmonies. How truly this speech was the speech of actuality can be heard by any who know its harmonies and have heard the speech in any old shebeen in Galway! What process of selection and arrangement went forward let the following example show. This is how an old man in the Aran Islands warned him against bachelordom:

"Listen to what I'm telling you: a man who is not married is no better than an old jackass. He goes into his sister's house, and into his brother's house; he eats a bit in this place and a bit in another, but he has no home for himself: like an old jackass straying on the rocks."

This is the first process as memory achieves it. It has not the music of high dramatic speech; but it has a rare cadence and charm in its truly colloquial flavour, the sap of life flowing in it, that await only the transmuting touch to swell into great music. And this is how Michael James speaks in "The Playboy of the Western World":

"What's a single man, I ask you, eating a bit in one house and drinking a sup in another, like an old braying jackass strayed upon the rocks?"

A quiet elimination of much, a calm compactness of the remainder, a suggestion of antithesis in food and drink, a swelling of the movement with an open-vowelled adjective and the clean music of a perfect tense in the verb: these are the hints of the mind that worked, but it was mind that wrought the miracle, scarce knowing what it did. It was even so the knocking of a neighbour stirred Beethoven to the wonder of his one Violin Concerto. Yet, while the process can be traced in this certain instance, it moved in the same way, calmly and unostentatiously, in aloof rumination, through the speech of all his characters, in varying degree, till it broke into magnificent flower with Christy Mahon as he discovers the power resident so long in him unsuspected of himself. It was the music of the West of Ireland, even though the West of Ireland could not see it, that spoke through Deirdre as she braced herself to her death:

"I see the naked trees and bare, and the moon shining. Little moon, little moon of Alban, it's lonesome you'll be this night, and to-morrow night, and the long nights after, and you pacing the woods of Glen Laoi, looking every place for Deirdre and Naisi, the two lovers who slept so sweetly with each other."

Speech being the highest function of man, to say of a man that he has found speech is to say that he has found himself, that he has found his soul—speech being clearly understood as speech, and not as talk. It was so with Synge. He became a director of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin. He became perhaps its most important, certainly its most debated, dramatist. All his previous years seemed an earnest preparation to this end, whether roving Europe or furling his soul about with one of the strange still nights in Aran till he became so much a part of the scene that he seemed to exist only in perception. Play followed play with unhasting deliberation. The desolation and loneliness of "The Shadow of the Glen" led to the wild, fateful "Riders to the Sea." In one was seen rebellion against the shackles of monotony, a rebellion that began with Nora joining speech with Patch Darcy as he passed up and down the lonely road near which their cabin lay, and concluding, even against herself, with her going out with the tramp to hear the "herons crying out over the black lakes," and the "grouse and the owls with them, and the larks and the big thrushes when the day is warm." In the other the soul of a mother set against a tragic and warring Nature, till with her last son taken she turns to a consolation that is more terrible than tears: "No man can be living for ever, and we must be satisfied." In both is heard the speech waked in him; and in both is seen the finished craftmanship learned in Paris.

Humour took him for awhile then. But it was a strange humour. It became boisterous in "The Tinker's Wedding"; it turned shrewdly sardonical, with one exquisite flower of tenderness, in "The Well of the Saints." And humour still hung about him when he set his hand to "The Playboy of the Western World," for it is conceived in the spirit of humour, though it passes to something that is not humour nor grief, but the poise of both. If "Riders to the Sea" be his most perfect gem, wrought with a skill that matches its poignancy, the "Playboy" is his best and completest expression. In it, as in all his plays, he brushes past externals and in a few strokes is in business with souls. In "The Playboy" it is the soul of a youth, stepping to manhood, long shackled, estimated as worthless, and accepting the estimate, but now learning his powers of

greatness in the heroic estimate of others. He burgeons and expands in the sunshine of their awe of him, and in the process of burgeoning breaks to perfect flower of speech. It is of a soul that he again treats in the play he was yet working at when he died, "Deirdre of the Sorrows." It is the soul of a woman who learns with horror that love may end, and who chooses death for herself and her lover, rather than so bitter and sordid an experience. She takes death in the full heyday of the soul, before it should shrink and shrivel at the touch of Time.

It was strange, and yet not strange, that he who should have won such rich music out of the prose should have failed so utterly in poetry. There is often incision, and frequently pungency, in his verse; but there is not music. He did not leave much verse. In truth, he did not leave any substantial body of work, for he was a fastidious and painstaking craftsman, and he was not given many years to work in, dying on March 24, 1909. He had hoped to break new ground of toil. Instead, like his Deirdre, he went to death in the full heyday of his power. Yet these four volumes enshrine an essence so rich that they will not easily be permitted to pass from time and memory.

New Books.

THE ECONOMIC FREEDOM OF WOMAN.*

A pathetic interest attends the production of Mrs. Schreiner's book. Early in youth the writer had begun a comprehensive study of woman, tracing the evolution of sex from the lowest organic forms, in which purely biological considerations predominate, into those delicate and complex moral and social issues which constitute the modern Woman's Movement. This, her chief life's work, was virtually complete in the summer of 1899. Unfortunately the MSS. was left in Johannesburg when Mrs. Schreiner left that city on grounds of ill-health shortly before the outbreak of hostilities, and during the period of disorder her house was looted and the book destroyed by fire. The present volume is a fragment, reconstructed by memory during a long period of military confinement to which she was subjected during the war, in a tiny cottage on the outskirts of an up-country village in Cape Colony. Chiefly embodying the contents of a single chapter of the larger work, it must not be taken as more than a single current of interpretation of a subject wide as the ocean itself. Yet so central in importance is the theme it treats, that this book will do more than any other in this generation to enable readers to realise the magnitude of the processes of sex readjustment which are in danger of being swamped by the more superficial, though necessary, struggles in the outer arena of politics.

The most essential character of the modern Woman's Movement, as Mrs. Schreiner sees it, is that of a half-instinctive, half-conscious struggle against certain social-economic forces driving women in the civilised world into a state of sex-parasitism. Historical research into primitive humanity shows that everywhere woman was the originator and the earliest practitioner of the industrial arts, connected with agriculture, clothing, building, pottery, and other productive work in and about the home. When man, originally absorbed in hunting and fighting, began to live a more settled and peaceful life, he took over certain departments of industry, especially the heavier work outside the home. For long ages there was a tolerably stable apportionment of productive industries between the sexes, women always adding to their peculiar work of bearing and rearing children many other useful functions. But in modern times two tendencies have co-operated to undermine the economic work of woman. Machinery and the factory system have taken out of the home most of the numerous trades formerly contained in housework, the new modes of production greatly reducing the amount of labour required, and substituting males for females in the execution of large parts of it. Along with this has gone the reduced birth-rate and the diminished task of child-care in the home.

If women, thus deprived of large portions of their former work, had been free to occupy themselves in the new trades and professions which have sprung up to satisfy the needs of an ever-elaborating civilisation, there would have been no danger. But they have not attained this freedom. Most of the new skilled occupations, professional and commercial, have not been open to women on equal terms with men. Educational, trade union, and legislative barriers have been made by men against their entry and competition. The effect has been to drive some classes of women into an idle dependency upon men, the futile, merely showy, parasitic life lived by most women of the well-to-do grades of society. Women of the poorer classes are driven either into sweated trades, whose miserable remuneration keeps them still in large measure dependent on male subsidies, or into the parasitic trade of prostitution. This "sex-parasitism" which Mrs. Schreiner sees growing in all civilised nations will, unless it is counteracted, drag down into physical, mental, and moral feebleness large numbers of women, widening the gulf of sympathy and co-operation between the sexes, and degrading by tradition and inheritance the character and ideals of the race. It is against this deep-seated danger that the Woman's Movement, of which the demand for a political franchise is but a single wave, is directed. "We take all labour for our province" is the summary of the demand. Not that woman is of necessity equally adapted to undertake all occupations now confined to men, but that there exists no *à priori* principle for discriminating those in which she can from those in which she cannot succeed. A mere study of physical sex characteristics does not, she urges, yield any evidence for assigning the occupations in which male and female intellects and wills should be employed. The presumption would indeed be favourable to a greater equality in the fulness of the sexes for those fine arts and occupations in which merely muscular skill and ruder physical endurance, where men admittedly excel, play a diminishing part. But the free test of experience should be the only guide. There should be no limits save such as Nature herself endorses, not as the result of pre-judgment, but of trial.

"From the judge's seat to the legislator's chair; from the statesman's closet to the merchant's office; from the chemist's laboratory to the astronomer's tower, there is no post or form of toil for which it is not our intention to attempt to fit ourselves; and there is no closed door we do not intend to force open; and there is no fruit in the garden of knowledge it is not our

* "Woman and Labour." By Olive Schreiner. 8s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)—"Mary Wollstonecraft." By G. R. S. Taylor. 5s. 6d. net. (Martin Secker.)

determination to eat. Acting in us and through us, nature, we know, will mercilessly expose to us our deficiencies in the field of human toil and reveal to us our powers."

Though the argument is by no means new, the force of Mrs. Schreiner's reasoned eloquence raises it to a higher power which sweeps aside the flimsy barriers that usage, prejudice, or sex interest have set up against it. For it is not merely the interests and aspirations of the sex, or of a little ambitious or excitable section of it, as is often held, that are at stake. Setting her issue in the full stream of a sociological interpretation, Mrs. Schreiner shows that what is at stake is the progress of humanity. For so inextricably knit by nature are the fates and characters of the sexes, that every denial of full liberty to woman must react on man and upon history, which is their joint life. Mrs. Schreiner does not, for instance, hesitate to insist that the survival of the horrors and iniquities of war is a result of male monopoly in politics. The equal weighting of women with men in critical determinations of policy will turn the scale against war.

"It is not because of woman's cowardice, incapacity, nor above all, because of her general superior virtue, that she will end war when her voice is fully, firmly, and clearly heard in the governance of States—it is because, on this one point, and on this point almost alone, the knowledge of woman, simply as woman, is superior to that of man; she knows the history of human flesh; she knows its cost; he does not."

Though in this volume many highly disputable points are raised, and some of them settled in too arbitrary a manner, there is nowhere discernible that strain of sex antagonism which has of late, especially in this country, been far too prominent. Mrs. Schreiner does not see woman striving as a sex against a conspiracy of male monopolists and oppressors, the "new woman" against an inevitable "old man." On the contrary, she recognises everywhere a change in the sex attitude and disposition of man as large and as significant in its way as that of woman. She sees a "new man" preparing to grasp hands with the "new woman" in a spirit of equal comradeship, reforming on a sounder basis the structure not only of industry, but of marital and family relations, a gain and not a loss of sympathy between the sexes, a finer, because a freer, co-operation for all the purposes sexual, intellectual, and spiritual which contribute to the fuller life of humanity.

Mr. G. R. S. Taylor's able study of "Mary Wollstonecraft" (Martin Secker), which has just appeared, suggests some interesting points of resemblance and difference in the treatment of the woman question by its eighteenth- and its nineteenth-century exponents. "The Vindication of Woman" no more than "Woman and Labour" is to be regarded as a mere sex plea. For Mary Wollstonecraft, like Mrs. Schreiner, takes her stand on the wider basis of human society. Man is injured and degraded no less than woman by the artificial barriers to occupations and to liberty of individual expression which law and custom have set up in the case of women. The substitutes of equal rights for the blend of privilege and disability which actually prevails was argued by Mary Wollstonecraft with the same qualities of intellect and passion which give distinction to Mrs. Schreiner's exposition. The evolutionary treatment applied by the latter to sex division of labour is naturally absent from the earlier work. But Mr. Taylor rightly claims attention to the audacity and originality of character and intellect involved in this first attempt to formulate the full charter of woman's liberty. In one respect his book serves to modify the criticism of Mrs. Schreiner; for it reminds us how much more restricted were the economic and the social liberties of women of the well-to-do classes in the eighteenth century than they are now. For though by her genius and charm Mary Wollstonecraft was enabled to win for herself a fame and a hazardous livelihood as writer, she stood almost alone among the women of her day; the post of governess was then almost the sole refuge for an unmarried woman who left the shelter of her family. Moreover, while certain tempestuous qualities of nature may in part account for the wild "romance" of her life, nothing can be more evident from the chronicles of that age than the universal reprobation and risk attending any attempt of a woman "to live her own life." It is indeed likely that the measure of "liberty," which Mary Wollstonecraft gave herself in her relations with the other sex, served not a little to destroy the legitimate force of her "Vindication." So easy is it to stab in the back an unpopular cause in its early struggle for reasonable attention. In truth the "Vindication" is a particularly sane and moderate presentation of the case, erring chiefly by an over-confidence in reason as an actual guide of conduct, a fault common to the thinkers of the age.

J. A. HOBSON.

FOGAZZARO'S LAST BOOK.*

A pathetic interest always attaches to the last book of a writer recently dead, particularly in the case of one who had Fogazzaro's gift of winning the affection of his readers. Fogazzaro has passed away full of years and full of honours, having achieved all that he had in him to achieve. Yet it is impossible to open "Leila" without a sense of keen regret, and criticism is tempered by the thought we are criticising the last work of one who has passed beyond all earthly judgments. Appearing in its English form on the very day of Fogazzaro's death, "Leila" appeals with special pathos not merely as a farewell, but because again and again we can trace in it the writer's premonition of his approaching end. There are no signs of failing power, there is nothing morbid, no unavailing fears. On the contrary, the latter part of the book is as strong and full of passion as anything which Fogazzaro ever wrote. The chapter entitled "Night and Flames" is drenched in passionate beauty; its freshness and romantic vividness are an astonishing achievement in a novelist mortally ill and not far from his seventieth year. But those who were privileged to meet the great Italian romantic cannot fail to recognise that in his description of the last days of Marcello Trento Fogazzaro was depicting his own attitude to death, and it is no less significant that in the death of Donna Fedele he anticipated the exact circumstances of his own end, heart failure following a nominally "successful" operation, from which it is clear he had no hope and perhaps little desire of recovery.

Like all Fogazzaro's books, "Leila" is long and the story is a little slow in developing. When the story opens Marcello Trento, now an old man, is living in his villa, "La Montanina," in the mountains near Vicenza. "La Montanina" is undoubtedly the author's own villa, the last of several which he occupied in the neighbourhood of his beloved Vicenza. Trento is a lonely man who has lost his wife and his only son Andrea, a youth of great promise cut off on the threshold of manhood. It will be remembered that the great sorrow of Fogazzaro's own life was the loss which he sustained in the untimely death of his only son, a brilliant boy who died in 1895 at the commencement of what seemed likely to be a great career. In the pathetic picture of the old man's grief over Andrea's death, it needs little imagination to realise that Fogazzaro is describing his own bitter experience. Shortly before his death Andrea had become engaged to Lelia Camin, the daughter of a scoundrelly father and a no less disreputable mother. The girl herself, beautiful, proud, and passionate, but haunted by the fear that her blood is tainted, has been adopted by Trento, who is anxious to make her his heiress. Now he is faced by the difficult problem of finding a husband for Lelia, and with this in view he invites to his villa Massimo Alberti, a college friend of Andrea, and

* "Leila." By Antonio Fogazzaro. Translated by Mary Pritchard Agnetti. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

a disciple of Benedetto, the Saint. Massimo had come to Velo for rest and peace. A disciple of Benedetto and still an orthodox Catholic, he was attacked by the Clericals as a heretic and despised by the Modernists as not having the courage of his convictions. He was passing through a crisis and his nerves were on edge: altogether he was in a condition if not to fall in love, at least to study with unusual interest this girl of whom his dead friend had so often talked. But Lelia's pride, which already had prompted her to refuse the inheritance, revolted at the idea that her marriage was being planned for her, and she treated Massimo with such marked rudeness that he left Velo persuaded that he was cured of any fondness for this baffling and hot-tempered girl. Scarcely had Massimo returned to Milan, when Trento dies suddenly in the night. Lelia finds herself an heiress, but as she had not yet come of age, she is under the guardianship of her blackguardly old father, who descends on the Montanina bent on plunder, and accompanied by his "housekeeper" and a disreputable lawyer. Now begins a complicated intrigue in which Camin and his legal ally and the archpriest of Velo and his chaplain all take a hand. Camin means to get as much of the property into his hands as he can, before Lelia comes of age. Molesin, the lawyer, intends to share the plunder, and as he is the representative of Camin's numerous creditors, he holds a strong position. The two priests are anxious to drive Lelia into a convent and to secure her property for the Church. After "The Saint" was placed on the Index, Fogazzaro, as a dutiful Catholic, made his submission and withdrew the book, but the portraits of the archpriest and his chaplain, skilfully contrasted types and cruelly real, suggest that he had not forgiven the ecclesiastical intrigue of which he had felt himself the victim. The four conspirators are only united in their enmity against Alberti, about whom they spread detestable scandal, and against Donna Fedele, Lelia's only friend. Donna Fedele had once been passionately in love with Marcello Trento and she was attached by ties of old friendship to Alberti. Convinced that Leila is really in love, she shows the girl Alberti's letters, which make it clear that so far from being master of himself, as he had fancied, he is in the grip of a violent passion. The poor girl, feeling herself powerless against her father and his fellow-schemers, and awakened at last to the real nature of her feeling for Alberti, determines to escape from Velo and seek her lover, who had fled to Oria, a little hamlet in Valsolda. The story of her flight and her meeting with Massimo is told in the wonderful chapter already alluded to, called "Night and Flames." In its intense vividness the chapter recalls the later portion of "The Saint," but in its passionate imagination and lyrical quality it is unsurpassed in Fogazzaro's work. It is to some extent an accident that Fogazzaro is chiefly known in England as a master of the religious novel, and when Modernism has ceased to be a living issue it may well be that his fame will rest mainly on his command of passion. Lelia is followed to Valsolda by Donna Fedele, who knows that the journey will cost her her life, but prefers to die in the service of her friend rather than risk an almost hopeless operation. But before her death the body of Benedetto is brought to Oria, that the Saint may rest in the tiny hamlet where he was born, and under the stress of his emotion Massimo, who had been drifting into agnosticism, finds spiritual peace once more in surrender to the Church whose highest and purest side is typified by Benedetto. Donna Fedele dies happy, surrounded by all she loved most dearly, and over all is shed the calm of Benedetto's spirit. In the end the Saint has conquered.

Antonio Fogazzaro.

As in all Fogazzaro's work, the story is frequently suspended in the earlier chapters while some philosophical or religious question is discussed, but in the latter part it moves swiftly to its close. The love story and the clerical intrigue and the religious interest are not always harmonised, but the three main threads are dexterously woven together in the final chapter in which the body of Benedetto is brought to its last resting-place. Of the main characters Massino is far the weakest. He stands for a religious and intellectual position: he is the waverer, too devout by nature and by training to be a good heretic, and not strong enough in faith to master his doubts. Even Fogazzaro could not make the young man in bondage to religious doubt an interesting or sympathetic hero. But in Lelia—or Leila, to give her the name which she chose when she had been transformed by love—Fogazzaro has drawn a rare and difficult type with complete mastery; and in Donna Fedele and the saintly old priest, Don Aurelio, he has created two characters of exquisite beauty. The minor characters, Camin, Don Tita, and Don Emanuele, and the maid Teresina are all excellent. The book abounds in descriptions of the mountain scenery in Valsolda and the neighbourhood of Vicenza, admirably vivid, but sometimes a little difficult for those who are strangers to North Italy. But no small part of the attraction of the book lies in the charm of a lovable personality which pervades every page and has endeared Fogazzaro not only to all who met him, but to the multitudes of his readers. Only those who have struggled with the manifold difficulties of Fogazzaro's Italian can appreciate the debt they owe to Mrs. Agnetti for her translation.

EARLY WALES.*

The history of Wales has hitherto proved too difficult for the hardiest historical adventurers. Welshmen, taxed with the deficiency, have fallen back upon the fame or fable of excellent histories in the vernacular; but they have not been able to point to an adequate work that we could put to the test. Quite lately things have sensibly improved. English historians such as Tout and Oman have devoted a good deal of attention to the Welsh portions of eleventh, thirteenth, and fifteenth-century history. Sir John Rhys has produced in collaboration a sketch of Welsh history as a whole from certain points of view, mainly in reference to land-holding and religion. Mr. Owen Edwards, to whom the native student owes so much, has written another sketch. Owain Rhoscomyl too has done much to elucidate the salient and romantic episodes of medieval Welsh history. But, for all this, the subject has remained tenaciously in the shadow. It has been difficult to point to a single standard work, for nothing has been attempted on a compendious scale and in a categorical manner since the "History of Wales" given us in 1869 by Miss Jane Williams, a book which makes no attempt whatever to modernise any of its hard-earned information. But modern history grows like a stalactite and the present subject has acquired quite a new form since 1869. The increasing number of students who specialise in Welsh history have reason then to

* "A History of Wales, from the Earliest Times to the Edwardian Conquest." By John Edward Lloyd, Professor of History at Bangor. 2 Vols. Bibliography, Map, and Index. 21s. net. (Longmans.)

congratulate themselves upon the present work and its author.

Mr. Lloyd began as biographer-in-chief of medieval Welsh worthies in the "Dictionary of National Biography" as successor, in the main, to Mr. Lleufer Thomas about 1897. He had then but recently attained the chair of History in the University of North Wales. Since then he has made the annals and lives of the early Welsh saints and heroes his special study. So far as a connected history of Wales from the earliest times to the Edwardian Conquest could be satisfactorily accomplished, he has now achieved it in what is unquestionably a highly scholarly piece of work. But it is barely possible to make such a work interesting. Even Sir Walter Scott could not make the early history of Wales interesting. The land of the Cymry was not yet welded into a nation. It took a thousand years of attrition with the English to effect that. The old Wales was a conglomerate of races, tongues, dynasties, and interests. Its history is a long catalogue of pedigrees and dethronements and murders like the old chronicle of the Irish kings in "Whitaker's Almanack." And for an historian, such as Mr. Lloyd, who ensues minute detail and record, and who eschews topography and political economy and generalisations of almost every order as alien to his primary object, the subject does not lend itself very easily to absorbing narrative.

There is a good deal of what the French call proto-history before we come to the struggle between the Cymry and the English. Anxious above all to avoid guess-work, Mr. Lloyd is hampered by the lack of evidence, and he certainly lacks Mr. Oman's faculty of historical projection. He shows, however, very well how the contest gradually increased in intensity until by the time of Æthelfrith it had become almost a struggle for existence for the West of Severn folk. Hitherto the Welsh had mainly concentrated their eastern gaze upon Mercia, but the victory of Oswy at Winwaed Field destroyed the old Celtic unity altogether. It rendered the Welsh Cymry isolated and self-contained, dependent henceforth upon its own resources for its development.

Here we see the beginning of the process of nation-building, which was to be rendered complete in 1535. The age of almost complete isolation terminated with the advent of the sea-rovers. The critical need led to the emergence of the great house of Rhodri the Great, but it did not prevent the Welsh chieftains from looking to Alfred as a protector and champion against the Danes. It was a vital part of Alfred's statesmanship to lead the other Christian princes of the island to regard him as their natural lord and protector against heathen attack, and so it was that Wales came formally under the sway of Wessex, and the basis was laid of the homage which in later ages was regularly demanded from all Welsh princes by the English crown. Howell the Good seems to have been a warm supporter of an *entente* with the English. He was an admirer of Alfred and his successors, named one of his own sons after Edward the Elder, and introduced many English ideas into his famous code. This was the code to which the Welsh appealed from the tyranny of the later Edward I.

Passing by the nautical exploits of Edgar, we come to the surer period and ground of Gruffydd ap Llywelyn. The Welsh, as was natural enough, looked rather complacently upon the Norman Conquest; but their moment of contentment was brief. Between 1093 and 1099 the Normans made a serious attempt to conquer the heart of Wales, and they were foiled only by the semi-miraculous apparition (as it seemed) of a piratical Norwegian flotilla under Magnus Barefoot, who, like a true knight-errant, threw himself heart and soul upon the side of the under-dog in the struggle. During the next reign the Normans carved fiercely into the more fertile portions of South Wales; and English Gower obtained that quality of speech which characterises it to this day. The story of the Norman lordships in Brecknock, Glamorgan, Pembroke, and the like is excellently told. The death of Henry I. brought about an immediate change in the position of affairs in Wales. Everywhere the foreign yoke was cast off, the power of these new settlers was dauntlessly challenged, and a new spirit of daring and independence seems to have seized the whole Welsh race. It was lucky that the emergency coincided with the upspringing of a race of leaders which numbered Owain Gwynedd, Rhys ap Gruffydd, Llywelyn ab Iorwerth, and Llywelyn ap Gruffydd among its chiefs. The age of the two Llywelyns has already been ably outlined by Professor Tout, while the Welsh Wars of Edward I. have been illustrated with real mastery by Mr. Morris. The reign of Henry III. afforded to the Cymry an opportunity hardly inferior to the chaos under Stephen. But North Wales provided in Llywelyn the Great a man who well knew how to utilise the advantage given him by the opposition of 1215—a prince who, supreme beyond challenge in his hereditary dominions, could pursue a bold and independent policy in matters external, unfettered by the fear of trouble at home. For twenty-five years during the age of the "Mabinogion" the realms of Gwynedd and Powys lay, like a lake without a ripple, sunk in profoundest peace. How much that means you must read these pages to know! The contrast is a strong one, and slightly perplexes our verdict as to whether Edward's conquest was after all such a signal victory for civilisation. Both together (Llywelyn and Edward) were needed to create the little nation of which we hear so much to-day. Mr. Lloyd is warmly to be complimented as a proto-historiographer. The Welsh records have never before received such thorough and independent treatment. T. S.

NAPOLEON ON HIMSELF.*

An enterprising American mind has here arranged that Napoleon himself shall reveal his significance in the universe and his place in history. It is essence and flame and ardour and irony and brooding of Napoleon from his childhood to his expiring breath. Letters, orders, conversations, curses, quips, and official documents of Napoleon have been studied and sorted, and each expressive item duly docketed and set in proper sequence against the day, or even the very hour, to which it relates, so that we obtain in a measure Napoleon's own commentary on his career, esoteric and exoteric, from Brienne to St. Helena. Mr. Johnston has explored a literature by and about Napoleon and his contemporaries, marked aught in the monster medley that was the great Corsican's own confession or comment or command or opinion, and the result is Napoleon undiluted and epic, a "diary" where was not a diary, and a sort of "apologia pro vita sua." The work is Napoleon, as it were, in cannonade, in musketry, in meditation, and occasionally in moonlight. Objectively there is little or nothing that is new, to the far-travelled Napoleonic student at any rate; subjectively the selection and sequence afford us an arresting document, often illuminating.

Napoleon has now become almost legendary. Here are sequent pieces of his reality, given with the decisiveness of marching orders, flashes of his psychology coming sharp as pistol shots. For a long time he hardly understood his destiny. He wrote of "the hollowness of life" at seventeen. At twenty-eight, after dramatic and historic experiences, he thought there was nothing left for him but to return from whence he came, take up the plough of Cincinnatus, and set the example of obedience to the laws and of aversion from military rule which, he said, had destroyed so many

* "The Corsican: A Diary of Napoleon's Life in his Own Words." By R. M. Johnston. 7s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

republics. The real conquests, he averred a little later, were those made over ignorance, the most honourable occupation to help on the diffusion of humane ideas. Again and again he inveighed against militarism. In every country, he insisted, force bowed to the civilian virtues. He foretold that a military government would never take in France unless the nation were degraded by fifty years of ignorance. "It is not as a general I govern [when First Consul] but because the nation believes that I have civilian virtues that make me fit for governing." When Emperor he avowed that his ambition was to create in France a lay State. A vehement sympathy with the people he voiced as earnestly as a battle-cry. "Democracy may run mad, but it has a heart, it can be moved; an aristocracy always remains cold, and never forgives." "My rabble," he declared at St. Helena, "would have become the best educated in the world. All my exertions were directed to illuminate the mass of the nation instead of brutalising them by ignorance and superstition." At stages we see him as intent on the recognition of art and literature as on the winning of his battles in the field. He held that imagination ruled the world. "The defect of our modern institutions is that they do not speak to the imagination. By that alone can man be governed; without it he is but a brute."

He admitted that he loved power, but he loved it as an artist, as a musician loved his violin, he said. He loved to draw sounds from it, chords, harmony. He was a soldier because, in his own words, it was the special faculty he was born with; it was his life, his habit. He knew how to do other things than wage war, but duty must come first. "All my life I have sacrificed everything, my repose, my interests, my happiness, to my destiny." When in crucial days he selected the island of Elba for his home he said it was the choice of a soul of adamant; that he was a fragment of rock hurled into space. Two years later in St. Helena he said: "Only adversity was wanting to complete my career! Had I died on the throne in the clouds of my almightiness, I would have remained a problem for many; as it is, thanks to my misfortunes I can be judged naked." He pointed to a long list of his constructive works, which he called the Treasures of Napoleon, and again monuments to confound calumny. He knew he was safe with posterity.

He believed he owed his success in generalship to his mathematical conceptions; his great talent was that he saw things clearly; a general should never imagine things. The "diary" shows his generalship in exhaustive detail, but nearly every detail is short, sharp, vivid, as if he wrote in the saddle on fields and highways that are now part of history. He says a little about love, a little more about the universe, in neither of which was he profoundly interested. As to the former, very characteristic is the "order" he issued after he had heard of a grenadier's suicide over a love affair: "That a soldier must overcome grief and the melancholy of love; that there is as much courage in supporting with firmness the afflictions of the soul as there is in standing steady under the grape of a battery of guns." There are many indices of his stern common-sense, sometimes expressed in biting epigram, and giving point to Talleyrand's plaint, "What a pity that so great a man should be so ill-bred!" The "diary" suggests a critical war-god who in ways seemed very human.

W. P. RYAN.

MARK TWAIN.*

It is possible that Dr. Archibald Henderson takes Mark Twain a little too seriously; but it is certain that most of us do not take him seriously enough. Once Mark wrote a quite serious poem which rather pleased him, and at the end of one of his lectures he announced his intention of reading it to his audience. They laughed; he assured them he was in earnest, it was not a funny poem, but something that was perfectly serious. They laughed again, and realising that they would not understand him, he thrust the manuscript impatiently into his pocket, said he would not read it at all, and left the platform; whereupon they laughed louder than ever, taking this as the greatest joke of all. It is an incident that fairly well illustrates the attitude of the general public towards him. He began his career as a jester; and when the world had accepted him as such and made up its mind that he was a king of laughter, it was prepared to find something funny in everything he said, and generally succeeded in doing so. That is the common lot of the humorist; we automatically ascribe profundity to the dull pedant, and shallowness to the man who makes us laugh.

Mark's earliest philosophy of life was, of course, "the philosophy of the Broad Grin," as Meredith phrases it. He started as a humorous journalist; then "The Jumping Frog" set all the world laughing, and he soon found he had no choice but to go on making it laugh to the day of his death. It is a little disquieting to read "The Jumping Frog" and "The Innocents Abroad" again to-day. We remember reading them some twenty years ago and finding them irresistibly amusing; but to-day they only yielded us a smile now and then, and a good deal of "The Innocents" bored us not a little. Does it mean that our sense of humour has become atrophied, or have we merely outgrown this form of fun as we have outgrown other things that suited us when we were younger? The fact seems to be that the humour of incident, the humour of farcical over-statement and other such brands do not mellow and gather richness with age; the volatile spirit evaporates from them and leaves them stale and rather flat. They are excellent whilst they are new, but when their newness is gone they are as out of date as any other fashion of two decades ago. It is melancholy that it should be so; one would sooner have it otherwise; but ask your contemporaries about "The Jumping Frog" and see how many of them can read it now and be tickled by it; or give a copy of it to some youngster and see him read without a grin what you could not have read at his age without bursts of hearty laughter. What does it mean?

It means that most of Mark Twain's humour was good but perishable stuff, and that Dr. Henderson is right in laying stress now on the more enduring qualities of his work. Not that Dr. Henderson himself appears to be aware that the purely humorous books are fading away; he is a whole-souled hero-worshipper, and has persuaded himself that all or nearly all that Mark Twain wrote has the breath of eternal life in it. He is right in saying that "Mark Twain makes a more deeply, more comprehensively popular appeal" than Tolstoy; but that is no more than to say that in his day Albert Smith's appeal was more comprehensively popular than Darwin's, but the one was a temporary and the other a permanent and a growing appeal.

We are at one with Dr. Henderson in all the praise he gives to "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn"; we have read this "interpretation" of his from beginning to end with unqualified pleasure, and though we have not been able to echo his fervid eulogies of all the other books of his hero, we wish we could, because of our past joy in them. When you have whittled away from Twain's achievement much that is not lasting, there will be enough left of what is great and inimitable to give him place, not beside Emerson, where Dr. Henderson puts him, but still among the immortals of his generation, and we doubt if he would have claimed more for himself than that. For the personality of Mark Twain, for the whole life and character of the man, one can have nothing but the warmest admiration and affection; he was one of those rare spirits who was even greater in himself than he is in his writings,

* "Mark Twain." By Archibald Henderson. With Photographs by Alvin Langdon Coburn. 5s. net. (Duckworth.)

From a photograph by Alvin Langdon Coburn. **Mark Twain.**

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and the value of Dr. Henderson's volume lies chiefly in its intimate study of "the man," and in its story of his career as humorist, lecturer, philosopher, and sociologist. He knew Samuel Clemens personally, and the charm that radiated from that wonderful personality and subdued everybody who came in contact with it is still strong upon him; it makes his criticism unreliable, but it enables him to re-create the character of Mark Twain in these pages so that the reader realises vividly the breadth, the height, the depth, and the ingrained humanity of it. The book is excellently illustrated with photographs in autochrome and monochrome by Mr. Alvin Langdon Coburn.

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Lord Richard is asking him presently if he knows what essays are, and Tubby explains:

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Such things must always lose a little in being taken away from their context. "Lord Richard in the Pantry" is not a book to read about, but a book to read, not because bits of it are witty, shrewdly satirical, quaintly farcical, but because it is a capital story, the whole of it healthfully alive with the very spirit of laughter and thoroughly enjoyable.

A. St. John Adcock.

LATIN LITERATURE.*

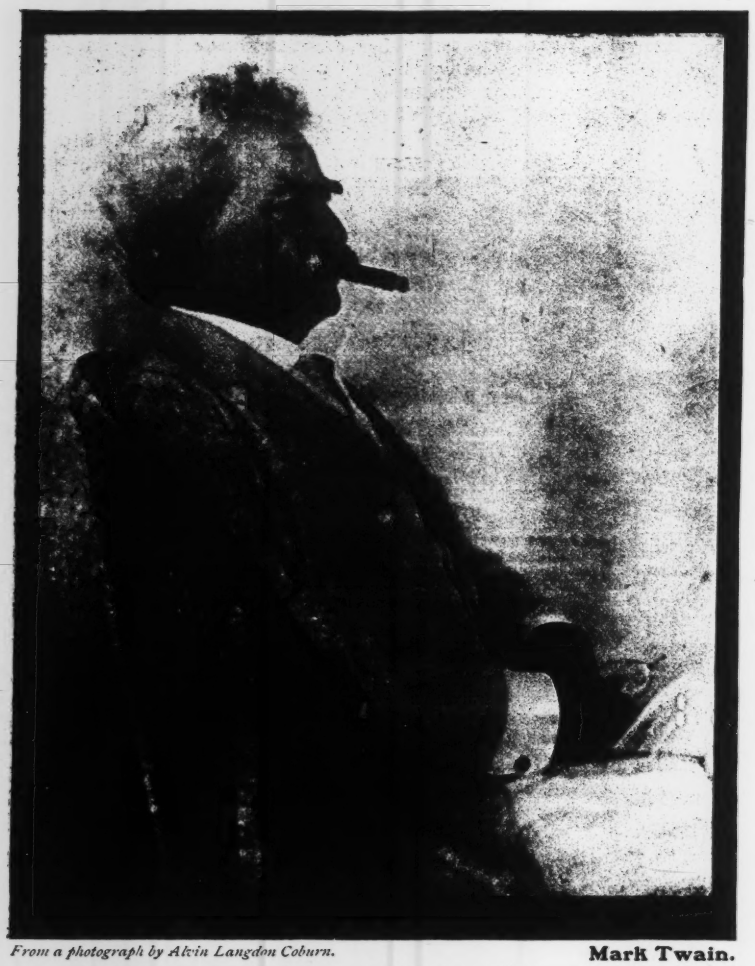
It is a pleasure to welcome the second edition of Professor Wight Duff's excellent "Literary History of Rome," which is in most respects quite a model of what such a book should be. As his volume forms part of a "Library of Literary History," the author had to keep in view throughout the requirements of two different classes of readers; he had to interest and instruct the general student of literature, for whom the series is primarily intended, and at the same time he had to satisfy the classical expert. His success in reconciling these opposed claims makes his achievement worthy of special admiration. In these days it is fortunately no longer a convention of criticism that a reviewer should set out to show how much more he knows about a subject than the writer whose work he is considering; and I need not, therefore, be guilty of the impertinence of praising the large and ripe scholarship which Professor Duff has brought to bear upon his task, and to which every page yields ample testimony. But what I may certainly be permitted to note is the ease and grace with which he carries his learning, and the skill with which he subordinates it to the real living interest of his theme. There is nothing drily academic about his treatise; he writes as one who knows and feels literature as literature; and his many "modern touches here and there" redeem his criticisms entirely "from the charge" of pedantry. Dealing, for example, with Horace, he glances aside to remark that for that genial poet-philosopher "regular duties would have been as distasteful and punctuality as difficult as for Charles Lamb at the India Office." Any reader who has been compelled to spend much time over the ordinary lucubrations of the schools will realise at once what freshness and life an incidental reference of this kind serves to give to the pages of a history of Latin literature. For once these old Romans are freed from the trammels of text-book and commentary, and stand out before us as living men.

Equally deserving of remark is the sanity of the author's criticism. His natural enthusiasm for his subject rarely tempts him into exaggeration; and he is wisely intolerant of the Swinburnian mania for exact appraisement. Mr. Mackail declares that the place of Catullus among the world's lyric poets is "third beside Sappho and Shelley." "I shall not," says Professor Duff, "attempt to number his place precisely; enough that it is high among the best." And he rightly adds, "For how can finality in such assessments be hoped for?"

These, however, are matters of detail. Professor Duff's book impresses me most by virtue of its structural quality. Brunetière once complained that what is called a history of literature is too often in fact nothing of the sort, but only a succession of monographs, put end to end, and attached to one another by the thinnest thread of narrative. If the great French critic felt justified in making this charge with reference to the writings of his own countrymen, by whom so much admirable historic work has actually been done, we must acknowledge that its application to our English labours in the same field is even more obvious. Professor Duff's volume is not a mere collection of independent studies. It is not simply a survey. It is really what it purports to be—a literary history of the Roman people. As we pass from chapter to chapter, it is always with the sense of continuity. Latin literature is for Professor Duff an expression of the genius and temper of the complex Latin race. It is the product of the "communal spirit" as well as of the "creative mind." He enters a timely protest against the tendency, which has doubtless gone too far, to regard Latin literature as wholly second-hand and imitative. Though "the Roman borrowed," he borrowed, as he admirably puts it, "in a Roman way." He "left his impress" upon everything that he took over from Greece. Thus Roman literature everywhere exhibits "an invariably close relation to social environment—to movements of progress or reaction, to needs and aspirations, to the fashions, the fancies, and sometimes the follies of an age"; while throughout "the Roman mark abides, modified, but never obliterated." It is with this "Roman mark" that Professor Duff is specially concerned. Thus he gives us something far more valuable than a descriptive catalogue of the Latin writers. He gets his authors into their historical perspective; shows their dependence upon the life and spirit of their times: and indicates their connection with their predecessors and their influence upon those who followed them. At the same time, while he is thus solicitous to trace the lines of literary evolution, he does not leave the personal factor out of account; he seeks, too, to preserve the humanistic attitude, and to make clear the permanent significance of the works that pass under his examination.

I have said that it is no part of a reviewer's business to parade his own learning at the expense of his subject. Still, his modesty does not deprive him of the right to his own opinions and to such pleasure as he may find in airing them; and there are, of course, occasions when, if I do not exactly dissent from Professor Duff's judgments, I feel that he has missed or slurred over points which seem to me important, or laid the emphasis in what appears to me to be the wrong place. Naturally it is in connection with the greater men that such differences in personal attitude are most likely to arise. I take Professor Duff's chapter on Virgil by way of illustration. I cannot quite satisfy myself that justice has here been done to the full meaning of the "piety" of Æneas, or to its bearings upon the extremely passive part which he plays in the action as the mere instrument of heaven. On this subject I think the reader will still be well advised to go back to what Boissier has said in his masterly work, "La Religion Romaine." It is also a little disquieting to find our author leaning, in however slight a degree, to the sentimental notion of Æneas as a faithless lover. Once more, Professor Duff does not really grapple with the problem of the want of unity in the character of Æneas. This is really an immensely interesting question, if only because of the parallel which Æneas presents with Hamlet. Like Shakespeare, Virgil sought to harmonise traditional conceptions with his own conflicting ideas; and like Shakespeare, he achieved only a qualified success. These are points which I note for criticism, but as will be seen, they do not carry far. For the rest, this chapter is wonderfully sound and comprehensive; it is an admirable example of Professor Duff's power of putting a great deal of matter into a comparatively small space and of being at the same time clear and interesting. And the same remark might

* "A Literary History of Rome, from the Origins to the Close of the Golden Age." By J. Wight Duff. 12s. 6d. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)



From a photograph by Alvin Langdon Coburn.

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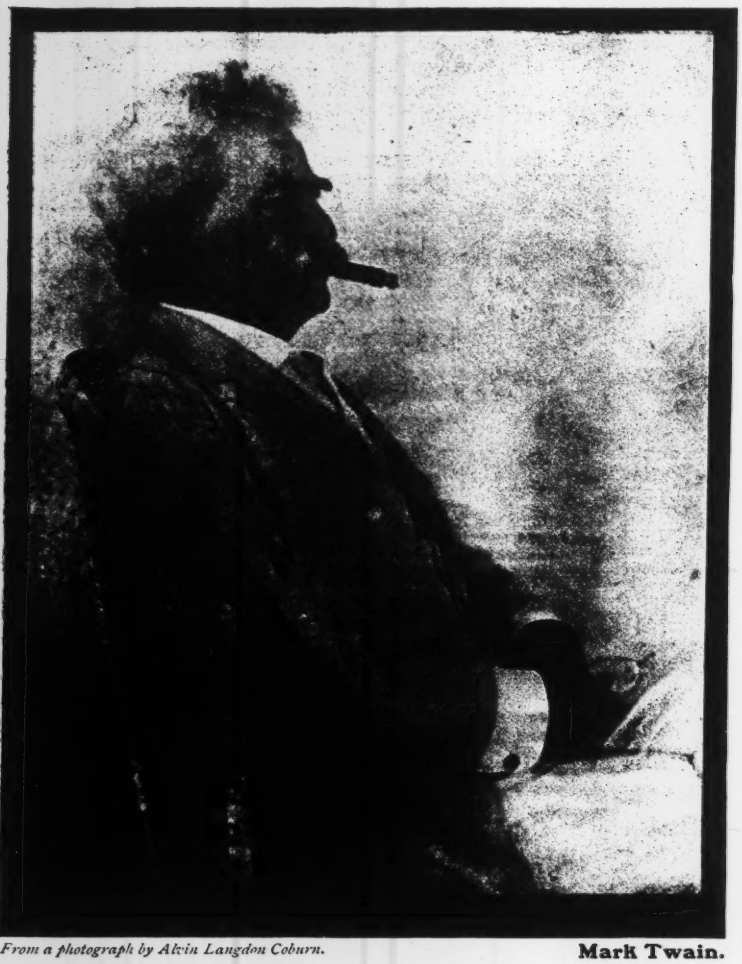

From a photograph by Alvin Langdon Coburn. **Mark Twain.**

From "Mark Twain" by Archibald Henderson. (Duckworth.)

and the value of Dr. Henderson's volume lies chiefly in its intimate study of "the man," and in its story of his career as humorist, lecturer, philosopher, and sociologist. He knew Samuel Clemens personally, and the charm that radiated from that wonderful personality and subdued everybody who came in contact with it is still strong upon him; it makes his criticism unreliable, but it enables him to re-create the character of Mark Twain in these pages so that the reader realises vividly the breadth, the height, the depth, and the ingrained humanity of it. The book is excellently illustrated with photographs in autochrome and monochrome by Mr. Alvin Langdon Coburn.

LORD RICHARD IN THE PANTRY.*

We know Martin Swayne already as the author of "The Bishop and the Lady," but, clever as his first book was, his second passes it. The story of "Lord Richard in the Pantry" is the lightest of light comedy, and the wit and gaiety with which it is told are so breezily fresh and spontaneous that you feel the writer himself must have enjoyed it all as much as the reader does, and rather as if you were laughing with him than as if he were making you laugh.

Lord Richard Sandridge is young, indolent, and short of cash. His father, the Marquis of Morenest, wants him to accept a business post, but his sister is anxious that he "should contract a marriage on a sound financial basis." She goes so far as to discover a desirable bride in Miss Evelyn Lovejoy, the daughter of a successful tradesman; she has neither blood nor distinction, but she has plenty of money; her father is dead, and her mother would like to see her marry into high society. The difficulty is that Richard does not fall in love with her, and does not desire to marry; his sister succeeds in making him dance with Miss Lovejoy three times in one night, and she proves to be something of a fussily philanthropical bluestocking, lends him a volume of essays, and, as he complains to his bosom friend Tubby, talks to him about his soul:

"'People always like to talk about things they haven't got,' said Tubby. 'When we get a thing we cease to talk about it. When women get souls and get the vote, they'll have nothing to talk of except other people's husbands.'

"'I don't suppose there'll be many husbands to talk about in those days. I must introduce Miss Lovejoy to you, Tubby. You'll get on famously. She says animals have got souls.'

"'Then I'm not an animal, Richard.'"

Lord Richard is asking him presently if he knows what essays are, and Tubby explains:

"'Essays are things people write to deceive their friends, Richard. They put all the beautiful thoughts which they haven't thought, and all the noble actions which they haven't done, into them. Never be deceived by an essay. Sensible people never read essays."

As the only way of evading his father's efforts to get him into a City office, Richard calls on Miss Lovejoy, stumbles into inviting her and her mother to go to the Zoo with him, and there is a delightfully amusing description of his and Tubby's adventures there, and of how he proposes to Evelyn in the lion house. She is willing to accept him, but she is an admirer of Ruskin, has ideals about the dignity of labour, and leads him to agree that before they are formally engaged he shall work and earn his own living for six months, that she may feel he has done this for her and is worthy of her.

He does not at all like the idea, but having pledged his word and seeing she will not otherwise give him her hand, he resolves to go through with it. He realises that there are not many things within the range of his capacity, and an advertisement in the *Morning Post* for a "capable butler of gentlemanly appearance" brings him to a momentous decision. The tale of his going after this situation and securing it, and entering upon it, is developed in the liveliest vein of farcical comedy; his employer is a charming young widow, Mrs. Lettice Gaythorne, with one small son, and of Richard's ludicrous and chastening experiences under her roof and all that rose out of them no more shall be said here than that, although he was working for Miss Lovejoy, she was not his reward.

The characters are admirably drawn, with just the touch of humorous exaggeration that is in keeping with the story. Richard's man, Carter, is an excellent sketch: so are the grotesque old Marquis and Marchioness; so, too, are the indispensable Tubby, with his everlasting story about the serpents of Brazil, and Richard himself. The fun of the book, indeed, lies as much in the humorous presentation of character and the smartness and sparkle of its dialogue as in the humour and ingenuity of its plot. Here are half a dozen epigrams and scraps of conversations picked out almost at random:

"'The insolence of money!' sighed Tubby. 'I never had enough money to become really insolent!'"

"People who marry for money never die. That's their punishment."

* "Lord Richard in the Pantry." By Martin Swayne. 6s. (Methuen.)

"Oh, we're all deceived. That's the blessing in everything It's only when we are undeceived that the trouble begins. . . Let's hush it up. After all, half of what happens in this world you must pretend not to see and the other half you've got to hush up!"

"Nothing you have to pay for is worth it after you've paid."

"'Heiresses are all the same,' he said. 'You can pick 'em out in a ballroom straight away. They're always rather pale, they never look at you, they never listen to what you're saying, and they always run down the supper, and they never have any sense of humour. If they had they couldn't be heiresses. Have you noticed that money has no sense of humour?'"

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quite as justly be made of other important chapters in the volume, such as those on the writers of comedy, on Cicero, and on Horace.

WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON.

A WOMAN IN SOUTH AFRICA.*

There is no greater mistake, at least from a literary point of view, than that made by writers who go out to a strange land with the idea of collecting facts for a volume concerning it. No first-rate book of travels was ever produced in that way. You may get good journalism, but you certainly will not get Literature. The reasons for this are obvious. Usually, the author is in too great a hurry. He wants impressions which will furnish striking copy, and is quite content to get his "facts" from the local officials. He sees everything in an entirely false perspective. It is inevitable that he must go out with certain pre-conceived ideas, and that he will always be looking for the confirmation, rather than for the refutation, of those ideas.

Miss Mansfield is refreshingly frank so far as the amount of time she spent in Rhodesia is concerned. Her travels were confined almost entirely to the great main routes, and the society with which she mixed consisted mainly of the employees of the Chartered Company, men whose first duty is to keep up the value of the shares of that company, and so paint everything in bright colours for the benefit of the itinerant author; consequently, this book cannot be taken as an altogether reliable contribution to our knowledge of the Chartered territories; in fact, so far as the intending emigrant is concerned—and Miss Mansfield is very enthusiastic on the subject of emigration—it might be called a dangerous book, by reason of its irresponsible optimism. I am not afraid to criticise it on this score, for I have spent more years in Rhodesia than Miss Mansfield has spent months, and I know, only too well, what she failed to see, or to hear about—the Tragedy of Rhodesia, its ghastly tale of dead, its appalling list of financial disasters, its manifold diseases for man and beast, the moral dry rot which its atmosphere engenders.

When Miss Mansfield tells us only about herself and her doings she is wholly delightful. That part of the book is written exactly as such books should be written, without any striving after effect, without any attempt at literary style. She has just jotted down the things which happened, as they happened. Reading that part of the book—and it will well repay the trouble—one feels that there should be a great deal more of it. The author seems to have been afraid of introducing too much of the personal note—why, instead of a Chartered map, has she not given us her own portrait as a frontispiece?—and she is always breaking off into what one can only call semi-official matter. That is the great mistake in the book. She does not claim to have collected the facts relating to agriculture, stock-raising, mining and other industries for herself. She had no time to study even one of these subjects, and that section of the book could have been compiled just as easily from pamphlets from Emigration Offices at home—in fact, she has an irritating way of adding footnotes telling the reader where those same official pamphlets may be obtained.

On the other hand, no one, at least no one who knows South Central Africa, can help admiring Miss Mansfield's pluck and grit. She took on a very ugly proposition, one from which the vast majority of women would have recoiled in horror and alarm, and she carried the thing through splendidly. Luck was with her to a certain extent, as it so often is with the newcomer who keeps constantly on the move—she did not learn, through bitter experience, what the real nature of that Rhodesian climate is. Yet, in the end, her luck failed her, and she had to turn back, instead of completing her journey to Cairo. It takes an immense amount of nerve for a woman who has never been in Africa before, who knows not a word of the native languages, who has not the slightest experience in handling those most difficult of creatures, native carriers, to start on such a trip. Official assistance, of which she had plenty, is useful, so far as securing carriers is concerned; but, once you are out in the veld with your caravan, everything depends on yourself. Personally, I am surprised that the author did not meet with disaster. The measure of success she achieved and the cheerful way in which she relates the story of her adventure prove her to be a woman of exceptional temperament.

For my part, I should like to see her revise the book, and issue it in a new form. The first chapter, and all those later chapters dealing with industrial questions, should be deleted, whilst the personal narrative should be made much fuller. The chapter on Missionaries, on the other hand, is wholly admirable, and could not easily be improved. So far as that is concerned, she will have the sympathy of every sane man who has lived amongst coloured races.

The volume is splendidly produced; the illustrations are excellent throughout; and, despite its faults, it is worth reading, not for the information it contains, but for its revelation of a delightful and courageous personality.

STANLEY PORTAL HYATT.

* "Via Rhodesia." By Charlotte Mansfield. 16s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

AMERICAN WIVES.*

It was once said by the historian Buckle that every great age has always been ruled by one leading idea, peculiar to itself, often unexpressed, but nevertheless guiding all the activities of the time, behind its politics, its industries, its arts. And in a period so self-conscious as our own it is not difficult to put one's hand on the motive thought of to-day. It is surely a sense of the contrast between what life is and what it might be. In other words, to use the familiar cliché, what we want is racial efficiency. Among the novelists most plainly influenced by this idea must be reckoned the late David Graham Phillips, the writer who met so tragic an end a few weeks ago in the streets of New York, the young man full of hope and energy who was shot by a madman for his attacks on American women—attacks repeated in several novels, but rising to special vehemence in "The Husband's Story."

The peculiar significance of these studies of American women arises from the fact that Mr. Phillips wrote not from the standpoint of the mere raconteur, but rather from that of the scientific investigator. It is not the women themselves that matter so much, but the tendencies for which they stand. And of each of them the question their creator asks is not: is she frivolous, heartless, brainless, or immoral? but—is she adapting herself to the new civilisation that science is creating? Times are changing; the world is moving; the men are keeping up, are laying hold of the new chances of happiness, are adapting themselves to new conditions. Are the women doing the same?

The grand climacteric of married life is some fifteen or twenty years after marriage. By that time the two characters involved are either welded into one whole, or are as far apart as the Poles. Accordingly it is on this situation that Mr. Phillips again and again rings up the curtain: he did it in "Old Wives for New," he does it once more in "The Husband's Story." And always it is the same tale, with different characters: always the wife has allowed herself to "get left." In the first-named novel she is an old woman through pure laziness, while her husband remains young. In "The Husband's Story" a much more subtle declension has taken place in the wife's nature, for she is practically soul-less. Edna Loring and her husband began as idyllic boy and girl lovers in the very humblest circum-

* "The Husband's Story." By David Graham Phillips. 6s. (Appleton.)

By courtesy of Messrs. Appleton.

The late David Graham Phillips.

stances of provincial American life. But Godfrey is one of the men who attract money wherever they go, and Edna never loses an opportunity of spurring him on to fresh and often dishonest exertions in the race for wealth. By the time their daughter has reached girlhood, Edna has only one idea in life—to push herself into the front ranks of society. To do this she has atrophied her brain, killed her heart, tarnished her child's mind with snobbery, and utterly alienated her husband's affections. The results are tragic: her daughter's alliance with an English peer turns out to be a horrible travesty of marriage, while her husband struggles, and not unsuccessfully, to release himself from her. At this point we perceive Mr. Phillips's explanation of the frequency of divorce in America: he puts it down to the failure of the woman to keep pace with the man in the art of wise living. She takes no interest in his work save as it may bring in money for her to spend; finally, she takes no interest in him. Her brain dies slowly, till at last he shakes her off as a man cuts away a gangrened member from a living body.

"The Husband's Story" is in style a monologue by the husband: in method it is point-device in detail, shirking nothing of the tawdry or foolish facts in this gradual course of deterioration. It does not hold one so much by its plot, or its characters, as by its grip, its cruel grip, on the immense signification of the commonplace in human life. Money, efficiency, even cleanliness, are parts of the problem of how to live successfully. Mr. Phillips evades nothing. There is no sentiment, no faltering in the book—and above all no truce with any falsification of values. It is so earnest, in fact, that when we hate its conclusions and differ from its premises, we pay it the compliment of pausing to think again. For the author is fair: his study of modernity is no mere repetition of the old Adamic excuse, "It was the woman." On the contrary, he makes it quite clear that the woman fails to adapt herself, fails racially, because she has been trained to live as a parasite—by man. She has never been taught that her life is as full of meaning as his; everything in her environment goes to prove the contrary. She has, this fashionable woman, no meaning in the scheme of things. Small wonder, then, that she herself becomes meaningless. Over against these parasites are put outline sketches of other women, vital, active, full of mental activity. But they strike one as unreal for the same reason as does Solomon in "Virgin Soil," because they are ideals of what might be, not pictures of what is.

It is difficult for an Englishwoman to judge of the truth of the book, for certainly over here we have no class so dead-in-life, so brainless in their narrow cunning, so divorced from reality, as these women. But—the doubt strikes home—is this because the hyper-civilisation of the States is only a stage ahead which we have yet to reach? If so "The Husband's Story" is either a prophecy or a warning. At any rate, it deserves to be read, for though bitter and caustic and sometimes exaggerated, like poster-drawing, it is sincere, it *donne à penser*. And sincerity in novel-writing is not so common that one can afford to neglect it.

M. P. Willcocks.

THE NEAR EAST.*

Mr. Woods has with great judgment chosen a subject untouched by any other writer, and for the next few years at all events all those interested in the political situation in the Near East will feel obliged to refer to the pages of this volume. For the author has already established his reputation for careful accuracy by his previous work, "Washed by Four Seas." That, however, was the book of a tyro at writing, to whom practice for newspapers has now given an easy command of language, and taught him how to marshal his facts. Mr. Woods has also had the advantage of acquiring his information from the highest placed authorities in the different parts of the Near East he has visited, although he is—on their account—too prudent to give their names more than occasionally.

Others have written admirable books—Sir Charles Eliot's "Turkey in Europe," although published in 1900, is yet vividly informative; Mr. Brailsford's "Macedonia" deals more fully with that unhappy country that might be so flourishing had not the Treaty of Berlin been substituted for the Treaty of San Stefano, for which substitution, alas! our own country is largely responsible. Yet where else but in this volume can we turn up a full and succinct account of the Albanian Question, the Cretan Question, the military Revolution in Greece, how the kingdom of Bulgaria won her independence and added to her territory? Though it happened but a few months ago, there are many of us who do not clearly remember even now how Bosnia was annexed by Austria. It seems but the other day that we ourselves travelled as far as Belgrade with a buoyant young officer of the Austrian cavalry, bound for Serajevo, as he told us with glowing cheeks, when all was not yet a *fait accompli*. Which of us quite understands why the Queen of Italy's father is now King in Montenegro? All these high affairs of State Mr. Woods handles in a quiet, masterly manner, never allowing himself to be led astray into picturesque descriptions of the scenery he traverses, lest they should interrupt the history of the political situation. Although approaching the Cilician gates in the Taurus mountains, he writes "Disconnected craggy rocks lend grandeur to the scene," and again the Bagdad line, when quitting the Cilician plain near Adana, will follow the river "which runs from the vale of Bozanti into the heart of the mountains, and finally dives down into a dark cave-like opening, to emerge on the southern slopes of the range after a subterranean course of some three hundred yards. The approaches to the localities where this curious river enters and emerges from its subterranean course are, I believe, entirely unexplored by any European, except one or two railway engineers who were compelled to cut down trees and make special paths" to do so. If for nothing else, however, this

* "The Danger Zone of Europe." By H. Charles Woods, F.R.G.S. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

volume would be valuable for its singularly unimpassioned and precise three chapters on the most awful massacres even Turks have ever committed and which, occurring only the year before last, seem to have been condoned, even acquiesced in, by the whole of civilised Europe with such nonchalance that probably nine out of every ten Englishmen even of the educated classes have already forgotten when they occurred or where.

The author tries to say everything he can in favour of the Turks and to extenuate where he cannot praise. We all hoped much from the Young Turks. Alas! that under their régime in these last few months torture should have been added to murder among those unhappy Macedonians, who still cry as of old "Come over and help us," but their cry is inarticulate, for the speculators of Europe have no interests at stake in Macedonia. Had it been possible to add to this volume as it went to press, the author must have told us of Turkish doctors feeling the pulses of Macedonian farmers—forced back under Turkish rule by the Treaty of Berlin—whilst additional blows are inflicted upon their backs or feet; how their villages are harried, their wives and daughters carried off or left to starve, and would probably have done so with the calm that characterises his account of the colossal massacres round Adana, where the reader is spared all those details that harrow the heart.

The book is well printed, light in the hand, and abundantly illustrated with reproductions from the author's own photographs. There is a satisfactory map, but what is to be said of an index in which we cannot find Sofia, the capital of the kingdom of Bulgaria, nor even the Taurus mountains? There are too many sham indexes about, compiled by people who never read books probably, so do not know what is wanted.

ALICIA LITTLE.

A BUNDLE OF NEW NOVELS.

To merit the publishers' seasonable, rather than descriptive, term, "Spring Novel," a parcel of new books at this period of the year should at least be varied, even as the spring temperature, or, better still, as a bouquet of spring flowers. The eight volumes in my parcel certainly fulfil this condition; even if they fail to suggest, chiefly, the rising of the sap, they are at least varied, and fresh, and very welcome.

The most original and striking of the collection is undoubtedly "A Wilderness of Monkeys," * by Frederick Niven. This is no ordinary novel; it is a well-conceived, well-written satire—a satire against the exaggeration of one side of human nature, against the erotic in literature, against a debased journalism, against unsavoury minds. It is the story of Bliss Henry, "the author," who leaves London and its blots and stains, that he may write his new book in the peace and purity of the country. He starts forth, a modern Sir Galahad, taking train at Euston and he finds that the country is rather worse than the city, equally sordid, and narrower in its outlook. At the end of his stay in Solway, Bliss Henry is a man of more worth than at the beginning. He has learnt some more real things, he has also taught good things to at least two men, and he has come to a truer appreciation of moral values. Mr. Niven has attempted again the sort of thing. Voltaire attempted, and his book is good.

A noticeable feature about many modern novels is the half-personal style in which the author tells his stories, He allows his readers to realise his personality, as well as that of his characters. This personal feeling is to be met with in "A Wilderness of Monkeys." It is also to be met in the next volume in the parcel, O. Madox Hueffer's novel, "Where Truth Lies." * Mr. Hueffer's book is an amusing surprise. It begins as a conventionally interesting story, with clerks talking in an office; it proceeds as a fantastic and humorous tale—the adventures of the Earl of Danbury, told in serio-comic vein. Truth does indeed lie deep in this triumph of casual exaggeration.

Again, in "Perpetua," † by Dion Clayton Calthrop, we realise the author through the story. But the theme and style of this book are vastly different from those of Mr. Hueffer. Mr. Calthrop's sub-title, "The Way to Treat a Woman," might have been dispensed with; it is cheap-sounding and unworthy of the book. Perpetua, the heroine, is, in Chapter I., a small, brown-skinned artist's model, seven years old, and seated, naked, upon a high oak cupboard. In Chapter II. she adopts the artist as a father. Then, in a series of chapters, we follow this charming couple as they grow older, until, Perpetua's real father being found, unexpectedly we plunge into melodrama, and the story is not so good. It recovers, however, and leaves its readers approving in the end. We congratulate Mr. Calthrop upon his beautiful rooms; we know that he enjoys them as much as we do.

"Just to Get Married," ‡ by Cicely Hamilton, and "The Limit," § by Ada Leverson, are two clever, smartly written modern novels. The former gives a really poignant, though affectedly careless, picture of a woman, not in her first youth, dependent upon her relatives, with no marketable talent, and no future but marriage. The eligible man has appeared, and the household waits expectantly while the woman angles for a husband, feeling bitter and ashamed even as she does so. Then the man, unexpectedly, proposes, and his passionate adoration and kindness teach the woman that her methods have been intolerable, and in the face of her relatives' fury she tells the man the truth and parts from him. But we are glad to say the story does not end there. Miss Hamilton's work is vivid and forceful, and her dialogue is excellent. Dialogue is a strong feature of Miss Leverson's novel also. Here, too, as in Miss Hamilton's story, we have the good, quiet, rather unimaginative man. This time the good, quiet, unimaginative man is already the husband of the heroine when the story begins. And the superior, man-about-town artist, and bachelor friend, loves the good, quiet man's lively wife—at least, he thinks he does, and she thinks she does; and they are sorry for one another through much of the book. But the bachelor friend is generally sorriest for himself. He is of that genus which enjoys a hopeless attachment for another man's wife; the genus which, a few years ago, addressed its woman friends (it always had woman friends) as "dear lady." This bachelor friend, however, reached "the limit." He *would* talk, and at last he said the wrong thing. We are pleased to leave the husband and wife mowing the lawn together. It is clever work by which Miss Leverson has brought them to that point.

In another style and of another period is "Oil of Spikenard," ‖ by E. Smith-Dampier. It is a story of Jacobite times, and has something of a Jacobite plot. But its chief charm lies in the little Norfolk town to which Corinna comes, from Oxford, a pretty, priggish orphan, to live with her aunt and cousins, the vulgar widow and coarse, bouncing daughters of her uncle, a scholar and a gentleman. It would not be easy to say why this story should remind one of that masterpiece of quiet tragedy, Miss Findlater's "Green Graves of Balgowrie," but it does. Corinna

* "A Wilderness of Monkeys." By Frederick Niven. 6s. (Martin Secker.)

* "Where Truth Lies." By O. Madox Hueffer. 6s. (Stanley Paul & Co.)

† "Perpetua." By Dion Clayton Calthrop. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

‡ "Just to Get Married." By Cicely Hamilton. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

§ "The Limit." By Ada Leverson. 6s. (Grant Richards, Ltd.)

‖ "Oil of Spikenard." By E. Smith-Dampier. 6s. (Andrew Melrose.)

loves a city beau; a country parson—careless, handsome, middle-aged, apt to be coarse, and free with the wine-bottle—loves Corinna. The story is roomy and well told, and its author has succeeded in what is now a rare achievement—she has made an historical novel uncommon and distinguished.

"The Camera Fiend," * by E. W. Hornung, is a sensational account of the experiences of a conscientious and asthmatic schoolboy, who, by a disconcerting train of incidents, comes very near to death—not by asthma. He falls in with a doctor who holds theories respecting the departure of the soul from the body and strongly desires to photograph that departure. Naturally he has difficulty in finding a subject. Man and boy provide some genuine excitement, but we know that Mr. Hornung can do better than this.

The last volume in the parcel is a book of short stories by W. J. Batchelder, taking its title from the first story, "The Wine-Drinker." † If any one wishes to read a good story absolutely bare of human sentimentality, let him read this. It is one of sea and wind, of nets and ropes; dependent neither upon love nor (in spite of its title) liquor. The "wine-drinker" is the hero, and the hero is a herring. Mr. Batchelder writes with ease, strength, knowledge, and charm, and his royal herring makes a strong appeal. The volume is a fine, open-air book about fishermen and the sea. All its tales are vigorous and well-told, but, for choice, give me the "Wine-drinker."

L. Q. C.

A FORGOTTEN WORTHY.‡

Born about 1530 and dying in 1597, William Hunnis is known chiefly as the author of several metrical versions of the Psalms and as a contributor to the "Paradise of Dainty Devices," the most popular poetical miscellany of the sixteenth century. Mrs. Stopes demonstrates that he has many more important claims to our attention. His life, as she remarks, bridged over the whole period between the Mysteries and the Moralities and the perfected Shakespearean plays; and around it Mrs. Stopes has woven a kind of tapestry picture of the religious, political, musical, poetical, and dramatic doings of his time.

From the service of Sir William Herbert, afterwards Earl of Pembroke, Hunnis gravitated into that of the young Edward, becoming attached to the Chapel Royal. In Mary's reign he was involved in the Throgmorton plot, was cast into the Tower, and narrowly missed the fate of his fellow-conspirators. Released on the accession of Elizabeth, be became a brother of the Grocers' Company, supervisor of the Royal Gardens at Greenwich, succeeded Richard Edwards as Master of the Children of the Chapel Royal, was granted arms, wrote plays as well as poems, was rewarded by an appointment as Toll-taker on London Bridge, was brought into direct touch with the Essex-Leicester rivalry by the fact that his son Robin was in the service of the unlucky Essex; and not only accompanied Elizabeth to Kenilworth, but in the guise of "Sybil" welcomed the Queen to the Castle, and contrived the device of "The Lady of the Lake," which stimulated the eloquence of Laneham and possibly kindled the enthusiasm of Shakespeare, whose "Seven Ages" seems almost like an echo of Hunnis's "The Complaint of Old Age."

Mrs. Stopes is convinced that after his appointment as Master of the Children, "plays became the serious business" of Hunnis's life. None has come down to us, at all events none is known to exist; but as plays presented at Court were not allowed to be printed, there may be a cogent reason for this, even if Hunnis, in common with others, felt some compunction against having his name associated with dramatic composition. In all, the names of five and part of the titles of two plays by Hunnis are given by Mrs. Stopes, who conjectures that two poems in "England's Helicon" (1600), which have been always ascribed to Hunnis, may have been taken from some play, device, or masque, so that, after all, we have preserved a fragment of one of his dramatic works. Another very interesting point is the probability that Hunnis was the author of the anonymous "Comedy or Interlude of Jacob and Esau." If the further assumption be correct that this was written in Edward's reign, Hunnis and not Udall must be credited with the first classical use of acts and scenes in the history of the English drama. But it is just possible that Mrs. Stopes may be in error in dismissing the old theory that "Ralph Roister Doister" belongs to the Eton period of Udall's life.

Incidentally Mrs. Stopes gives a most sympathetic appreciation of the character of Mary Tudor; and many will learn in her pages for the first time of the extent to which Elizabeth was indebted to Philip's influence over his wife. In addition to much else that is worthy of note Mrs. Stopes supplies a great deal of valuable data relative to the attitude of the Court and the City Corporation towards the players; she touches with an illuminating hand such topics as the use of scenery; and she has a delightful picture of the friendship between Hunnis and Thomas Newton, the learned rector of Little Ilford and editor of "The English Seneca."

It cannot be too deeply regretted that Mrs. Stopes's book has come to us from abroad instead of from one of our own University presses. The Louvain printers have done their work better than might have been expected, but it is far from perfect. Perhaps some English publisher will give us a précis of the book, and so make its main facts available for the English student of limited means. In the circumstances it would be unkind to specify typographical slips; but was not the popular name of "Leicester's Commonwealth" *Father Parsons' Greencoat?* It is here printed "Father Parsons' Greenbacks."

W. F. A.

TWO HUMORISTS.*

A year or two ago we were continually complaining that we had few or no humorists. If this were true then, it is so no longer; almost every batch of new novels that has come to us this year has had at least one humorous story in it; we could name half a dozen that have been thoroughly good; among recent books of humorous short stories there has been nothing else quite so good as Neil Lyons's "Cottage Pie" (Lane), and of humorous novels there has been nothing better than these two of the latest—"The Bermondsey Twin" and "The Simpkins Plot."

They are both in the broadly farcical vein and both overflowing with high spirits and irresistible, irresponsible humour. Mr. Randall lays his scene in London, as he did with "Love and the Ironmonger"; he lays it at Tooting, where Mr. John Holdaway has built himself up a large and prospering business and a local reputation for temperance, staidness, perfect respectability, and lives near the Common in a villa of the most sombre and select pattern. When his good name is at its brightest, his business at its best, and he is on the eve of marriage to a young lady who will cast

* "The Camera Fiend." By E. W. Hornung. 6s. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

† "The 'Wine-Drinker.'" By W. J. Batchelder. 6s. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

‡ "William Hunnis and the Revels of the Chapel Royal: A Study of his Period and the Influences which affected Shakespeare." By Mrs. C. C. Stopes. ("Materialien zur Kunde des älteran Englischen Dramas," Band XXIX.) (Louvain: A Uystpruyst; London: David Nutt.)

* "The Bermondsey Twin." By F. J. Randall. 6s. (John Lane.)—"The Simpkins Plot." By George A. Birmingham. 2s. net. (Nelson.)

something of social splendour around him, but would not do so only that her father has no money with which to maintain his blood—just at this critical juncture, his twin-brother Jack, who was believed to have died in childhood, unexpectedly arrives at the villa one night and makes it clear that he has come to stay. John is greatly upset; his twin-brother has a free and easy manner with him; he has had trouble just before calling at the house and broken the head of a tram conductor and the police are looking for him. To avoid all risk of the family scandal that his arrest would involve John reluctantly conceals him in his snuggery. He forms an idea that Jack is a disreputable person, and is anxious to get him to go away out of the neighbourhood, but Jack, really a good sort and a man of means, plays up to his misconception of his character, refuses to depart, and enjoys himself hugely. He goes abroad covertly, does compromising things and is seen in compromising situations, and being precisely like John is mistaken for him, with the result that the demure and proper John soon finds himself involved in a complicated series of ludicrous misunderstandings that exasperate and humiliate him, and end in his missing a wife who would not have made him happy and getting one who will. It is a very well written book; the characters—particularly the twins and John's rascally butler—are drawn with marked ability, the plot is ingeniously contrived and developed, and the whole story one of the liveliest and most genuinely funny we have read for a long time.

"The Simpkins Plot" is every whit as ingenious and amusing, but more wildly improbable. If any living man would actually act as Simpkins does it would be a perpetual joy to go about with him, but no such gloriously ludicrous ass would ever be allowed to remain long at large in such a dull world as this. It is true he was in Ireland, and things happen there that never happen anywhere else. He was on a holiday, and in the train he had made acquaintance with a young lady whom he believed he recognised as a woman who had just been acquitted of a charge of murdering her second husband, though everybody believed her guilty. He throws out covert hints; she misunderstands, and seems not only to confirm his identification, but to speak of her criminal mania as an art, and he comes to the conclusion that she has come out here to find another husband on whom she can again exercise that dreadful art, with the inevitable consequences. He talks of his theory to a friend; fills in details and rapidly persuades himself that there is no possible doubt of its accuracy; then sets himself to prevent her from getting the wrong man into her toils and to bring about a marriage between her and the most objectionable man in the neighbourhood whom everybody but the man himself would be glad to have done away with. You say it is ridiculous; it is outrageously ridiculous; but it is so lightly and cleverly done that you laugh while you say it, and simply have to read on to see whether the knotty complications in which Simpkins entangled himself and some half a dozen others were ever properly straightened out and how it was done. It is a capital story. Take "The Bermondsey Twin" and "The Simpkins Plot" away with you on a holiday and you may confidently rely upon having at least as many hours' hearty enjoyment as it takes you to read through the two of them.

A FRIEND OF POETS.*

As the friend of Shelley and the companion of Byron, the memory of Edward John Trelawny is not likely to fade while the world continues to take an interest in those two poets. Of all Shelley's intimates Trelawny's life would best repay for the telling, and we hope Mr. Buxton Forman (than whom, with perhaps the single exception of Mr. Rossetti, no one is better qualified for the task) may some day undertake to give us the history—as far as it can be told—of this vigorous old campaigner. But one must be thankful to the editor of the present collection of Trelawny's correspondence, for there is nothing like these strong wayward letters in our literature, and they increase our desire to know more about the man who wrote them. Most of Shelley's circle were either men of letters or those who made some pretension of authorship. Trelawny was an exception. His early days were devoted to a life of activity and adventure, and it was an accident that put him in the way of writing his "Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron," a book that may be justly regarded as a classic. It is true Trelawny wrote one other book, "The Adventures of a Younger Son" (for the "Recollections" of 1858 which he enlarged into the less successful "Records" of 1878 is nevertheless the same book), and he aspired to write the life of Shelley, but he did not take to writing during Shelley's life, and was probably the only member of the Pisa circle who did not scribble. It is to be regretted that he abstained at that time from finding a literary outlet for his activities, instead of devising that unfortunate boat the *Ariel* in which his friend Shelley met his death. In Shelley's life-drama Trelawny enters at the beginning of the fifth act, as one of Fate's vassals: unaware of his mission, he supplies the boat, he sees the poet embark on his last voyage, and closes the tragedy by performing the funeral rites. The greater part of Trelawny's long life was centred in the recollection of the few months that he spent with Shelley and Byron, and his references to those two poets which one finds scattered throughout his letters comprise their chief attraction. In some brutally outspoken words about Mary Shelley, he says, in speaking generally of poets' wives, "I am solely interested in Shelley," and this was literally true: Shelley was his ideal, he loved him from the first, as he says, and throughout these letters he is for ever paying tribute to his friend's "bountiful and loving nature."

It is noticeable that Shelley's friends after his death, united by a bond of common interest, all more or less kept in touch with one another. Trelawny was no exception, but he did not care for Peacock and Leigh Hunt; he saw Medwin, however, till his death, and continued on terms of intimacy with Jane Williams (afterwards united to Hogg), and Hogg himself—"Jeff the man of iron, and irony," whom he thought "a soured and grossly ill-used able man." To Mary Shelley he was drawn in her early widowhood, and we find him writing to her in May, 1826, "You know, Mary, that I always loved you impetuously and sincerely—and time proves its durability—we are both somewhat self-willed and cross-grained—and choose to live in our own fashions,—but still, where is there a truer friendship than that which cements together Mary S. and E. T.? If I lose you I should be poor indeed." For some years Trelawny continued constant in his devotion to her. He sought her advice in his literary projects, and he helped her with money when she would let him, and in 1831 he begged her to become his wife, to which proposal she naïvely replied ". . . do you think I shall marry? Never,—neither you nor anybody else. Mary Shelley shall be written on my tomb,—and why? I cannot tell, except that it is so pretty a name that though I were to preach to myself for years, I never should have the heart to get rid of it." Few letters to Mary Shelley are printed after that date, and the last one bears the date of 1836. As years passed Trelawny was disillusioned, his references to Mary became more and more harsh, and his latest remarks are full of acrimony. To Claire Clairmont most of Trelawny's letters in this volume were addressed, and to her he was uniformly kind and sympathetic. Miss Clairmont was resident in Italy, and Trelawny was wandering up and down the world until 1835, when he settled down in England, but she is known to have been an excellent writer of gossipy letters, and nothing serves to keep a friendship alive as a good correspondent. With

* "Letters of Edward John Trelawny." Edited by H. Buxton Forman, C.B. 10s. 6d. net. (Henry Frowde.)

Claire he gossips delightfully about old times—"I still have some old allies of my youth that I hold to," he tells her in one of his later letters, "and you are of the elect: at Pisa we were all under thirty except Byron." His letters are not unlike his "Recollections"—they are the work of an unliterary man (and none the worse for that), he is fearless, impetuous and sometimes brutally outspoken, he writes whatever comes into his head at the moment, and never—as he says—re-reads what he has written. His meaning may not always be quite clear, and his spelling is sometimes peculiar, but we cannot quarrel with Mr. Forman for leaving in most of his blemishes and harsh expressions—they are part of the man, who was after all not an essentially lovable character. Mr. Forman's notes and introduction are for the most part useful and to the point, but in his apparent desire to avoid anything approaching sentimentality, his humour is sometimes overdone, and he might well have spared us his jesting reference to "roast poet," in allusion to Shelley's burning body on the shore at Viareggio.

THE VOW.*

"The Vow" is the story of a man who made a covenant with God and fulfilled it, fearing not his own hurt. Viewed in this aspect, it appears a story constructed upon very simple lines, introducing characters typical of several distinct social classes, and relying for its effect upon the essential drama of situations that are not extraordinary. It is also a stern indictment of the means resorted to by the Belgian officials for the collection of rubber in the Congo Free State, and viewed in this aspect it appears as a demand for intervention by the Great Powers eventuating in their joint assumption of the administration of the Congo. The indictment is presented with full knowledge of the facts, without lurid exaggeration of details, and with commendable freedom from intemperate language. Viewed in both aspects, the book is a capable and conscientious piece of workmanship which deserves the wide attention it will probably obtain.

John Gaunt is a strong man who has made a vast fortune by methods accepted as permissible in the City, but requiring the subtlety of the casuist to defend as ethically justifiable. His chief pride is that he is "a man of his word," inflexible where his promise has once been given, and to this fundamental honesty, reinforced by iron resolution, he attributes the success that has attended his efforts to win, first, wealth, for the sake of the power it gives, and, next, love in the person of a good and a beautiful woman. A year after marriage, the cardinal moment in his life arrives. He is summoned from the City to the bedside of his wife and told by the first authorities that she cannot live the night. When she is in the very article of death John Gaunt makes his covenant with God. "Give me the life of my wife—give her back to me—and I vow the rest of my days to Your service. I will not pretend that I can become a Christian, but I swear to You—and I keep my word—that every action of my life shall be deliberately thought out and shall be taken in accordance with the teaching of Christ." He does not quibble with himself. Restitution, reparation, good service instead of evil—all shall be loyally done and made, and his side of the bargain kept in the spirit and the letter without a single reservation if God gives him back his wife. And Lady Mildred Gaunt gets well. While sceptics might deny that prayer is answered, and point out that there was no antecedent impossibility of the thing desired, whatever medical science might say, John Gaunt knew that a miracle had been wrought and the covenant completed. What follows tells how he kept his vow, and, chiefly, how he sought and fought to stop the stream of blood and tears that defiles the wealth amassed in the Congo. The action that is involved is stirring, but of deeper interest is the study of the effect made upon modern men and women of the world by the conversion of one of themselves. John Gaunt contemplated possible financial ruin as one result of his vow without dismay. The possible alienation of his wife's affection just unfolding into love was a fear that tried him, in a seven times heated furnace.

The man who chooses fiction as the medium through which to preach a political crusade, or to propound a philosophy, hoping so to reach a larger audience than can be contained in any hall, handicaps his Pegasus by putting a weight upon it which it was not bred to carry. Uncommonly skilful riding is required of the jockey if the gallant beast is to win home. The wisdom born of general experience underlies the broad rule that the novel shall not be allowed to usurp the place and attempt the function of the pamphlet or the sermon. Mr. Trent is perfectly aware of this, and it was deliberately, and with full knowledge of the risk, that he put so heavy a weight upon his Pegasus in the present instance. After the event one is compelled to acknowledge that his riding has saved the race. "The Vow" does not fail as a novel, and it carries its message home.

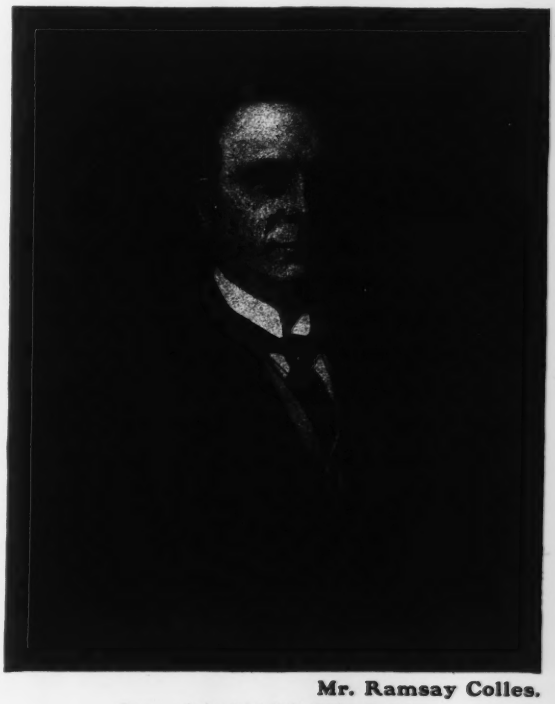
Cranstoun Metcalfe.

* "The Vow." By Paul Trent. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

OMNIUM GATHERUM.*

In order to write an entertaining book of reminiscences one must be something—but not too much—of an egoist. One also must have personality, and personality which attracts the sympathetic interest of the reader and softens the natural asperities of fault-finding. Mr. Ramsay Colles shows himself to be possessed of both these qualifications in his recent book "In Castle and Court House." There

* "In Castle and Court House." Being Reminiscences of thirty years in Ireland. By Ramsay Colles. 12s. 6d. net. (Werner Laurie.)



Mr. Ramsay Colles.

From a painting by J. Colin Forbes, R.C.A.

From "In Castle and Court House," by Ramsay Colles. (Werner Laurie.)

is very little Castle and not a great deal of Court House in the volume, but that is neither here nor there, as the late John O'Leary used to say. Mr. Colles has had the advantage of thirty years of life in Ireland, many of them spent in Dublin, which still echoes the immortal jokes of Father Healy, Dr. Nedley, Judge Adams, and Chancellor Tisdall, and whose society is still enriched with the witticisms of Professor Mahaffy and Dr. Tyrrell. After such an experience, he should be a dull man indeed if he had nothing to tell, and Mr. Colles, if he is often diffuse, not infrequently inaccurate, and occasionally irrelevant, is never dull.

The author refers to an amusing paper read before the University Philosophical Society, as entitled "Signs of the Times," and the authors are given as Henry Stewart Macran and W. Pocock. This is not quite accurate. The Essay was called "The Spirit of the Times," a translation of "Zeitgeist," and purported to be a serious contribution to metaphysical argument, but had in reality no meaning at all. The authors were Mr. H. S. Macran, now a Fellow of T.C.D., and Mr. Robert H. Woods, now President of the Royal College of Surgeons of Ireland. Only the verses parodying Browning were written by Mr. Pocock. The joke was a complete success, many strangers as well as students taking part in the serious debate which followed the reading of the paper.

A pleasant story of the late Sir Henry Irving, told by Mr. J. F. O'Hea, the artist, and one of the wittiest men in Dublin, is recalled in these pages.

"When Irving paid his first visit to Ireland, he was called upon by O'Hea, who wished to make some lightning sketches of the great actor. Having made a few thumbnail portraits, O'Hea said: 'May I ask, Mr. Irving, if you can give me a photograph? It may assist me in completing these sketches.'

"'Certainly,' replied Irving, producing a couple of dozen photographs of himself. 'You can have which you like.'

"O'Hea chose a photograph, and then, as he was taking leave, said, 'Will you add to your kindness, Mr. Irving, by signing this photograph?'

"'With pleasure,' said Irving, and taking up a pen he wrote across the foot of the photograph: 'To my very dear friend——' he paused, and turning to O'Hea, asked, in the charming manner which all lovers of Irving will recall with a sigh, 'What name did you say?'"

In his chapter on Oscar Wilde, Mr. Colles recalls two witticisms of the great dramatist after his visit to America. "He spoke of Mrs. Langtry having had her photograph taken 'with the Falls of Niagara as a kind of unpretentious background,' and incidentally referred to the American girl as being 'a delicious oasis of unreasonableness in a desert of common sense.'"

By the way, the title of the book of verse to which Wilde contributed, and to which the author refers as having been adversely affected by the prosecution of Wilde, was not "Poems by Graduates of T.C.D." but "Dublin Verses by Members of Trinity College." Oscar Wilde migrated to Oxford without taking his degree at T.C.D.

The late Sir John Gilbert, the historian, referred to the jar of Irish whisky, with which Mr. Colles used to regale his friends, as "The Spirit of the Nation."

Of Mr. Edwin Hamilton, whose rooms used to be the meeting-place, of most of the gayest and wittiest spirits in Dublin, one or two good stories are told.

"Once, in the heart of the country, I entered a small inn on a July day and found the coffee-room swarming with blue-bottle flies. I turned to the waiter and asked. 'What are the flies a dozen?' 'I assure you he replied with the utmost gravity, 'Sure, Sir, it's by the pound we sell them.'"

An amusing story is told of Mr. Justice Ross, whom the author refers to as "His Honour, Judge Ross." His lordship having, as chairman of the Committee of the Zoological Gardens, had occasion to ask for an overdraft from the bank, was requested by the secretary to give some collateral security. The Judge thereupon offered to deposit with the bank two Royal Bengal tigers and a boa constrictor."

Mr. Colles gives at some length an account of how his life was threatened; but after reading his book we find it difficult to believe that he was ever in any more serious danger than might have been caused by a penny pop-gun.

The last chapter has the heading "Omnium Gatherum," which well describes the whole, and a very amusing Omnium Gatherum it is. The volume is illustrated by some excellent portraits including one of the author in Court dress, and a beautiful portrait of Miss Maud Gonne.

H. A. HINKSON.

A MAN WITH A PAST.*

"He taught us to laugh," said Lord Rosebery in speaking of Dickens and the particular value of his humour to the mid-Victorian age, whose faults and failings are so easily derided by the youthful members of debating societies.

But the value of laughter to the twentieth century cannot be overrated. Thinkers are daily coining fresh riddles for weary readers to solve, and society runs the risk of becoming either bored or stupefied by the intellectual antics of some and the over-seriousness of others. Nearly all of us are suffering from self-conscious gravity, and the people who are not hag-ridden by problems are often the victims of a still more mischievous levity, expressed by a sniggering attitude to life. Who but the humorists can physic this disease? To all and sundry sufferers I would say, Take frequent doses of "A Man with a Past," by Mr. St. John Adcock. There's a laugh on nearly every page of his new novel. Its humour is infectious, its high spirits exhilarating, its view of life sane and sunny.

If you are over-anxious about the fate of the House of Lords, make the acquaintance of Elmer Patten and Nock, two characters conceived in the spirit of true comedy and inimitably portrayed. If you are daunted by the hardness of the soil in that long row you have to hoe, consider Olive Patten, a delightful flesh-and-blood girl, and the dauntless way she grasps her nettle.

In "A Man with a Past," Mr. St. John Adcock stands revealed as one of the foremost humorists of the day. "Billicks" raised expectations which are here completely fulfilled. This novel must have flowered spontaneously from the author's whimsical mind, for such a book can never be made. The humour is inherent in an enthralling story that is a particularly clever blend of sensational incidents and versatile characterisation, with episodes and atmosphere reminiscent of Dickens, and a London and provincial background absolutely suitable to the main theme. Readers who demand emphatic plot interest will not lay the book down until they know why Austin Leroy forsakes Olive on the wedding-day. Before the tangled skein of mystery is unravelled, they will have been provided with plenty of excitement, for Leroy is an astute waster, and the byways of commercial villainy as described in the operations of Mickles are an education for unsuspecting country people in the habit of sending postal orders to London. In the wronged man who, under the ominous alias of Mr. Death, awaits the hour of vengeance, the tragic underside of comedy is shown.

The author's comprehension of feminine character ranges from twentieth-century Olive to her early Victorian aunts, the Misses Mull, who, as they sat in chapel, "peered out from sombre bonnets that twinkled with innumerable beads." How Miss Susan Mull rose to the heroic height of doing a wrong thing for love of Olive has the note of fine unexpectedness that only a master craftsman can convey. Mention must also be made of Mr. Sapp, a subsidiary character, interesting in himself, and valuable as a vehicle for a biting satire on a charity-mongering society. The

* "A Man with a Past." By A. St. John Adcock. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

author shows unerring aptitude in naming his characters, and if out of the fulness of his talent he sometimes overflows the strictly artistic limits of his story, the fault in his case is almost a virtue. "A Man with a Past" is nothing short of a public boon, and like Oliver Twist in different circumstances, I ask for more.

W. S.

ASKING FOR BREAD.*

To a reader with a hunger sharp-set for new poetry, live poetry, poetry with the zest of reality in it, a book, bearing such a title as "Rowton House Rhymes" would seem to savour of the right stuff. But, although much of Mr. Mackenzie's work has the tang of real and bitter experience, on the whole the flavour of the volume is too literary, too poetical, for the verse to give the full satisfaction of poetry. Verse dealing with such themes as Mr. Mackenzie pluckily tackles cannot be too direct, too naked of artifice. As a record of human experience, however, the book has its own value; for in these rhymes a phase of life becomes articulate. The man of culture tramping in the gutter, consumed by one desire, hunger, is no longer a silent sufferer, to be cold-shouldered indifferently by the well fed. Imagination makes men realise all things: and the imagination that has turned Mr. Mackenzie's experiences into rhyme surely should help to make the most callous reader realise something of the horror of hunger, the sheer, vulgar, brute craving for daily bread. Hunger is the burden of this book. It begins with hunger and ends with hunger. Hunger burns through its thin bulk as hunger burns through the wasting body of a starving man, to the exclusion of all other hopes, dreams, and desires. Here is hunger in all its stages, acute, dull-witted, and feather-headed. And to one who has known what it is to lie, with an empty belly, under the cold stars, many of these poems come like a vivid remembrance. This is certainly a book to be bought, because it helps towards realisation: and when everybody realises, when everybody sees through the eyes of imagination, what a different place the world will become! Mr. Mackenzie writes best when he writes most realistically; and many of his character-sketches of his fellow-dossers are good of their kind, though too-clever-by-half to be poetry. "My Friend Mr. Spunge" is perhaps the most satisfactory thing in the book, because, in writing it, Mr. Mackenzie has let his emotion create its own form, instead of forcing it into an artificial, ready-made mould. In "Bagster, French-polisher, Descants," a point of view finds adequate expression:

> "But mos' men wu'k to get enough to eat,
> To 'ave the stren'th to wu'k, to get enough
> To eat, to 'ave the stren'th to wu'k, to—Yuss!
> So we go rahnd the ruddy ring o' roses!"

and, in the last verse of "First Impressions," descriptive of a night in a Rowton House, we come upon the thing we have been seeking, poetry:

> "But midway in your dream, you hear a sighing,
> A dolorous complaint, that breaks your sleeping:
> 'Ah! God,' you say, 'it is a man that's crying!'
> And lo! your cheeks are wet. 'Tis you are weeping."

The real stuff, but scarcely enough of it to satisfy our hunger!

With Mr. Belloc's "Verses" we find ourselves in a different world; or, rather, on the other side of the same world: for we are still in the company of a man of letters rather than that of a poet, but Mr. Belloc perhaps manages to disguise himself more discreetly. He is, indeed, quite an expert in the art of writing simply-too-sweetly-simple songs. "The South Country" has almost the air of being the real thing. But Mr. Belloc cannot help showing his cleverness at times; and, cleverness being the devil, poetry disappears at the first hint of the cloven hoof. Nevertheless, there are several songs in this collection which have a quiet, if rather too quaint, charm of their own. And Mr. Belloc has succeeded in putting something of himself into the book, something of his zest for life. Neither he nor Mr. Mackenzie tries to palm off on us the usual poetical exercises on stale themes. When we have read their work, we at least know what they like, and, more particularly, what they dislike. And yet "Verses," even with Mr. Belloc in it, and thick paper, and stout boards, and all, is just a little thin.

Sometimes Mr. Belloc writes so well that we can only wish he had something more to say; and he so manifestly enjoys the things that we enjoy, that our heart often warms towards him, simply because of a fellow-feeling for the open road and the open sea. But most of the verse in this book is "occasional verse"; and no verse dies so quickly, or quite so irretrievably, as occasional verse. We should perhaps have liked this book better if its get-up had been more in keeping with its contents. It should have made quite a nice little pocket-book for tramps; but as it is, it is much too cumbersome to find room in any haversack, which is a pity, as there are one or two poems in it which we should have been glad to re-read on the settle of a wayside tavern, after a long day on the highroad, or over the drowsy peat-fire after a heavy tramp through the heather. We should have fancied that was the sort of reading that Mr. Belloc would have wished for. For our part, we have picked up some crumbs of the real thing in his company; and we are duly grateful, although our hunger is still very far from being appeased.

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.

* "Rowton House Rhymes." By William Andrew Mackenzie. 3s. net. (Blackwood.)—"Verses." By H. Belloc. 5s. net. (Duckworth.)

INSTRUCTIONAL HISTORY.

The present moment—when the substantive portion of "The Cambridge Modern History" has been concluded in twelve massive volumes, when Longmans' twelve-volume "Political History of England" (Hunt and Poole) has just finished its last lap, and when Methuen's seven-volume "History of England" (Oman), after a long period of quiescence, has just accomplished two important leagues—seems rather a good one for a general survey of the contributions recently made to our historical armoury from the educational point of view.

"The Cambridge Modern History" marks the application of co-operative writing in history on a very extensive scale to the history of the white races from 1453 down to the present day. It will probably stand as a valuable work of reference for a good many years to come; but the general opinion seems to be that the number of joints in the mechanism is excessive, that the method is suitable to a dictionary of history rather than to a narrative work, that the quality of the contributions is distractingly uneven, that the jolting of the encyclopædic machinery is too severe to enable one to read the work with a sense of that evenness, and continuity, and completeness which a great history ought to suggest—and, in a word, that it is very difficult to find what one particularly wants in it. It is, of course, a work much better suited to teachers than to curious, or merely desultory, inquirers. But the architecture of the book, it must be admitted, does not compare well with that of the analogous "Histoire Générale"; the scale varies to perplexity; while the long lists of books, bibliographies often far more formidable in appearance than helpful in actual use, seem to occupy a disproportionate amount of space. If, however, one cannot always find what one wants in these massive tomes, one

nearly always finds something that it is much to one's advantage to know. The book fills many interstices and helps the discerning student materially to relate parts to the whole. It is a book emphatically to be thankful for rather than enthusiastic about.

The "Political History" * has been noticed periodically in these columns upon the appearance of its successive volumes. Most of these have borne evidence of careful editing and, far from any falling off being perceptible, there is almost a consensus of opinion that the volumes last issued, such as those by H. L. Fisher, R. Lodge, and A. F. Pollard, are quite among the best. The whole book was uniformly planned and well planned, save for the defect in the division of the nineteenth century which allotted thirty-six years to Volume XI. and sixty-four, almost fuller years, to Volume XII. The result is that in spite of appearances more essential information in regard to the age of Victoria is condensed into Bright's unpretending "Growth of Democracy" than is to be obtained in the corresponding volume of "Political History." The limitation chiefly in evidence in earlier volumes is that the books confine themselves rather strictly to political events; the social and economic factors are treated in a summary way; we are concerned with politics and political events to the exclusion of biography (no vignettes such as Creighton loved, or of Lecky's full-lengths) and even of distinctively military or naval history. Some of the volumes—those dealing with the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, for instance—are much broader in their outlook than those dealing with the eighteenth century, which are overloaded with detail. By what seems a strange inconsistency a good deal of space is devoted to literary chapters—one or two in each volume—dealing with the main currents of contemporary letters. These chapters do not help us to understand the text in which they are imbedded, almost hidden away: they give us outlines easily procurable elsewhere, and suggest a bad economy of space; a few more genealogical tables would be very welcome in their place.

Hardly inferior in scale to the "Political History" is the rival adventure in bigger and higher-priced volumes which also hails from Oxford and is guided apparently with a somewhat laxer rein than its antagonist by Professor C. W. C. Oman of All Souls'. For a considerable period this work seemed in a state of suspended animation, but the new volumes by the editor (already in a second edition) and Mr. Grant Robertson sufficiently show that it is very much alive.† These volumes are far less circumscribed in their aim than the staid political narratives designed by Hunt and Poole. They smell less of the lamp, the authors pass lightly over what they do not know, while where monographs have been before they abound in the most recent information. Professor Oman's volume of near six hundred pages, dealing with the period antecedent to Hastings, on the proto-history and the subsequent period from Bede to Harold is the first attempt, it may be safely said, to present us with a modernised version of this most debatable part of our theme. The corresponding volume in the other series does little more than repeat the old-fashioned conclusions of Stubbs, Kemble, Freeman, and Green. A far more complete picture is here attempted. Roman Britain is taken very seriously, the Making of England between 450 and 597 is shown in a light that differs greatly from that projected by J. R. Green. Mr. Oman is an impulsive theorist on constitutional and strategic lines, his pro-English sentiment is strong, and he probably underrates the non-Teutonic elements in the Anglo-Celtic, Normanno-Danish amalgam which began to prevail in the eleventh century. Several slips noted in the first edition have been eliminated from the reissue, and Professor Oman's volume certainly deserves to rank with those of H. W. C. Davis and G. M. Trevelyan, as one of the most fresh, original, and interesting in either series. As their superior cost demands, these volumes are more lavish in maps, etc., than those of their competitors.

Mr. Robertson's volume dealing with "England under the Hanoverians" (1715—1815),* judging from a barely complete inspection, is a decided acquisition to the series. Mr. Robertson, of deliberate purpose no doubt, diverges pretty completely from the scheme of minute detail adopted in the Hanoverian chronicle of Mr. Leadam and Dr. Hunt. He does not pretend to be exhaustive. He selects for treatment what seem to him the main characteristics of English history during the period and devotes himself to their elucidation: Greater Britain in evolution from 1713, the transformation of parties and consolidation of the Cabinet as we know it, and the watershed formed by the year 1773 when Britain ceased to be a corn-exporting and became a manufacturing country. Mr. Robertson has the quality of enthusiasm; he reconciles eloquently the rival claims of Pitt and Fox, he is at his best in dealing with the great industrial revolution. His chief fault is exaggeration, the use of superlatives and (a frequent concomitant) slang. "John Wesley's movement merits the abused epithet of epoch-making. Methodism and the French Revolution are the two most tremendous phenomena of the century. Wesley swept the dead air with an irresistible cleansing ozone." . . . "Pitt funded the debt . . . and a new loan was put up to public competition at the lowest tender and not (as had been the practice under North) *souped* amongst the supporters of the Ministry." Shades of Johnson, Gibbon, and Macaulay! The new Webster tells of soup used in racing cant, and in burglars' cant, but what kind of All Souls' cant is this?—the very small print fails to suggest a clue! Three excellent coloured maps are given at the end of this volume of, including the index, 555 pages. The bibliography, which reveals some serious defects, concludes with valuable books which appeared while Mr. Robertson's book was in the press, such as Corbett's "Campaign of Trafalgar," Fortescue's "History of the British Army" (last vols.), Winstanley's "Personal and Party Government," and Rosebery's "Chatham." To these must now be added Mr. Holland Rose's "William Pitt the Younger," to which we hope to be able to advert in a later issue. Mr. Rose's preliminary view of society in 1780, coming into rivalry as it does not merely with Mr. Robertson, but also with Trevelyan in his "Charles James Fox" and with Walter Sichel in the brilliant survey prefixed to his "Sheridan," holds its own remarkably well.

It may here be well to append brief notes upon several other rival educational series which have either been completed of late or are now nearing completion. Macmillan's series of eight volumes forming a detailed "History of the English Church," edited by Stephens and Hunt, has long established its utility and has recently been completed by the issue of the long-deferred volume on "The English Church in the Nineteenth Century" by Dr. Warre Cornish. This has been reinforced for many years by the excellent "Epochs of Church History" edited by Creighton and issued at half a crown. The home side of the subject has now been modernised in the very useful "Handbooks of English Church History" edited by Dr. J. H. Burn and issued in six volumes at half a crown each. The first volume of this set by J. H. Maude, the Reformation period by Dr. Gee, and the English Church in the Eighteenth Century by Dr. A. Plummer, are models of succinct statement and of sound and moderate comment. Mr. Maude in a few lines epitomises the Keltic cult of the pre-Augustine church and sets a high standard for his successors.

The quasi-monopoly enjoyed by Rivington's very useful series of "Periods of European History" edited by Mr. Hassall, in eight volumes of about five hundred pages each,

* 7s. 6d. net per vol. (Longmans.)

† "A History of England." In 7 vols. 10s. 6d. net per vol. (Methuen.)

* 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

has remained undisturbed by the excellent "Cours Complet d'Histoire" (edited by G. Monod and published by Alcan) too little known in this country. The "Pericds" were issued at six shillings net, and two less expensive series for students in quest of outlines have recently appeared or are in course of appearing. The first of these is published under the rubric "Six Ages of European History," extending from 476 to 1878, and edited by Mr. A. H. Johnson, of All Souls', Oxford. The two volumes that we have tested, those namely by Miss Hollings and by Mr. J. A. R. Marriott, seem to be well deserving of praise upon a scale of about half that of the "Periods." A good resumé of the Thirty Years' War deserves a war-medal. An intermediate series of volumes at 3s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. is being issued by the Clarendon Press, of which we have seen "Renaissance and Reformation" by Miss E. M. Tanner and "From Metternich to Bismarck" by L. Cecil Jane. The last compresses much relevant matter into three hundred pages, with some rather rough maps. Two valuable independent volumes on contemporary history from 1789, both issued at 7s. 6d., are Reginald W. Jeffery's "The New Europe" (Constable) and Hazen's "Europe since 1815" in the American History Series (Holt). The former deals with the century 1789—1889 and is enriched with useful diagrams and tables. Professor Charles Sanford Terry's "Short History of Europe" (Medieval) * covers the ground from the irruption of the Barbarians to the fall of the Eastern Empire in 240 pages: a skilful abridgment. Another very useful series in its conception and as filling up interstices, though we have at present only seen the opening volumes, is Pitman's "Makers of National History" † edited by Dr. W. H. Hutton. The volumes on "Cardinal Beaufort" and "Archbishop Parker" fulfil the purpose admirably. The proportion of divines among these creators seems rather large in view of another volume on "Dean Atterbury," who emphatically failed to be a maker of history. But such secular figures as "Castlereagh" and "Edward IV." may atone for much.

Of the new Atlases the familiar and excellent "Companion Atlas" of S. R. Gardiner and the 64-map "Atlas of the British Empire" by Grant Robertson and J. G. Bartholomew, have found useful companions in the very efficient "Atlas of European History" ‡ compiled by Professor Dow of Michigan, and in Professor Ramsay Muir's new "School Atlas of Modern History" (48 plates, etc.) with an elaborate Introduction issued at the very moderate price of 3s. (Philip's "Comparative Series." A more advanced work by the same editor is promised this summer). A place ought not to be begrudged in any history-apprentice's library to Mr. J. E. Morris's excellent little "Introduction to Local History and Antiquities." §

From what has been said (where a great deal might be added) it is clear that Instructional History is filling a very large place among recent publications. Neither in numbers nor in excellence can it be said that our manuals come quite up to the level of the best French treatises. The Americans are probably upon the verge of becoming our serious rivals in maps and in ancient and mediæval history text-books. Yet, as in the single volume text-books on English History, where Tout and Oman are tending to replace Ransome and Gardiner, there is a gradual expansion towards the light in the direction of lucidity and condensation.

The concentration of so much work upon a low plane, relatively speaking, is very probably inimical to the production of world-history among us. There is no one writing history here and now who can be said to occupy quite such a high position as Froude, Lecky, Creighton, and Stubbs occupied in the early 'nineties. There is no one doing work of quite the same calibre that Ranke and Taine, or, until quite recently, that Sorel and Vandal were doing on the Continent, that Parkman and Lea were doing in America, or that Ferrero and De la Gorce are doing at the present moment.

One cannot help feeling too that there is far too much cant in use at the present day about "sources" and "authorities" to be propitious to a school of history-writers upon the higher plane. These shibboleths are the idols of the moment elevated into ends in place of means. The multiplicity of book-lists, without expcsition, out of all relation to the text, and often jumbled together at the end of a volume without either rhyme or reason, seems to me a very bad sign. The mastery of sources should form the porch or preface (and footnotes are the only other relevant form of reference) to any serious work of history—the object of which is the quest and illumination of past time. Every historian must have his own preferences, his own methods of drawing upon the sources that will yield history to *him*. He must not be at the mercy of the monographers and *their* methods. One of the desiderata in the subject to-day is a means of habitually blazoning the distinction between the monographer of analytic methods, who prepares "studies" from authorities, and the public historian, the writer of ensemble, who can combine and fertilise the streams of information, testing their genuineness almost instinctively, and giving out the finished product not of the analytic chemist, but of the historic muse. The functions needed for this kind of work make an almost unexampled demand upon human resources, frame and brain. A really great historian must almost necessarily be an *érudit* of independent means, with infinite capacity for devotion and drudgery, with much of the sagacity of a judge, and the writing and descriptive power of two or three considerable novelists. Such historians are of necessity extraordinarily rare, but the lack of them is inevitably in the long run a grievous loss to English thought while the absence of their "control" is profoundly detrimental to the ideologues who spark the machine of modern progress.

Thomas Seccombe.

* 3s. 6d. net. (Routledge.) † 3s. 6d. net. (Pitman.)
‡ 4s. 6d. (Bell.) § 4s. 6d. net. (Routledge.)

ON DARTYMOOR.*

To those who know Dartmoor but as holiday visitors, the country has in the main but two aspects. I can recall standing on a brilliant morning on Hey Tor, when the whole country to the south below showed in beautiful clearness, moor and trees and chequered fields melting to the distance where the coast blent with the sea; later on the same day I went down the narrow lane, between high fern banks, to the west of Widdicombe-in-the-Moor in sweet scented sunshine. Other and contrasting times I remember above Holne Chase, on the slopes over Dartmeet, and at Two Bridges, when the whole world of the moor and its neighbourhood was hidden in driving rain. The contrast in memory is the contrast of gold with grey—and both are beautiful. Mr. Eden Phillpotts, who has studied the moor long and lovingly, and has made himself familiar with the people to whom, in lone farmhouses, in cottages and in villages, the moor is home, in recording the result of his studies in the form of fiction is in the main chiefly insistent upon the grey tones. There may be brightness here and there—as of light on a moorland stream, a glint of sun upon quartz-speckled stone, or upon a patch of vivid moss or lichen—but on the whole it is of the grey aspects of the moor that we think when reading one of his novels set against the familiar background.

In this latest tragic drama of Dartymoor we are chiefly interested in a courageous Devonshire woman, one who "in the fell clutch of circumstance" maintains a brave face before her little world. Many years before—three of her five children are grown up—she, as a girl in her 'teens,

* "Demeter's Daughter." By Eden Phillpotts. 6s. (Methuen.)

had run away from service to marry a specious but shiftless young man, who in mature life, when we first make his acquaintance, is well satisfied to malinger while his heroic wife keeps things going. He is indeed a pleasant humbug, whose gift of the gab satisfies his own easy conscience with phrases, and two of the three grown-up children have inherited the father's less amiable qualities. It is in accord with the irony of things that the more helpful son should go off to his fate in the South African War—making poor Alison's lot yet harder. The hardness of that lot, recognised by the reader, is not admitted by Alison, who, in her lonely, poverty-marked cot, spends herself in trying at once to make her husband and children do their duty while she cheerfully does far more than hers. It is her pride that the little world on the fringe of which she lives shall hear no inkling of the true state of affairs. Though Aaron, her husband, Giles, her son, Farmer Hamlyn, her old flame, and some of the subsidiary characters are finely rendered, it is Alison herself who holds our attention, it is her brave sweet personality that remains with us after closing the book, remains with an abiding impression of that splendid heroism which is surely a manifestation of genius. About the middle of the story the author has some fine passages of analysis of the character of the woman—a character which he has presented at once with broadness and subtlety throughout these pages.

"She gave religion all the credit of her steadfastness and eternal striving; but the credit did not belong to religion. It belonged to her blood—the stream that ran from her father and had closed parental doors against her for ever when she married Aaron Cleave. Yet, while not a soft woman, she was not a hard one. Her own difficulties had ripened the harvest of her heart, as the frost sweetens fruit that the sun cannot. . . . Through her love dreams she had looked forward and seen a sane, strong husband and a stablished home. She had pictured the children growing up, a joy, a blessing, and a tower of strength. She had also allowed for the shadow to make this sunshine appreciable. But the course of events fell otherwise, and her faith was no longer absolute. Her ideals were fallen, and from the wreck she thankfully gathered the small hopes and fleeting joys that remained. . . .

"She had no synthetic instinct to perceive, no knowledge of character to understand that, given such a man as her husband, and a fall off a ladder into the cold lap of charity, the rest must all follow by inevitable consequence."

Alison is indeed a striking addition to the gallery of rustic portraiture that Mr. Phillpotts has given us in his Devonshire books; the story of her everyday heroism is presented in really fascinating fashion; her end is saddening, and we leave the smug wretch her husband contemplating her epitaph with a feeling of the tragic irony of things. In his descriptions, in his careful studies of minor characters, Mr. Phillpotts shows all his fine skill, and "Demeter's Daughter" takes its place with the very best of his works, as a worthy addition to that which is best in the fiction of to-day.

Walter Jerrold.

Novel Notes.

JANE OGLANDER. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. 6s. (Heinemann.)

"Jane Oglander" is a story of exceptional power and exceptional charm. It deals in rich emotional material with a fine, artistic restraint. Jane herself represents the best type of the modern young woman of culture. Her character, though stressed beyond measure by circumstances, retains its integrity throughout. A woman who despises heroics is good to meet with anywhere, and Jane rings true. Her faithfulness shines in admirable contrast to the falsity of Mrs. Maule, whose invalid husband, Richard, is the not unnatural excuse for her cannibal instincts. She eats, or tries to eat, the souls of men, and has her ironic and necessary reward. Once more Mrs. Lowndes has achieved the creation of men who will satisfy men. Richard Maule, the rich invalid, Dick Wantele, his friend, Hew Lingard, the famous General, are real, and their relationship to Jane Oglander and Mrs. Maule are true to life and probability. The story concerns Jane's love for Lingard, to whom she is betrothed, and Mrs. Maule's appetite for sex-triumph, especially over the elemental General. If the characters are clearly realised types, rather than subtly differentiated individuals, the general reader will not complain on that score. Although there is slight theatricality in the treatment of Athena Maule's Circe spells, this cannot be imputed as a fault, for the quality belongs to the type of fine animal depicted. The boyish succumbings of Lingard are equally true to life. Capable psychology underlies "Jane Oglander," which is deftly set against a background of country life, as lived by the leisured classes, while all the subsidiary elements are convincingly handled.

POT-AU-FEU. By Marmaduke Pickthall. 6s. (Murray.)

Mr. Pickthall has arranged his stories in three classes, mainly on geographical principles. Some of them are semi-satirical, and these are by no means the least characteristic; "Karákter" and "The Tale of a Camp" are in the writer's best vein. But Mr. Pickthall is peculiarly successful in one or two of his character-sketches, which show a real power of sympathetic insight into queer phases of human nature in England as well as abroad. If the reader will begin with "Billiam," "A Superior Person," and "Found in an Old Bureau," he will taste the author's quality at its best. If he wants humour of a dry, shy order, he can turn to "The Free-Lovers" or to "The Wise Men of Petit-Pré." But indeed the majority of these tales have more or less of a humorous tinge. The author finishes one of his Egyptian stories with a remark made by a native who "read in a newspaper from the capital two columns of denunciation of an English judge, who had evicted a poor man from his humble freehold and annexed it wrongfully. Knowing the rights of the story, he laughed aloud with his companions. 'But it is the fault of the English,' he felt bound to admit. 'They act like common men, not rulers, seeming doubtful of their right; so others doubt it also. A ruler has one word, with a force behind it.'" This is the sort of effect which Mr. Pickthall, with his knowledge of the native mind in Africa and Egypt, is fond of securing. The deeper notes of a story like "An Ordeal by Fire" do not sound quite so convincing; it is when a tale like "A Champion of Christendom" runs from tragedy into a semi-farcical vein that the deftness of the author's touch is most clearly felt. Still, the volume has plenty of variety, and it shows the same cleverness on a small scale as distinguished "Saïd the Fisherman" and "The Myopes."

THE LONELY ROAD. By A. E. Jacomb. 6s. (Andrew Melrose.)

Miss Jacomb is unquestionably a writer who will have to be reckoned with. Her style is quick, nervous, and dramatic: her gifts in description of character are not limited by her sex or by any considerations of outworn conventions; and she can seize on "a crowded moment" and paint it in a few well-packed passages aglow with colour and passion or with the feelings that actually stir us in the stress and rush of real life. Indeed, it is not certain that she has not actually found the new formula of fiction of the moment—fiction that will raise some acute problem in the ordinary working experience of grown

Miss D. Brandon.
Photo by Kent Lacey Studios.

men and women, and, in the last chapter, offer a solution broad-based on the mingled irony and justice that preside over most affairs of the heart. In "The Lonely Road," for instance, Miss Jacomb sets in sharp contrast—the correct, conventional Helen Andrews, who passes from the rule of her father's trim, respectable suburban home to the position of wife to Gerald Blake—a man aflame with primitive passion but destitute of ordinary suburban refinement and education. The result is tragedy, of course—for Blake; and Miss Jacomb exhibits the tragedy not in explanation, but in quick pregnant action and the sharp play of high lights and contrasts. Had she not indulged in a climax of unmitigated melodrama, the rescue of the young son by Blake after the child's fall from a steamboat, "The Lonely Road" would have been described by many readers as a great novel, for its full-length presentation of a correct suburban wife in an intolerable position is, in its way, perfect, vital to the finger-tips. As it is, the story is one that will be remembered and talked about—it has a mark and a mission of its own.

THE UNSEEN BARRIER. By Morice Gerard. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

In "The Unseen Barrier," as in "The Unspoken Word," which preceded it, Mr. Morice Gerard gives us a charming love romance set amidst modern surroundings. His scenes are laid largely in London; his leading characters are men and women who move in high society and play important parts in the political worlds of England and Europe. The blind Mark Ellesmere; his friend, the hero of the book, Rupert Malcom; the brilliant politician Spencer Compton; the elusive, mysterious Prince Paul Menkoff, involved in obscure Russian intrigues; Lady Dunton, and the beautiful Madeline Sabille—these, and some dozen other less prominent persons, are characterised with great skill, and put through their parts in an intricate and ingeniously contrived plot with a cunning and ripe craftsmanship. Madeline Sabille is one of the most winsome and curiously attractive women Mr. Gerard has ever brought into his pages, and the strange story that lies behind her and overshadows her life, though she knows less than half the truth concerning it, is cleverly concealed, having its due influence in keeping her and Malcom apart, and at the right time as cleverly revealed and satisfactorily disposed of. Malcom felt on first meeting her that "life was forging for them a chain of circumstances" that, even when it seemed to be separating them, was drawing them together. You may care little about the complicated European politics that enabled Malcom to make his mark in Parliament, but it is safe to say that all who read "The Unseen Barrier" will be wholly interested in it as a fascinating story of love and mystery to which politics and diplomatic intrigues form a stirring and fitting background and environment.

THE DAVOSERS. By D. Brandon. 6s. (John Long.)

Without being a novel "The Davosers" has all the interest of one, but it is a novel without a plot, and in this it comes nearer to the truth of life than most novels do. It is simply a brightly, vividly written account of the experiences of Reginald Challoner Eyre and four friends all staying at the same hotel in Davos; it reproduces the varied life of the place and deftly sketches the characters of the men and women who live there, in that Valley of the Shadow, seeking to regain health, and lightening the dreary search with all manner of sports and amusements. The elements of comedy and tragedy, of pathos and almost farcical humour, of idyllic tenderness and gay adventure, are strangely mixed in this cleverly written book. Miss Brandon's dialogue is capital, and her incidents and events so many and varied that you do not miss the plot; there is always something doing, some sad little episode coming to a close, some pleasant adventure opening out and leading on to something of excitement, a good deal of merriment and perhaps a little sorrow. It is distinctly a book to read; for all the hospital atmosphere that is about it, and the figures of invalids that flit through it, it is not depressing; rather you are heartened by the careless courage with which these people make the best of life and find it good and to be enjoyed even in the very clutch and jaws of Death. We shall look out with interest for Miss Brandon's next book. She may get a lighter subject, but she can scarcely write of it in a happier vein.

THE VISION OF BALMAINE. By G. B. Burgin. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The character of Peter Balmaine, the hero of Mr. Burgin's new novel, is an extremely interesting study. The contempt with which we regard him in the opening chapters is gradually changed as we follow his story, until we find ourselves at length thinking of him with admiration and something more. He is the head of Balmaine's Bank in Cottenham, and in the height of his pompous conceit as the "most prominent person" in the town, at the height of his prosperity and influence, he is betrayed and struck down from his pedestal by Tebbits, an old clerk who has been in his employ for many years. "In times to come," says the old clerk on the eve of his triumph, "in times to come, when you're sad and sorry . . . you'll learn, whatever my motives may have been, to look back upon this night and bless me. It will be the saving of you, though I don't expect to live to see it." Tebbits's words come true; and with the advent of trouble comes the Vision—and Balmaine's soul is awakened. It is an unusual and a powerful story; Mr. Burgin handles his difficult scenes with remarkable skill, and has fashioned in "The Vision of Balmaine" one of the best novels he has ever written.

The Bookman's Table.

CHAINS: A Play in Four Acts. By Elizabeth Baker. Cloth, 1s. 6d. net; paper, 1s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Until recently, the lower middle-class has not been very seriously considered by novelists, and in the theatre it has been more often travestied than studied sympathetically. Writers have supposed that the life of clerks, being humdrum and staid, could not be made entertaining without exaggeration or some leaven of foreign excitement: and it has been left to certain modern realists—for example, Mr. Charles McEvoy and Miss Baker—to show that a play can be made out of the very stuff of clerk-life. "Chains" is a case in point: there is nothing in it which is untrue or improbable, yet it is both vitally interesting and dramatically effective. Miss Baker shows how one clerk determines to throw up his "safe" (and energy-sapping) work in London, and to seek fresh fortune in the Colonies. He is able to do this because he has some money and no ties, but the case is different with his friend Charlie Wilson, a married man with a host of relations. Charlie is unsettled by his friend's daring, but every association he has converts itself into a chain to bind him down for ever to the life and work he hates. In the revelation of these chains lies the drama of Miss Baker's play, and it must be said at once that as realistic drama "Chains" is first-rate; the home-life of Charlie Wilson is really admirably suggested, and the studies of character are clever and candid. Where the play may possibly be said to fail is that it is in the end hardly more than a partial analysis of discontent. Miss Baker is satisfied to show the passivity of the minor persons and the unrest of her leading character; she does not attempt to go further. What she does, she does admirably: nothing could be more pointed than the studies of Mrs. Massey, Lily, Percy Massey, and Morton Leslie, all of whom are clearly, and at times mercilessly, revealed. Tennant, the clerk who is able to emigrate, is also well suggested; but Charlie Wilson and Maggie Massey, the two malcontents, are, on the whole, less good, because although they are perfectly individualised, their restlessness does not seem to be developed from within themselves. They want to "see life," and they hate office-work—both of which impulses are very natural—but they do not understand what they want to do, and we are disposed to feel that Miss Baker has not thought very definitely about that either, since she appears content with the bitterness of her final scene. Emigration is certainly not the solution of the problem raised. Miss Baker may object that she is a realist, and not a propagandist. On the other hand, the detachment of the realist must be philosophic if it is to produce work of permanent value. Apart from this question, which would not have arisen if the play had not been suggestive and stimulating, we have nothing but praise for the conception and handling of "Chains," which seems to us quite the most notable piece of pure realism that has been produced concerning the English lower middle-class.

SPENSER'S MINOR POEMS. Edited by Ernest de Sélincourt. 10s. 6d. net. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

Mr. Ernest de Sélincourt's edition of Spenser's "Minor Poems" is the third and last volume of a set in which Mr. J. C. Smith's edition of "The Faerie Queene" made the first two. These three volumes form considerably the best edition of Spenser's complete poems. They give a text which is perhaps as intelligible and as near what Spenser wrote as possible. Only quite insignificant irregularities of spelling have been rejected. Anything in spelling and punctuation which brings us nearer to the mind of a courtly but north-country poet of the sixteenth century is retained. Thus the text is a richly coloured one for those who like the archaic and the rustic. Those who do not will find no difficulty thereby added, and they cannot have a more satisfactory and even attractive edition. Mr. de Sélincourt's task has been chiefly one of restoration, and it has been an arduous one, though the results are not, except in the introduction, obtruded upon the ordinary reader. His business has been to track "the gradual deterioration of the text through the blind reliance of each edition upon its immediate predecessor"—not so blind as to be incapable of inventing new pitfalls for the succeeding blind. The nonsense of one edition was converted into some kind of sense by the next, but what Spenser wrote was equally different from both. Even the heavy Grosart was unaware that different copies of the same edition in Elizabethan books often present different readings. Few but textual questions are discussed in this introduction, but even they are not unattractive to the unlearned. For example, Mr. de Sélincourt has discovered one tyrannous printer who in the 1595 edition of the "Amoretti" and "Epithalamion" had "a rigid conception of sonnet structure with definite metrical pauses at the end of each line" and requiring a certain punctuation—which he inflicts upon the poet's text almost without mercy. Mr. de Sélincourt is inclined to take the older view of the "Amoretti," that they were written in 1591-4 during his courtship of the lady who became his wife. Though not denying that some may have been written earlier for another or several others, he accepts the integrity of the series as a whole.

OUR HOUSE. By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. 4s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

Mrs. Pennell has drawn upon her own domestic experiences in English housekeeping for the subject of this book, and has give a fresh and delightful picture of her life in a London flat, in an old house, and in a picturesque and historic neighbourhood. "Our House," we believe, is situated in Buckingham Street, Strand, but it is not the house which is the important thing, but the servants who, in the course of a decade, have waited upon the authoress and her husband. Her description of them is altogether charming. There is Trimmer, the ideal old English servant, who struggles through life to keep herself respectable, and wears herself to death in the service of her employer. Old and feeble as she was, she insisted upon waiting up until Mrs. Pennell's guests chose to depart. She adored Whistler, and whenever he appeared would trot off to the tobacconist's in the Strand, without being told, for the little Algerian cigarettes he loved. Henley, too, was another of her favourites, and no matter the hour in the morning when he took his departure, she was there to fetch him his crutch, and his big black hat, and to shut the door after him. She loved Phil May, and she always tried to "mother" Aubrey Beardsley and George Steevens. One of the most charming sketches in the book is that of Clémentine, who had worse than no character, and robbed and befooled her mistress, but was none the less allowed to work for a considerable time in "Our House." Among the charwomen dealt with—for Mrs. Pennell has suffered from the usual servant worry, and has had to fill in the gaps between the arrival and departure of "generals" with temporary help—is Mrs. Burden—a perfect picture of the Irish "char." Mrs. Pennell notes that, like the woman in Bleeding-heart Yard, in "Little Dorrit," Mrs. Burden, when she conversed with Augustine, the French cook, used a sort of pidgeon English. She, too, adored Whistler, and once, when after a long silence he called, he was received by Mrs. Burden, in her very grimiest condition, with the remark, "Shure, Mr. Whistler, sir, an' it's quite a stranger ye are. It's glad I am to see ye back, sir, and looking so well!" The book must be read if its charm and sweetness are to be appreciated.

MODELLING AND SCULPTURE. By Albert Toft. 6s. net. (Seeley.)

The art of modelling a form out of a lump of clay is that which would seem least to need teaching. The instinct to accomplish it is in the child, the merest babe, with its mud-pies and sand-castles. And, in truth, of that act itself there is but little that the accomplished author of this book can tell us. Ready hands, a lively spirit, glowing with desire to create, are the sole things he can counsel. It is in the purely mechanical ways and means of aiding such activity that this book is vastly helpful—not only helpful, but to the untutored amateur a *sine qua non*. But even this mechanical aid, as regards modelling itself, is but a matter of "armature," that is the use of wood and lead piping to form *vertebræ* to which the clay may be made to cling. A fairly easy machination. It is in the processes of reproduction from that clay—the work of copying or casting—that an immensity of skilful detail is demanded, whether that reproduction be in plaster, bronze, or marble. Into these processes Mr. Albert Toft, himself an admirable sculptor, goes minutely, with a conscientious effort to imagine what the wholly ignorant soul must want which is often absent from technical treatises such as this. Here is no telling nearly everything, yet leaving the one clue unsaid. It is pleasant to add that the author speaks so hopefully of British sculpture. It is an art in which our people did rare work centuries ere they could paint: in witness of which compare the tender carving in many a cathedral niche, on many a tomb, with the contemporary fresco-work. The art of painting being an art of illusion—not of solid matter—was slow in being grasped by the practical mind of the Briton.

DIARY OF A REFUGEE. By Frances Fearn. $1.25 net. (Moffat, Yard & Co., New York.)

"Oh! this awful war. When will it end? How many innocent ones must suffer for the ambition of the terrible politicians? If only those who caused the war had to suffer, it would be more just." The Louisiana woman to whom we are indebted for this interesting diary pens these words in the year 1863. The Old Plantation House, her loved home, has just been destroyed by the Federal troops, and she is an exile with her family. Her cup of sorrow is not yet full. Soon she is to lose her two sons, the one at the fall of Port Hudson, the other at the moment of his release from captivity. Mrs. Fearn is publishing her mother's diary with the object of impressing on all who read it the horrors of war and the misery and injustice inseparable from it. The book, however, will appeal to English readers rather on account of the realistic glimpses it affords of plantation life, the writer's comments on the slave question, and her impressions of England and France. Equally attractive is the lighter side of the diary which shows the course of true love embroiling the family in situations amusing and dramatic in turn.

Mrs. Frances Fearn.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON & CO.

By "A Diplomatist's Wife in Japan" Mrs. Hugh Fraser proved that she possesses the qualities which go to the making of interesting and readable books of personal impressions. The wide reception accorded to her earlier work will no doubt also be given to her latest, **A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands** (2 vols. 24s. net). The author has experienced life in many countries, from the United States to Italy, from Austria to China, she has met many of the most interesting people of the day, and her anecdotal manner of writing is always vivacious and effective. A treat is in store for the reader of these delightful volumes.

MESSRS. METHUEN & CO.

Mr. S. L. Bensusan claims to give the real thing in his **Home Life in Spain** (10s. 6d. net), and we agree with him that he has done so. He has not merely gone to Spain and looked about him, and asked questions. He has lived in Spain as a resident, and can tell you of its kitchens as well as of its churches, of its restaurants as well as of its colleges, of its lotteries and everyday chafferings as well as of its politics and national characteristics. From the way to cook a dinner to the way to address a Spanish gentleman, the volume is full of pertinent information.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & CO.

The anonymous compiler of **A Modern Dictionary** (1s. 4d. net) can be very heartily congratulated on the result of his efforts. The intention has been to make the book primarily suitable for schools, but there can be little doubt that it will appeal to a much wider public. At the price this well-printed book—containing over 750 pages—is, so far as we know, absolutely unequalled.

MR. DAVID NUTT.

A work which will be of much value to students of a neglected period and country in the history of the world, as well as of considerable interest to the general reading public, is the **Memoirs of Countess Golovine** (10s. 6d. net), of which Mr. G. M. Fox-Davies has prepared an excellent English rendering of a recent French translation—by K. Waliszewski—of the Russian original. The Countess, who was born in 1766 and died in 1821, was a lady of much culture and possessed of both literary and artistic abilities. As a lady at the Court of Catherine II. of Russia, she enjoyed the confidence of her mistress, who appointed her husband, largely on his wife's account, Marshal of the Household of the Grand Duke Alexander, afterwards Alexander I. Known as the "little dragon" (of virtue), the Countess Golovine enjoyed for many years a large degree of intimacy and friendship with the future Empress, and her recollections of this period, although narrated with an at times aggravating discretion, form the most interesting portion of this valuable book.

YEAR BOOKS.

We have received from Messrs. Hazell, Watson & Viney the new issue of that indispensable year book, **Hazell's Annual** (3s. 6d. net). The publication has been somewhat delayed this year to allow of the inclusion of a history of the 1910 Parliament and a complete guide to the new House of Commons. It has steadily grown in fulness and usefulness since its first issue; it contains special articles on all important questions of the day, and gives an admirably succinct and helpful record of last year's doings in politics, religion, literature, art, music, science, drama, sport,

invention, and the various activities of public life. It is the busy man's topical encyclopædia, and the busiest can have no excuse for not being well informed on current affairs with so handy and reliable a guide at his elbow.

Another valuable annual, that is now in its second year is **The Green Book of London Society** (Whitaker), edited by Douglas Sladen and W. Wigmore. Mr. Sladen, who founded "Who's Who," has supplied another felt want with equal skill in this later reference book, which furnishes full Directories of British Titles, of Ecclesiastical Dignitaries, of the Diplomatic Body in London, of Privy Councillors, of Members of Parliament, and of the Chief Officials of the Lords and Commons. It gives lists also of churches and their preachers, of leading authors, artists, musicians, etc., tables of leading Theatres and Music Halls with (what was badly needed) complete information as to their whereabouts, managers' names, nature of performances, matinée days, and telephone numbers; and deals authoritatively and amply with such subjects as motoring, hunting, golfing, boxing, aeronautics, and the sports, giving lists of persons most prominently associated with them. The book has a strong staff of contributors, each a specialist in his own line, and will be an invaluable addition to the library of the society host and hostess and of every man who is anyway concerned in public life or in the transaction of official business.

New Books of the Month.

FROM FEBRUARY 10 TO MARCH 10.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

BENNETT, W. H., D.D., Litt.D.—The Moabite Stone. With Photograph. 2s. 6d. net .....(T. & T. Clark)
Bible, The Holy: an Exact Reprint in Roman Type, Page for Page, of the Authorised Version Published in the Year 1611. With an Introduction by Alfred W. Pollard. 8s. 6d. net .....(Clarendon Press)
BROCKINGTON, A. ALLEN.—The Passion of Jesus Christ (as seen by Felix) .....(Samuel Bagster & Sons)
Hebrews and the General Epistles. With Introduction and Notes by the Rev. A. F. Mitchell, M.A. With Map. 2s. net and 3s. net .....(Melrose)
Hymns for the Coronation of His Majesty King George V. With Music. 1s. net .....(Skeffington)
JOHNSON, ETHELBERT.—The Altar in the Wilderness: an Attempt to Interpret Man's Seven Spiritual Ages. 1s. 6d net .....(Rider)
LUNN, SIR HENRY S., B.A., B.Ch., M.D. (T.C.D.)—The Love of Jesus: a Manual of Prayer, Meditation, and Preparation for Holy Communion, etc. 1s. 6d. net and 2s. net (Hodder & Stoughton)
SCOTT, E. F., D.D.—The Kingdom and the Messiah. 6s. net (T. & T. Clark)
WACE, HENRY, D.D.—Prophecy, Jewish and Christian: Considered in a Series of Warburton Lectures at Lincoln's Inn. 3s. 6d. net .....(Murray)

NEW EDITION.

FRAZER, J. G., D.C.L., LL.D., Litt.D.—The Golden Bough: a Study in Magic and Religion. Part I., The Magic Art and the Evolution of Kings. In 2 Vols. With Frontispiece. 20s. net .....(Macmillan)

FICTION.

ADAIR, CECIL.—Cantacute Towers. 6s. ....(Stanley Paul)
ARMFIELD, MRS. MAXWELL (Constance Smedley).—Mothers and Fathers. 6s. .....(Chatto & Windus)
ARTHUR, FREDERICK.—John Merridew. 6s. (Longmans)
BARCLAY, MRS. HUBERT.—Trevor Lordship. 6s. (Macmillan)
BARR, AMELIA E.—A Reconstructed Marriage. 6s. (Unwin)
BASEVI, COL. CHAS. EDWARD.—Victimised. 6s. ..(Long)
BATCHELDER, W. J.—The Wine-Drinker and Other Stories. With Frontispiece. 6s. .....(Smith, Elder)
BEDFORD, H. LOUISA.—His Will and Her Way. 6s. (Stanley Paul)
BENNETT, ARNOLD.—The Card: a Story of Adventure in the Five Towns. 6s. .....(Methuen)
BENSON, E. F.—Account Rendered. 6s. .....(Heinemann)
BERESFORD, J. D.—The Early History of Jacob Stahl. 6s. (Sidgwick & Jackson)
BLECH, AIMÉE (Lionel Dalsace).—A Debt of Destiny. Translated by Fred. Rothwell. 3s. 6d. (Sonnenschein)
BOULESTIN, X. MARCEL, and FRANCIS TOYE.—The Swing of the Pendulum. 6s. .....(Nash)
BROCKINGTON, A. ALLEN.—The Mark of His Calling. 6s. (Cassell)
BURGIN, G. B.—The Vision of Balmaine. 6s. ..(Hutchinson)
CALTHROP, DION CLAYTON.—Perpetua, or The Way to Treat a Woman. 6s. .....(Alston Rivers)
CASU, PIETRO.—Notte Sarda: Vecchia Storia di Gallura. Lire 2.50 .....(G. Dessi, Sassari, Sardinia)
CHAMBERS, ROBERT W.—Ailsa Page. With 4 Illustrations. 6s. .....(Appleton)
COMPTON-BURNETT, IVY.—Dolores. 6s. ....(Blackwood)
CRAWFORD, F. MARION.—Uncanny Tales. 6s. ...(Unwin)
CRAWFORD, MARY F. (Coragh Travers).—Hazel Grafton. 6s. .....(Long)
CURTIS, HARPER.—The Lord Dollar (Don Dinero). 6s. (Blackwood)
DAVIES, W. H.—A Weak Woman. 6s. .....(Duckworth)
DAVIS, RICHARD HARDING.—Once Upon a Time. With 8 Illustrations. 6s. .....(Duckworth)
DAWE, CARLTON.—The Black Spider. 2s. net .....(Nash)
DE BENNEVILLE, JAMES S.—Saitō Musashi-bō Benkei (Tales of the Wars of the Gempei). 2 Vols. With 72 Illustrations and a Map. 16s. net (Author, Yokohama, and Sonnenschein)
DENNIS, D. H.—Soul of the Snows. 6s. .....(Long)
DIEHL, ALICE M.—Isola. 6s. .....(Long)
DIXON, W. WILLMOTT (Thormanby).—The Lion of Lydboro'. 6s. .....(Long)
EVERETT-GREEN, E.—The Lady of the Bungalow. 6s. (Stanley Paul)
FOGAZZARO, ANTONIO.—Leila. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton)
FORBES, ETHEL M.—A Daughter of the Democracy. 6s. (Cassell)
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HUNT, VIOLET.—Tales of the Uneasy. 6s. ....(Heinemann)
JACOMB, A. E.—The Lonely Road. 6s. .....(Melrose)
KELLY, WILLIAM PATRICK.—The Stranger from Ionia. With 4 Illustrations by Edward Read. 6s. ..(Routledge)
LANG, MRS. L. LOCKHART.—Knight Checks Queen. 6s. (Alston Rivers)
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LEVERSON, ADA.—The Limit. 6s. .....(Grant Richards)
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LONDON, JACK.—Adventure. With Coloured Frontispiece. 2s. net .....(Nelson)
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MEADE, L. T.—Mother and Son. With Frontispiece. 6s. (Ward, Lock)
MENDL, GLADYS.—The Straight Road. 6s. (Chapman & Hall)
NIVEN, FREDERICK.—A Wilderness of Monkeys. 6s. (Secker)
OHNET, GEORGES.—The Woman of Mystery. Translated by Fred. Rothwell, B.A. With Frontispiece. 1s. 6d. net and 2s. net .....(Greening)
OPPENHEIM, E. PHILLIPS.—The Falling Star. With 3 Illustrations. 6s. .....(Hodder & Stoughton)
PATERSON, WILLIAM ROMAINE (Benjamin Swift).—The Old Dance Master. 6s. .....(Chapman & Hall)
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SWAYNE, MARTIN.—Lord Richard in the Pantry. 6s. (Methuen)
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WENTWORTH, PATRICIA.—A Little More than Kin. 6s. (Melrose)

WYNNE, MAY.—The Master Wit: a Story of Boccaccio. 6s. (Greening)

New Editions.

CAMERON, MRS. LOVETT.—Remembrance. 6d. ....(Long)
GOULD, NAT.—A Bird in Hand. 6d. ....(Long)
HUDSON, W. H.—The Purple Land. 2s. 6d. net (Duckworth)
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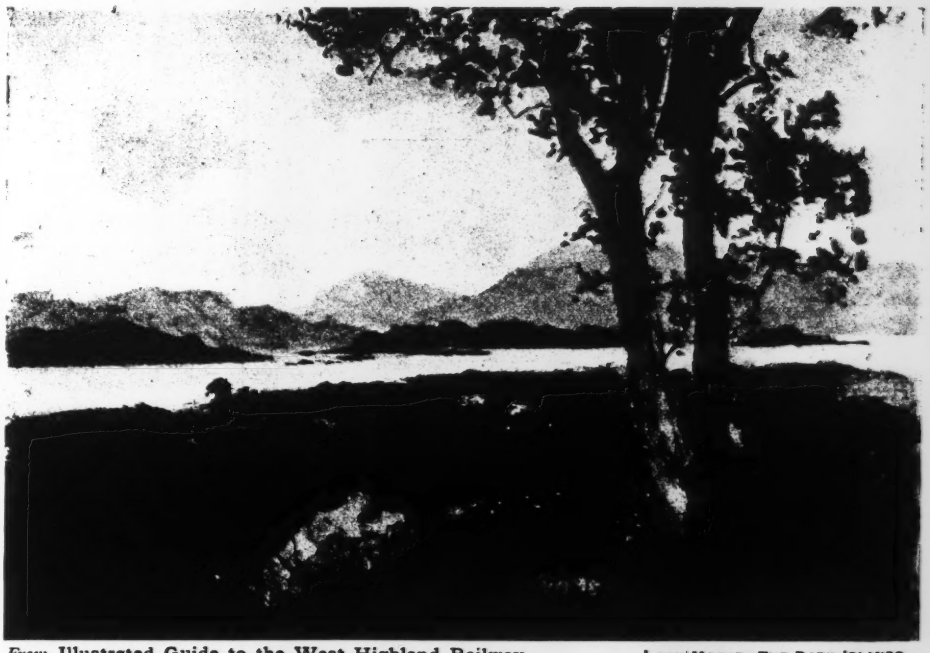

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Mr. Hall's excellent volume introduces its readers to practically every branch of nature-study. He explains his purpose in his preface: "Although necessity has compelled me to touch but the fringe of the various subjects I have alluded to, I hope this book will not be regarded as favourable to desultory study. Superficial knowledge is one of the evils of the age. I stand for thoroughness, and I trust that, if any reader is induced by my words to take up a particular line of nature investigation, he will be patient and persevering therein. . . . I should be sorry if any reader were to accept this volume as a compendium of nature. While I have doubtless given some information, I have aimed at showing how much there is to know, and what a vast field the student has before him." The first chapters are concerned with geology, whence the author passes to botany, and so to the general field of nature-study. His descriptions are invariably clear, and the various subjects raised are well managed. A useful glossary of scientific terms is included at the end of the book, which may altogether be taken as an excellent example of the thoroughness for which Mr. Hall stands. The publishers have been exceedingly generous in the matter of illustrations, of which there are well over a hundred (sixteen in colour), and the volume is good value in every way.

From **The Open Book of Nature** (*Black*).

HONEYSUCKLE.

From **The Open Book of Nature** (*Black*).

TUTSAN.

POPULAR GARDEN FLOWERS.

By WALTER P. WRIGHT. 6s. net. (Grant Richards.)

In his earlier books, "The Perfect Garden" and "The Garden Week by Week," Mr. Walter Wright dealt with systems of gardening, plans of gardens, and the year's routine of garden operations. In his new volume he takes all the most important plants and, devoting a chapter to each of them, tells their history, the origin and pronunciation of their names, and how they have been used in literature and folk-lore. He discusses also their value as modern garden plants, their culture, and advises as to the best varieties of them. This is first and foremost a handbook for the gardening amateur, who will find its concise and clearly expressed information invaluably helpful; the quotations and references to the literary associations of various flowers add greatly to the readableness of the book without of course in the smallest degree lessening its practical value. Mr. Wright knows his subject thoroughly and, which is not the case with most experts, he knows how to write about it interestingly as well as informingly. If you have a garden and like to give some personal attention to it, you will not easily obtain a more useful or more attractive instructor and guide than "Popular Garden Flowers."

From **Life Histories of Familiar Plants** (*Cassell*).

THE SAME BRANCH, PHOTOGRAPHED AT 6 P.M.

A CENTURY OF SCOTTISH HISTORY.

By SIR HENRY CRAIK, K.C.B., M.A., LL.D. 10s. 6d. net. (Blackwood.)

The first edition of Sir Henry Craik's "Century of Scottish History" was published just ten years ago, and the reissue at present before us does not differ materially from it. "A few very unimportant excisions which have been made, probably to the benefit of the book, have rendered it possible to bring it within the compass of a single volume (of about 650 pages, but nevertheless of manageable size). The portraits (ten) which appear in this edition are a new feature." For the benefit of those of our readers who did not come across the first edition of the book we may say that it is a very able and scholarly summing-up of Scottish history "from the days before the '45 to those within living memory." A further quotation from the author supplies the purpose of this admirable work: "The object of these volumes is to give a chronological narrative of all the principal incidents —political, ecclesiastical, and legislative, as well as literary, social, and commercial—which form the history of Scotland throughout a very momentous century, in the course of which the character of her permanent contribution to the common life of the Empire was chiefly shaped."

From **Popular Garden Flowers** (*Grant Richards*).

CLEMATIS MONTANA.

THE MOTHER OF GOETHE: "FRAU AJA."

By MARGARET REEKS. (Lane.)

Miss Reeks's excellent study of "Frau Aja" is well worthy of any attention it may receive from English readers. Katharina Elizabeth Textor was born in 1731 at Frankfurt-am-Main. She seems to have had a happy childhood, and at the age of seventeen she became the wife of Johann Kaspar Goethe, a middle-aged man of high integrity, but not, one would think, an ideal husband for so romantic a girl as Elizabeth. A year later she gave birth to her famous son, her Hätschelhans, and thus began that "delightful harmony of love and friendship which ended only with her life. 'I and my Wolfgang,' she says, 'have always held fast to each other; we were young together.'" "Frau Aja" exemplifies the truth that a man owes most to his mother. It was undoubtedly from her that Goethe derived his romantic tendencies, and she was besides an ideal mother, unselfish, tender, loving. We have not space here to follow her interesting career until her death in 1808, and it must suffice to say that Miss

From **Modelling**
(*Chapman & Hall*).

PHOTO SHOWING CLAY BAND ROUND THE BUST.

Reeks's treatment of her subject is particularly happy. In every way this is a pleasant, fragrant book.

MODELLING:

Vol. III. By ED. LANTERI. 15s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

The third volume of Professor Lanteri's important work is prefaced by a letter addressed to him by M. Rodin, couched in terms of such genuine enthusiasm as are hardly competent to be translated into the English language. Yet it is not too much to say that it is an equal enthusiasm for art in general and for the betterment of the English student in particular which inspires Professor Lanteri's book. The author, who is Professor of Sculpture at the Royal College of Art, South Kensington, supplies a succinct and entirely valuable account of the technicalities of his art. He addresses himself to students and teachers, and the book cannot therefore be criticised as literature, but with the passage of time we have no doubt that its great value will be fully recognised. It contains illustrations and diagrams to the number of 185, a series which forms an indispensable portion of the work.

GREAT SOLDIERS.

By GEORGE HENRY HART. 3s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

"Great Soldiers" is a finely inspiriting book. Mr. Hart does not profess to have written an entirely original work, nor even to have made a final choice of the world's greatest soldiers. Fourteen generals are dealt with, and only five of them did not speak English, whether of the indigenous or of the ancient variety said to be so accurately preserved in the United States of America. But no one will deny that, say, Havelock or Lee were great soldiers, even if they cannot justly aspire to be numbered among the greatest. Mr. Hart's heroes range in time from Alexander the Great and Hannibal to Grant and Gordon, and to each one he devotes enough space for a condensed account of his life and principal victories. He has done his work very skilfully and very freshly, and the book is deserving of much praise. "Great Soldiers" is just the book for boys—particularly if they are of a military bent. It is exceedingly well illustrated.

From **Great Soldiers**
(*Grant Richards*).

AGINCOURT.

JOTTINGS FROM AN INDIAN JOURNAL.

2s. net. (Jarrold.)

This little book has been entirely compiled from the journals and letters of the late Sir John Field, K.C.B., and it affords an insight into the private life of a good soldier and a saintly man. Sir John, who died in 1899 at the age of seventy-eight, saw a good deal of service in India and he was especially connected with the first Afghan War and the Abyssinian Expedition, his experiences of which the earlier portions of this book give a vivid impression. The work's main interest, however, springs from the fact that Sir John's Christianity was of an especially practical and virile nature. To those readers—and they are many—who appreciate the simple and unaffected story of a life spent in doing good, the book should especially appeal.

HEROINES OF GENOA AND THE RIVIERAS.

By EDGCUMBE STALEY. 12s. 6d. net. (Laurie.)

In this engaging volume Mr. Edgcumbe Staley tells a number of stories, which he has collated from sources not generally accessible to the English reader, concerning such Genoese ladies as in the past achieved fame or notoriety. "'Heroines,'" he says, "perhaps not of the heroic line of the Maids of Kent, Orleans, and Saragossa, but 'Heroines' of the common life; 'Heroines' of intrigue, 'Heroines' of fashion, and 'Heroines' of pleasure." After a brief general history of Genoa, Mr. Staley plunges into his stories, which are ingeniously dovetailed together, and keeps them up until he reaches the end of the book. The author's principal aim, in which he has unquestionably succeeded, seems to have been the production of a readable book. At the same time we confess that we should have enjoyed an occasional small leaven of seriousness in its almost uniform frivolity. Still, the book—which has, by the way, some very quaint illustrations—will probably appeal to a large class of readers, and thereby Mr. Staley will reap the reward of his very considerable industry.

THE MAKERS OF BLACK BASALTES.

By CAPTAIN M. H. GRANT ("Linesman"). 42s. net (Blackwood.)

"Linesman's" "main endeavour has been to rescue from the obscurity into which it has relapsed a species of ware which is not only essentially British, but one of the most beautiful and refined in all the realm of ceramics," and this well-written and beautifully produced volume is the outcome of this intention. Black Basaltes may be a neglected ware, but we have no doubt that Captain Grant's pages will set many readers agog for its further discovery and collection. The great name of Josiah Wedgwood predominates over that of any other maker of the ware, but Captain Grant finds a few lines—at least—for everybody who made, or is reputed to have made, articles in

From **An Imperial Failure** (*Stanley Paul*).

MARIE LOUISE, BY CANOVA.

From **The Glory that was Greece** (*Sidgwick & Jackson*).

APOLLO, MARSYAS, AND A MUSE: FROM THE MARTINEIA RELIEFS. (English Photo Co., Athens.)

From **A Woman of the Revolution** (*Stanley Paul*).

THÉROIGNE DE MÉRICOURT.
(From the drawing by Raffet.)

black basaltes. The value of the book is greatly increased by ninety-seven plates, illustrating over three hundred examples of the ware. It is unquestionably the last word on its subject.

OFF THE TRACK IN LONDON.

By GEORGE R. SIMS. 1s. net. (Jarrold.)

Mr. Sims knows his London as few people know it, and he is always especially happy when dealing with it. His latest book, though unambitious in form and length, contains more interest than many a lengthy tome. It deals primarily with the life of the poor and of the alien, and it is written throughout with imagination and sympathy. Nevertheless, Mr. Sims does not horrify the gentler kind of reader with crime and squalor, but a kindly and tolerant humour lightens many pages which might otherwise be depressing. The Ghetto, Notting Dale, Camberwell, Rotherhithe, Soho, Hoxton, are some of the districts to which the author introduces the reader who knows and understands so little of our Imperial city. The book has the advantage of half a dozen or so very clever illustrations by (apparently) Mr. T. Heath Robinson, and it is one which deserves as wide a circulation as the reading public can give it.

A HISTORY OF PAINTING:

Vol. I., The Renaissance in Central Italy. By HALDANE MACFALL. 7s. 6d. net. (Jack.)

This, the first volume of a history which is to extend over seven more, is a remarkable achievement upon the part of Mr. Haldane Macfall, and it is safe to say that, if the author can sustain the high standard which he has set himself, he will have achieved one of the most vital and convincing pieces of art criticism of our day. Mr. Macfall is in his way an original. "I give you," says he, "no fantastic pedant's balderdash about '*tactile values*' or '*space composition*'; about your '*vasometer system*' or '*the materially significant*' or your '*ideated sensations.*' Each year brings forth a further crop of these futilities." In fact, he has given us a straightforward and highly valuable account of his period, and his work has made in every way a most promising beginning. The volume is illustrated with twenty-seven plates in colour reproduced from the old masters—and entirely well printed, and it has the further advantage of a very characteristic introduction by Mr. Frank Brangwyn.

From **Ancient Lights and Certain New Reflections** (*Chapman & Hall*).

"AT THE HOUSE OF THE FEROCIOUS CRITIC OF THE CHIEF NEWSPAPER OF ENGLAND."
(Mrs. Francis Hueffer, from pastel by Madox Brown in Mrs. Hueffer's possession.)

ANCIENT LIGHTS AND CERTAIN NEW REFLECTIONS.

By FORD MADOX HUEFFER. 12s. 6d. (Chapman & Hall.)

If we were writing for Baedeker instead of THE BOOKMAN Spring Supplement, we should put as many stars as the margin would carry against the mention of Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer's latest book. "Ancient Lights and Certain New Reflections" is, baldly, a series of essays upon literary and artistic life in London, with particular reference to the Pre-Raphaelites (the author's grandfather was Ford Madox Brown). That and nothing much more. But in the short space at our disposal we despair of giving any true idea of the book. Perhaps the best thing to do when you first get it is to look up in the index any well-known name in the literature or art of the last twenty years or so. You are pretty sure to find it. And then, if you turn up your references in the text, you will find that Mr. Hueffer has something fresh to say upon the subject, some fresh anecdote, some new theory—at any rate, something individual and striking. "Ancient Lights" is a book which ought to last. We shall deal with it more fully hereafter.

FAMOUS IMPOSTORS.

By BRAM STOKER. With 10 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Mr. Bram Stoker has written a book which is sure of a popular success. He has told the stories of famous pretenders, practitioners of magic, witches, and women

who masqueraded as men ; he has recounted divers hoaxes, and reviewed the tales of the Wandering Jew, John Law, the Tichborne Claimant, and the Chevalier d'Eon, while he has devoted a special and exhaustive section to the story of the "Bisley Boy," which "impugns the identity —and more than the identity—of Queen Elizabeth." The result is a production of varied entertainment, sometimes grim and gruesome, occasionally sensational, now and then fantastic. Mr. Stoker informs us at the outset that he has aimed at dealing with his material as with the material for a novel ; and he has certainly so handled his facts that they are as interesting as fiction. It is a good book about bad people—much better, perhaps, than a book about such people ought to be.

From **The Amazing Duchess** (*Stanley Paul*). MISS HANNAH MORE.

THE AMAZING DUCHESS.

By CHARLES E. PEARCE. 24s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

Mr. Charles E. Pearce—previously known as the author of several excellent sensational stories—has composed a couple of portly volumes upon the "romantic history of Elizabeth Chudleigh, Maid of Honour, the Hon. Mrs. Hervey, Duchess of Kingston, and Countess of Bristol." This extraordinary woman, whose character Mr. Pearce tries valiantly to whitewash, amply justifies the epithet he has bestowed upon her in his title. She was indeed "amazing." Even in an age of loose morality, her morals seem to have been rather worse than those of anybody else. But she was undoubtedly courageous. Mr. Pearce finds a resemblance between her and the Empress Catherine of Russia, whom she visited after England had become too hot for her. "There was much in the two women that was alike, with the drawback that the similarity was against a sustained friendship. Both had highly original minds, and were not governed by conventionalities, though they did not despise them. Both had a love of command combined with a tact which made that command ensure obedience. Both could be easily flattered and easily duped, and both had the faculty of keeping their hearts young though their bodies aged." Elizabeth Chudleigh's life story may not be edifying, but it is certainly interesting, especially when it is told so well as it is by Mr. Pearce. We foresee a considerable success for these volumes, which, by the way, do their publisher much credit in the manner of their production.

THE HOUSE OF HOHENZOLLERN.

By E. A. BRAYLEY HODGETTS. 15s. net. (Methuen.)

Mr. E. A. Brayley Hodgetts has special qualifications for the writing of this book. He was born in Berlin, where his father was acquainted with many of the leading men of the day, and later he returned to that city as Reuter's Special Correspondent. He seems never to have lost touch with Germany, and he possesses the full sympathy with the German character which is so necessary for the writing of such a book as "The House of Hohenzollern." His interesting volume gives a complete history of the Prussian Royal House since the date when Frederick I. became King of Prussia. The Hohenzollerns have not been uniformly great men, but the story of their lives makes none the worse reading on that account. Mr. Hodgetts gives the reader a number of most interesting sidelights into German Court life, while his character sketch of the present Kaiser is excellently considered and well worthy of serious notice. We have little doubt that this very effective and striking piece of work will meet with the success it deserves.

From **The House of Hohenzollern** (*Methuen*). QUEEN LOUISE OF PRUSSIA. (After the portrait by Dahling.)

A TOUR AND A ROMANCE.

By ALICE E. ROBBINS. 6s. (Melrose.)

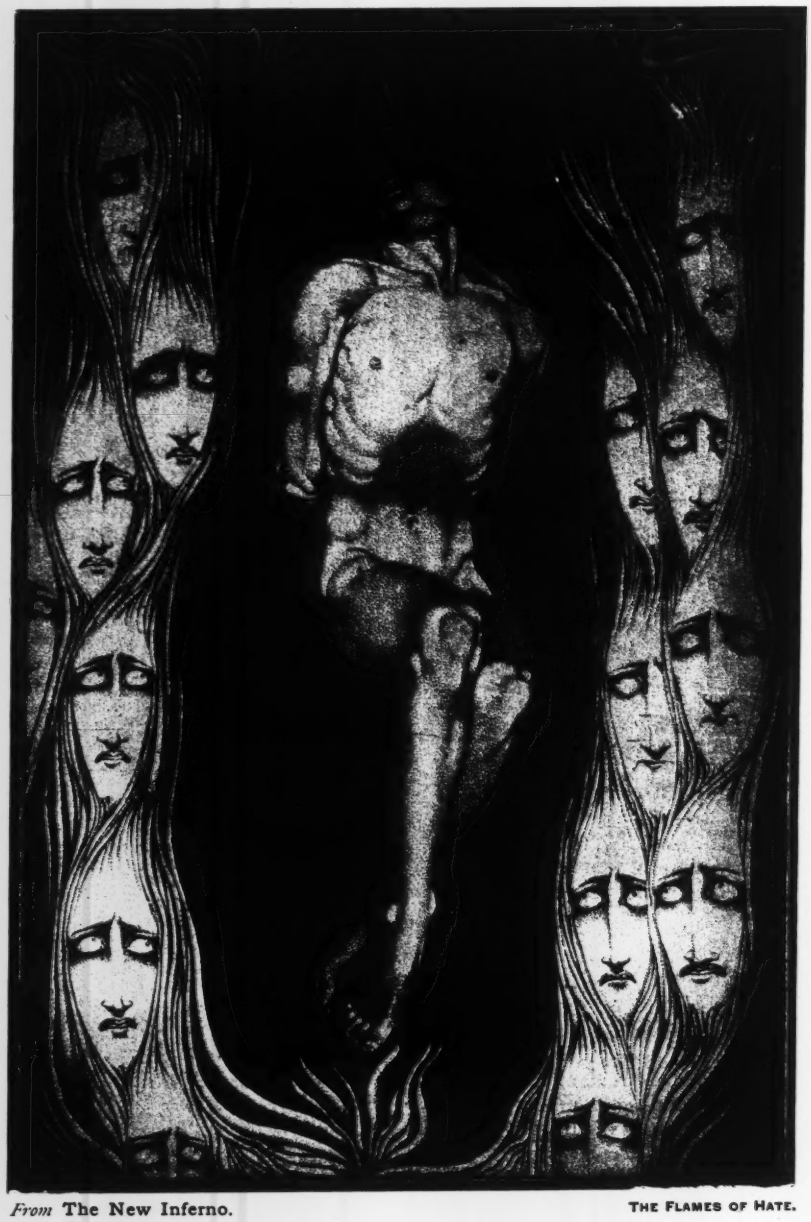
Miss Robbins has written just one of those pleasant little books of mingled fiction and travel which are so popular nowadays. Her heroine is one of those rather self-centred Americans girls who seem to have such an attraction for men, pretty of course, and also a millionaire's daughter. The travel portion of the book is laid partly in Morocco and—to a greater extent—in Spain, in some cases in districts decidedly off the beaten track. Miss Robbins contrives to make it pleasant and interesting

without being oppressive, and her "romance" is quite as effective as her "tour." It presents, we must confess, no startlingly original incidents or complications, but it throws an interesting light on the heroine's character to know that she makes it a condition of her marriage that her husband shall take a town house and stand for Parliament. The prospect of an idyllic life in Devonshire appals her. Miss Robbins's enjoyable and humorous (though in this respect it is sometimes a little spiteful) book is well produced, and contains fifty illustrations from photographs.

THE NEW INFERNO.

By STEPHEN PHILLIPS. With Designs by VERNON HILL. 21s. net. (Lane.)

Mr. Stephen Phillips's fine poem, "The New Inferno," which was reviewed in THE BOOKMAN for December, 1910, has not been long in arriving at the dignity of an *édition de luxe*. It is now produced in the most luxurious style; it is printed on beautiful paper, with some of the broadest margins we remember ever to have seen, while the principal feature of the new edition consists in Mr. Vernon Hill's sixteen striking designs. The artist has been very successful in reproducing the atmosphere of the poem, and his work is in a high degree impressive and imaginative. He seems to us to err sometimes in his striving after the grotesque; his simpler drawings are invariably the most effective. On the whole, however, his work reaches a high level and forms a worthy addition to the poem it illustrates. We may add that the edition is limited to 320 copies, 275 of which are for sale in England and America.



THE FLAMES OF HATE.

From **The New Inferno.** (*Lane*).

CHILDREN OF THE CLOVEN HOOF.

By ALBERT DORRINGTON. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

This clever novel contains all the elements of a big success. It is distinguished by that rare possession, an ingenious plot skilfully developed; its characters are not puppets obeying obvious strings, but flesh and blood men and women, sufficiently human, sufficiently weak, to compel and sustain the reader's interest. The action of the novel takes place wholly in Australia, and its pages are liberally besprinkled with racy cameos of bush life, the squatters and their dependents. Vitiated by a spell at Oxford, Eustace Fitzallan, the son of a Queensland cattle-king, returns to his father's homestead in the company of a young Hebrew moneylender. Shortly afterwards, while passing through Echo Gully—a significant name in view of the sequel—Eustace catches sight of the Jew moving in the scrub, and turning away to avoid meeting him, he accidentally discharges his rifle. When the fateful echoes die away he discovers the moneylender dead, a bullet wound in the head. Not all the wealth and power, the tears and scheming of his aged father, Simon, can save Eustace, who is convicted of the murder and sentenced to death. At the eleventh hour Hetty Bellinger, the daughter of Simon's inveterate foe, arrives post-haste with evidence sufficient to save his son's life. Enough has been said to indicate the strength of this powerful plot. A spirited, absorbing story, containing characters like David Bellinger, the lawless cattle-lifter with the big, kindly nature, his two sons, Martin the sullen and silent, and the light-hearted Clarry, together with the fascinating daughter, Hetty, it can safely be recommended as a sure tonic for the not uncommon friend who protests he is "fed up" with modern novels.

THE MOUNTAIN OF GOD.

By E. S. STEVENS. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

No doubt many of our readers will remember "The Veil," Miss Stevens's very brilliant first novel which appeared about a year ago. She now follows it with "The Mountain of God," a fine book which proves conclusively that "The Veil" was no mere flash in the pan, but the first work of an author of unusual power and attainments. The scene of the new book is laid chiefly in Haifa, the little town which nestles at the foot of Mount Carmel, the Mountain of God. Here lives Abdul Baha, the leader of the Bahais, an offshoot of Islam which has already found many converts in the Near East and in America. The principal article of his creed is a universal toleration—

in the author's own words, "a religious progressivism, in which the most humanitarian and practical ideas of the West are wedded to devotional mysticism of a very high order." The book treats life among the Bahai colony on Carmel in a manner which those who are fortunate enough to read it will not be likely soon to forget. As a contrast the author introduces a cleverly managed but—we must confess—rather sordid love intrigue between her heroine and the local leader of the Young Turkish party. It might not be difficult to find fault with this aspect of the book, but the reader will be difficult to please who cannot appreciate the calm and happy atmosphere of Miss Stevens's treatment of Bahaism. In a word, "The Mountain of God" is a worthy successor to "The Veil."

From **The New Inferno** (*Lane*).

THE WINGED THOUGHT.

A GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE.

By P. G. Wodehouse. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

Mr. Wodehouse is a genuine humorist. He tries to keep his sense of the ludicrous on a leash, but he cannot always hold it within bounds. Not once but many times in the story under notice it gets too powerful for him, and away it darts after some chance object, leaving the main thread of his story stranded, broken and helpless. Even the dedication proves too subtle for him. He starts it quite correctly: "To Herbert Westbrook, without whose never-failing advice, help, and encouragement," then he seems to realise he has seen something like that before, and adds "this book would have been finished in half the time." The story runs a similar groove of happy, healthy paradox. Thus Jimmy Pitt, a newspaper reporter who has come into a fortune, goes to a Raffles type of play where a burglar is the hero, and, bitten with the idea that burglary after all is only an art every man of education and imagination can practise, he bets a dinner to twelve men that he will break into a house before that night is over. He carries out this scheme with the aid of a shockheaded youth named Spike—to find himself in the sanctum of a burly New York police captain, and face to face with the girl of his dreams. The scene shifts rapidly but convincingly to the Savoy Hotel and the Thames Embankment and later to a castle in Shropshire; but the police captain and the pretty daughter and the ineffable Spike never lose their rightful position on the canvas, and the result is a most diverting story about a rich man whom many excellent persons honestly believe is a thief.

DOLORES.

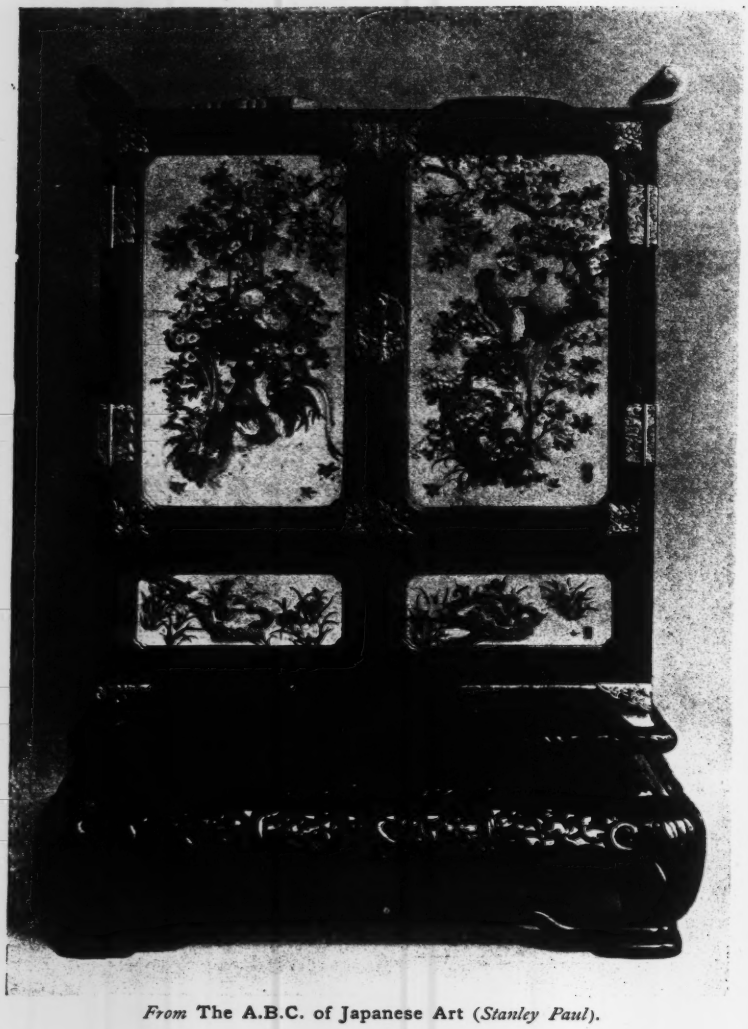
By Ivy Compton-Burnett. 6s. (Blackwood & Sons.)

Heine once remarked grimly that if it were to rain hats from heaven, he would have been born without a head. Dolores Hutton has equally bad luck. Marriages shower on the characters of this story; the father of Dolores is actually married three times, which is a fair record for an Anglican rector. But Dolores ends as she began, a forlorn, unwedded, not unheroic woman. Miss Compton-Burnett never quite succeeds in letting the reader inside the soul of her heroine, and she commits the inartistic error of making the minor figures, the Nonconformists of the parish and the teachers in the girls' college, more interesting than the leading characters in the plot. In fact there is no plot, only a blending of two or three. There is a dramatic Casaubon who turns blind, and several girls who shoot into matrimony for very slender reasons. But the tale is not redeemed from dulness by the vulgar vitality of the Nonconformist group or by the rather superior conversation of the teachers. Miss Compton-Burnett has strung together some admirable episodes and one or two promising sketches of character, notably that of the Claverhouse family. But she requires more practice in the novelist's trade to produce work worthy of the undoubted ability which "Dolores" reveals.

THORPE'S WAY.

By Morley Roberts. 6s. (Nash.)

Molly Fletcher-Mytton is the daughter of one of those respectable families which have their abode in Bayswater;



From **The A.B.C. of Japanese Art** (*Stanley Paul*).

her father is on the Stock Exchange, and her mother is amply possessed of the haughtiness which so often occurs in the women-folk of those who are not quite sure of their social position. That the family name was plain and simple Mutton not so very long ago only tends, of course, to increase its respectability. But Molly is a throw-back to her unregenerate great-grandmother, Grannyducky, who makes several very effective appearances in Mr. Morley Roberts's pages. She is also charming, and, incidentally, intelligent. So when Thorpe, who is a novelist of the kind which scoffs at conventions, proposes to her the first time he meets her, there is naturally about as much opposition as there could be from Molly's mother and father. But Thorpe is a difficult man to get the better of, and by the end of the book has come the success which was predestined from the beginning. Of the methods of Mrs. Fletcher-Mytton and of "Thorpe's Way" it were as well to give no hint, but it is enough to say that the combination of the two makes as delightfully amusing a book as we have come across for some time. Perhaps we should have enjoyed "Thorpe's Way" even a little more if Mr. Roberts had been less inclined to sink his comedy in what appears to be a serious account of his hero's views upon life in general and morality in particular, but we are at any rate very grateful for the enjoyment which he has undoubtedly given us.

SIREN LAND.

By NORMAN DOUGLAS. 6s. net. (Dent.)

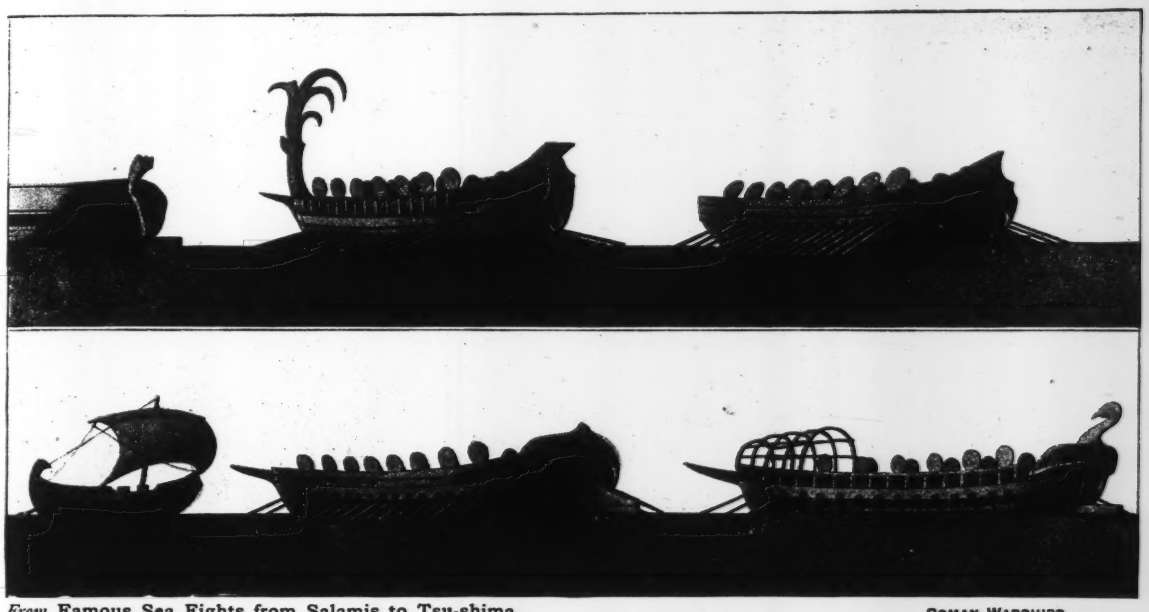
Capri and the promontory which divides the Gulf of Naples from that of Salerno, and on which Sorrento stands and other places of lesser fame, constitute the "Siren Land" of Mr. Norman Douglas. His book is about that country and its inhabitants and its traditions. But it is not a guide-book, or anything like one, for the author writes with an equally charming facility about, let us say, Sirens, the Emperor Tiberius, Greek Art, the Philosophy of the Blue Grotto, and the Life of Sister Serafina. He also touches upon, and illuminates, many other subjects. In fact, he is a writer, inspired by his surroundings, who is so gifted that he can wander where he may without ever losing his reader's attention. "Siren Land" is an unusual book, as charming as it is rare, the product of a cultured and penetrative mind.

THE TEMPLETON TRADITION.

By ADAM GOWANS WHYTE. 6s. (Blackwood.)

To give a brief synopsis of this novel would be doing injustice to its merits, for its originality lies in its details rather than in its general plot. The tradition which Richard Templeton inherited consisted of all the qualities of character that had gone to the making of a great and world-famous engineering firm. But these qualities had at least one defect, and the determination that had made the business was likely in the shape of an obstinate conservativism to ruin it. Mr. Whyte's story presents his hero in the throes of a disastrous strike, which is carefully timed by his enemies to coincide with his marriage. The story records Templeton's twofold trouble, his battle with new industrial condi-

From **Siren Land** (*Dent*). SIRENS FROM A SORRENTO VASE.



From **Famous Sea Fights from Salamis to Tsu-shima** (*Methuen*).

ROMAN WARSHIPS.
(After the paintings found at Pompeii.)

tions and the imminent failure of his married life owing to a lack of sympathy and tact. But it is the best side of the tradition that finally conquers, and Templeton's reward includes love as well as success. The character-drawing and dialogue are excellent, and the story holds one with the grip that comes of understanding and truth. The humorous and the sordid side of Scots industrial life are described with insight and fidelity and considerable literary tact.

FAMOUS SEA FIGHTS FROM SALAMIS TO TSU-SHIMA.

By JOHN RICHARD HALE. 6s. net. (Methuen.)

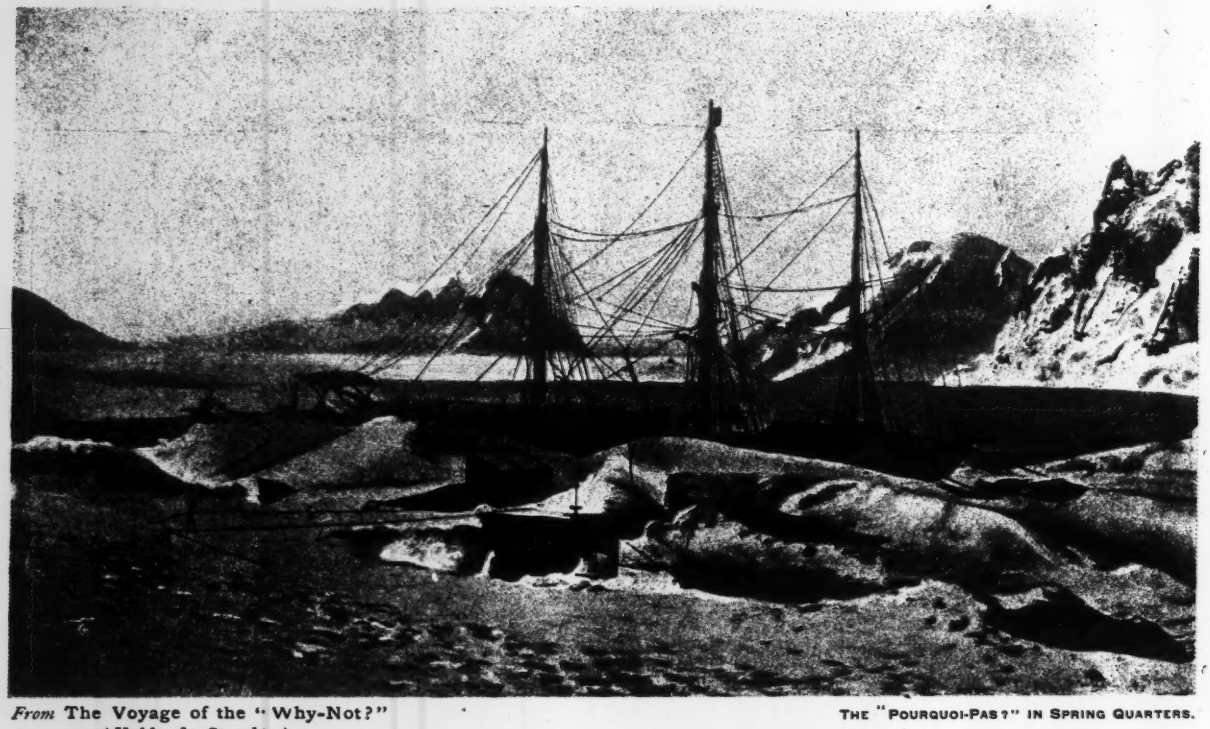
Mr. Hale's volume forms a highly skilful and instructive account of the gradual development of naval warfare from the earliest days until the present. He has divided his book into three main divisions: the "period of oak and close fighting," under which he describes five battles, from Salamis in 480 B.C. to Lepanto in 1571; the "period of sail and gun," with four battles, ranging from the Armada, 1588, to Trafalgar, 1805; and the "period of steam, armour, and rifled artillery," with five battles, from Hampton Roads, 1862, to Tsu-shima, 1905. Mr. Hale makes no pretensions to originality, but he has condensed numerous accounts to excellent effect, and his descriptions of naval tactics are put in such a way that they may easily be understood. The book makes very good reading and is a complete proof of its author's ability. It has thirteen illustrations and enough plans to make the various battles readily comprehensible.

THE SILENCES OF THE MOON.

By HENRY LAW WEBB. 4s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

Undoubtedly Mr. Henry Law Webb can write. He is the master of an extraordinarily beautiful and flexible style, he has read widely, and he has a true sense of literature. With such qualifications as these, it will be seen that in him we have an important recruit to the ranks of literary artists. "The Silences of the Moon," which derives its title from a passage in the second book of the Æneid—*amica silentia lunæ*—is written principally in a minor key, and a delicate melancholy inspires even the bravest of its author's periods. It is a plea for naturalism and the quiet philosophy which finds its God, not in the dogmas of theologians or the theories of scientists, but in the beauty of sunset, the symmetry of a tree, or the character of a flower. Possibly it will attract readers less for its

From **Nineteenth-Century English Ceramic Art** (*Stanley Paul*).



From **The Voyage of the "Why-Not?"** (*Hodder & Stoughton*).

THE "POURQUOI-PAS?" IN SPRING QUARTERS.

subject-matter than for its beauty of expression, but there can be no question that with this little book Mr. Webb has secured for himself a niche apart from the ranks of other toilers less fortunately gifted than he.

TALES OF MEN AND GHOSTS.

By EDITH WHARTON. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Miss Wharton's ten stories have more to do with men than with spirits; which is not unfortunate, for her ghosts are not very terrible creatures. One of them is a pair of eyes, which appear over the bed to a young American. "There they hang in the darkness, their swollen lids dropped across the little watery bulbs rolling loose in the orbits, and the puff of flesh making a muddy shadow underneath." Another is the wraith of a man whom an American business man has ruined in business; but this ghost has all its wits as well as all its limbs (if the expression is permissible) about it, and crosses the Atlantic in order to carry off the unscrupulous rival into limbo. The remaining tales are keen little studies of temperament, from the murderer who cannot get any one to believe his confession, to Lizzie West, who discovers after marriage that her husband has cheated her, and who refuses to let him learn her discovery. "The Legend" is a pretty satire upon literary cults; "Full Circle" also shows up the foibles of modern authors; and "The Debt," which is perhaps the most searching and ingenious of all, handles a nice problem of scientific ethics. It is in these studies of human nature that Miss Wharton excels. Her volume is three parts brilliant and always readable. Most of her characters have a comfortable way of inheriting fortunes at convenient moments in their careers, but this mannerism will not repel the large class of readers who like to see their heroes and heroines well provided for in things of this world.

THE STORY OF CECILIA.

By KATHARINE TYNAN. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

If you want a story that is fresh, entertaining, and natural, and in which you can meet some very delightful people, you should read "The Story of Cecilia." The history of Cecilia's mother is strangely interwoven with the daughter's story, and is responsible for most of the dramatic scenes in the book. The mother, when a girl, has her mind unhinged through the news of her lover's death out abroad, and she falls in love with a rising young doctor under the weird impression that he is her lover come back to her. The doctor knows she is under this delusion, but loves her, and hopes to make her happy, and that she will grow to love him for himself before her memory returns. They are married. Immediately afterwards he hears that the reported death of the lover was false. After this he lives

From **Illustrated Guide to the West Highland Railway** (*F. W. Wilson*).

LOCH RANNOCH.
(Copyright, Frederick W. Wilson & Co.)

From The Glory that was Greece
(*Sidgwick & Jackson*).

PANORAMIC VIEW OF DELPHI.
(English Photo Co., Athens.)

in constant fear that his wife will hear the news also and realise everything and turn from him. Meanwhile, their only daughter is growing up, and presently she learns the truth, and understands the cloud that is for ever hanging over her father's life. She meets her mother's old lover, and he re-enters the story once more. At length he is introduced to her mother, while the fear-tortured father stands by. This is one of the cleverest scenes in the book. We are led to the point of tragedy, and then suddenly—in an utterly simple and natural way—the atmosphere is cleared. We follow Cecilia from first to last with deep interest and genuine admiration.

BRAZIL.

By PIERRE DENIS. 10s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)

The latest addition to Mr. Fisher Unwin's "South American Series" is by no means the least valuable of the books which have already been issued on similar subjects. Brazil, in fact, very badly needed doing, for, to quote the publisher's advertisement, "it is almost incredible . . . that at the present moment there is no English book giving an intelligent account of modern Brazil." Now M. Denis can at least claim to be intelligent. He is indeed something more than that, for he has written a book that is unusually interesting and valuable. It will be the last word upon its subject for some little time to come. "Brazil" has been admirably translated by Mr. Bernard Miall, who supplies also an historical chapter, while Mr. Bernard A. Vindin has a supplement upon the mineral resources, trade, and commerce of the country. Like the other volumes of its series it is admirably illustrated.

THE LEAD OF HONOUR.

By NORVAL RICHARDSON. 6s. (Pitman.)

The scene of this story is laid on the eve of the American Civil War, when a young man, Sargent Everett, rises from being a teacher to the position of lawyer and politician in a Southern town. He is badly treated by a pretty young pupil, who jilts him for another man. But Everett's turn comes when he has the chance of defending his rival against a charge of murder. The youth behaves honourably, as the title suggests. But we are not going to give away Mr. Richardson's story. The interest of his book consists in its atmosphere rather than in its character or in its plot.

From Brazil
(*Unwin*).

PALMS BOTANICAL GARDENS, RIO.

From London Clubs (*Chatto & Windus*). REVERSE OF AD LIBITUM BADGE.

Natalia, the heroine, is, to put it plainly, a little fool, and even the hero has a dash of the plaster saint about him. Besides, it is difficult to make an oratorical hero convincing: descriptions of his oratory are inevitably thin. The blood and colour of Mr. Richardson's novel are furnished by his minor figures and by the social position of a Southern country-town, which he has succeeded in reproducing with admirable verve.

THE LEECH.

By Mrs. HAROLD E. GORST. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

We wonder if Mrs. Gorst will forgive us if we suggest in all meekness and humility to her that she might become a little more cheerful? Her stories are always undeniably thoughtful, well-balanced, and clever, but of late they have unfortunately made us inclined in irreverent moments to parody the pseudo poet Bunthorne, and exclaim "Grey, grey, grey! All the suburbs are coloured grey!" Yet in mean houses people smile. Even Betsy Prig had her convivial moments; and it is widely believed that you cannot always measure the exact amount of grief amongst women of the lower classes by the precise number of tears they expend. "There's worser things 'n death, Susannah," cheerfully remarks one of the characters in the opening sentence of "The Leech." There are—but we question if there are many titles in fiction to-day more unhappy when viewed apart from the context than this—"The Leech!" Charlotte Barnes, the deserted, hard-faced, unpleasant wife, however, amply deserves this description of her qualities before the story of how closely she adhered to her poor timid sister-in-law's home and goods is half-way ended. Mrs. Gorst does not spare us any pangs in her recitals of this woman's littleness, greediness, selfishness, or powers of mischief, and in her portrayal of how closely this wily human cuckoo remained—as all along she had intended to remain—"a permanent inhabitant of the timid robin's nest." It is all excellently done, of course, but even at the finish, the tragic intensity of which strings us up to breaking-point, we are beset by doubts as to whether it was honestly worth it.

From London Clubs (*Chatto & Windus*). THE ST. JAMES'S CLUB, FORMERLY COVENTRY HOUSE. (From a water-colour drawing by W. Walcot.)

LONDON CLUBS: THEIR HISTORY AND TREASURES.

By RALPH NEVILL. 7s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)

Mr. Ralph Nevill is well known as an industrious searcher in the records of the past, and the books which he has already published have had no lack of breezily told and amusing anecdotes. "London Clubs" is no exception to his rule. It contains over three hundred pages of as good and as varied reading as has ever been included between the covers of a book. Mr. Nevill traces the history of the club from its origin in the old coffee-house up to the present day, and, in his accounts of the interesting collections which a number of them contain, many of which are for the first time made public, he has been at considerable pains to ensure accuracy. The author evidently considers that the clubs of the past have a greater interest for present-day readers than their more modern successors, and though he fails entirely to convince us of this, the amount of good reading which he has contrived to present for our delectation goes far to justify his methods. "London Clubs" is as bright and effective a piece of work as anybody can ask for.

A LADY OF THE GARTER.

By FRANK HAMEL. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

Miss Hamel has already made a considerable reputation as the author of several admirable books dealing with the history and famous personages of the French Monarchy. "A Lady of the Garter" is, we believe, her first novel. Here she goes back to fourteenth-century England, and unfolds the romance of the charming and courageous Lady Katherine Merivale, daughter of a Northumberland earl whose castle stood on the Scottish border. Lady Katherine is full of the tales of ancient chivalry, and sighs amidst the quiet of her country life and in the company of her boy-lover for the glamour of the Court, the clash of events, the chance of proving her own heroism, and winning a hero-knight for her husband. The story is of how her bravest dreams are realised. She goes with her father to Court; her innocence and frank simplicity there in-

From London Clubs (*Chatto & Windus*). BADGE OF THE AD LIBITUM CLUB.

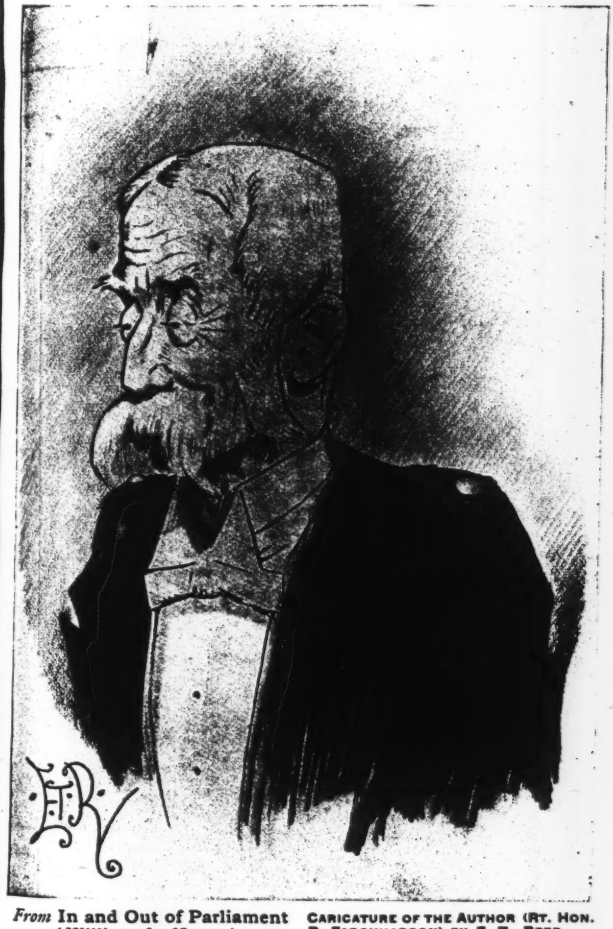
volve her in difficulties, two knights fight for the privilege of wearing her colours; and in a breathlessly short space of time she is married, and, by the intriguing of his rival, is parted from her husband, but daringly follows him to the wars in France and meets with as many adventures and as many triumphs there as the heart of the most romantic could desire. The spirit and atmosphere of the period are cleverly caught and reproduced; the dialogue is not quite easy and natural; but the whole story is alive with colour and movement and makes capital reading.

THE FALLING STAR.

By E. Phillips Oppenheim. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

A capital story of mystery and magic told in brisk and vigorous narrative. The lure of the ever-fascinating, ever-baffling field of psychical research mesmerises the reader with an intensity that accumulates from chapter to chapter. The devotees of occultism may be divided into two sets, the clamorous crystal-gazers, palmists, fortune-tellers, on the one hand, and the silent, hard-working seekers after truth on the other. Both sets are dealt with by Mr. Oppenheim, who in the development of an ingenious plot contrives to forge a subtle link between the chicanery of the first and the needs of the second. The story opens enticingly. A wealthy cynic and a poverty-stricken man of dreams meet on a hill-top. Bertrand Saton, the dreamer, is a mere boy, a slave of the city, whose whole being is in revolt against the futility and ugliness of his lot. A passing whim prompts the cynic to supply the boy with the money that shall set him down a free man in the world of his dreams. All he stipulates is that Bertrand shall some day or other return and report how the experiment has fared. He adds one piece of advice which recurs to his listener's memory with gathering force at the many subsequent crises of his strange career: "Don't be content with anything less than success. If you fail, strip off your clothes, and swim out to sea on a sunny day, swim out until your strength fails and you must sink. . . . Don't live on. . . . Remember that the men who have failed, and who live on, are creatures of the gutter." Bertrand succeeds, but the price of success is heavy.

From In and Out of Parliament (*Williams & Norgate.*) GLADSTONE, BY PHIL MAY.



From In and Out of Parliament (*Williams & Norgate*). CARICATURE OF THE AUTHOR (RT. HON. R. FARQUHARSON) BY E. T. REED.

THE SECRET OF THE DRAGON.

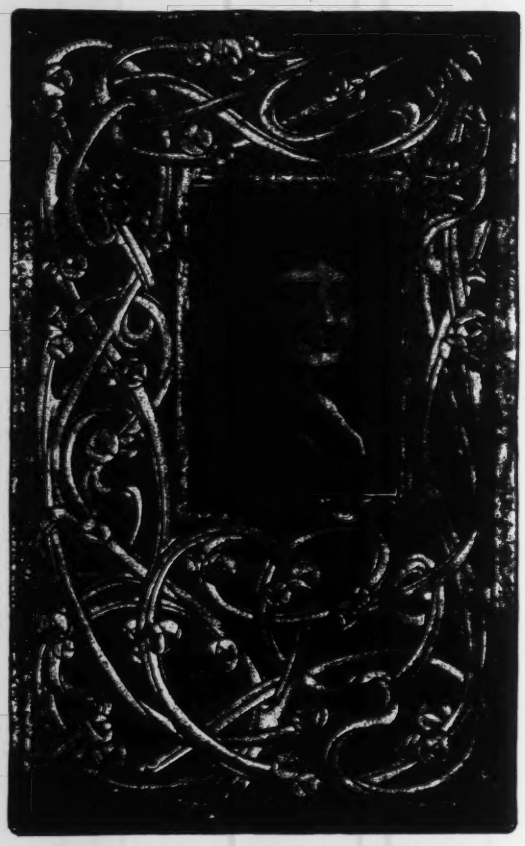
By Mary L. Pendered. 6s. (Harper & Bros.)

The introduction of the occult prepares the reader of this story for mysteries which he does not meet. The authoress has excited expectations which resolve themselves into crude gold, instead of results attained by the Philosopher's Stone, and the plot could have been managed without a third of the occult lore lavished on its pages. Mr. de Paganel, the owner of the haunted house, is interested in anything but these mysteries, and the ruse by which Sir Christopher Manwood gains admission to the house as a gardener, and manages to checkmate his villainous rival, is worth a dozen pages devoted by the authoress to the task of exciting the reader's horror of the supernatural Dragon which is supposed to guard the secret of the mansion. The love-romance of Sir Christopher and the pretty Melisent is romantically drawn. The authoress has hurried her plot to a rather abrupt ending, but it ends happily; even the middle-aged servant gets her tardy lover, and Mr. de Paganel is paired off with a neighbouring lady. Miss Pendered has got her atmosphere better than her construction. But she has written a pretty piece of romance, and if it is not as eerie as it promises to be, it is decidedly charming.

FLAMSTED QUARRIES.

By Mary E. Waller. 6s. (Melrose.)

Flibbertigibbet and Freckles, Almeda Champney and Aurora Googe, Octavius Buzzby and Milton Caukins—these



Frontispiece from **Essays of Sir William Temple** (*Blackie*).

are but a few of the fascinating folk to be met with in this tale of a New England village. It is a tale which breathes again the charming freshness of the author's "Wood Carver of 'Lympus." Twice the length of the average novel, its literary excellence is immeasurably greater. Flibbertigibbet, or Aileen Armagh, to give her her real name, is the most mischievous, lovable tease of a child imaginable, and so enjoyable is the account of her escapades at a New York orphan asylum that one grudges her the good fortune which sends her to Flamsted to grow up in Almeda's household. Many tangled threads of hate and love, greed and selfishness, revenge and nobility, are unravelled in the course of the story, which tells of the transformation of Flamsted from a quaint little village into a busy up-to-date town by the opening of the great granite quarries. "Just common, downright, aggravatin', lovable men, darlin'," says Freckles to Aileen in a masterly summing-up of husbands, and the description might well apply to the men and women who live so vividly in these pages.

THE RED LETTER LIBRARY.

Essays of Sir William Temple, selected, with an Introduction, by J. A. NICKLIN. **Poems by Alexander Pope,** selected, with an Introduction, by R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON. 1s. 6d. net and 2s. 6d. net each. (Blackie.)

The present age is in one respect more fortunate than any other in its literature; ample opportunities have been set before even the least wealthy class of book-buyers to obtain volumes of the classics which would not disgrace the shelves of any library. Messrs. Blackie's Red Letter Library is, we believe, a highly popular series—and deservedly so, for it embraces many of the best things in English literature, while the volumes are produced in a manner which cannot fail to please. These little books are of a size which will go comfortably into the pocket, and yet are not so small as to look out of place on the library shelf; they are well printed on excellent paper, and are beautifully bound, while each contains a short, but adequate, introduction by a critic of standing. The charming little volumes mentioned above may be taken as typical of the series. We can say no more than that it reflects the utmost credit on Messrs. Blackie.

SEVEN SAGES OF DURHAM.

By G. W. KITCHIN, D.D., F.S.A. 7s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)

The Dean of Durham and Chancellor of Durham University has written a fascinating series of sketches of ecclesiastical worthies all of whom were to a great extent connected with Durham. The "Seven Sages" range from Bishop Richard D'Aungerville, or De Bury, who was Bishop from 1333–45, to Bishop Joseph Butler, the author of the "Analogy," who died in 1752. The other sketches concern Dean Thomas Wilson, Prebendary Peter Smart, Isaac Basire, Dean Denis Granville, and Bishop William Warburton. "No doubt," says the author in his preface, in explanation of the purpose of his book, "my readers will loathe one or other of these seven sleepers of former ages and obsolete ideas. Yet I think they display with emphasis the more important element of breadth that has always characterised the English Church. Harmonise they cannot; yet they form the true picturesqueness of a Church which is not all made up of compromises." The product of a cultured and penetrating mind, the sketches are just such as will appeal to English Churchmen.

From **Seven Sages of Durham** (*Unwin*). DEAN THOMAS WILSON.

DULCE DOMUM.

By C. A. E. Moberly. 10s. 6d. net. (Murray.)

"Dulce Domum" is a compilation made principally from letters written to and by Bishop Moberly, and it concerns itself with the Bishop's own life and that of his family and friends, of whom the most famous was John Keble. Born in 1803, George Moberly was educated at Winchester and Balliol, and, after some time at Oxford as Fellow and Tutor of the latter college, he married, and, in the succeeding year, 1835, he became Headmaster of Winchester, a post which he held until 1866. He was consecrated Bishop of Salisbury in 1869, and died in 1885. His was a long and usefullife, not perhaps very eventful; but "Dulce Domum" is interesting to present-day readers for the pictures it supplies of bygone manners and customs. The compiler,

From **Dulce Domum** (*Murray*).

George Moberly, Headmaster of Winchester College.
(F. Grant, R.A., pinxit; T. L. Atkinson, sculpt.)

who is also Bishop Moberly's daughter, has done her work with tact and skill, and we have no doubt that it will be welcomed by a considerable public.

HISTORICAL VIGNETTES.

By Bernard Capes. 7s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

The main defect of the popular historical writers, if, as many of them seem to claim, they are to be judged as contributors to history and not merely as purveyors of pastime for an idle hour, is not their inaccuracy. They often compile their books with care and pains enough. It is that by making picturesqueness instead of actual importance their standard, they get history out of proportion, which, of course, is more disastrous than the falsification of detail. Of falsification of detail there is no lack in Mr. Bernard Capes's "Historical Vignettes." Many of them, indeed, deal frankly with the supernatural. But, on the one hand, the author never pretends to more than a substratum of history on which to rear his fabrics; and, on the other, while recking little of what actually happened, he has preserved

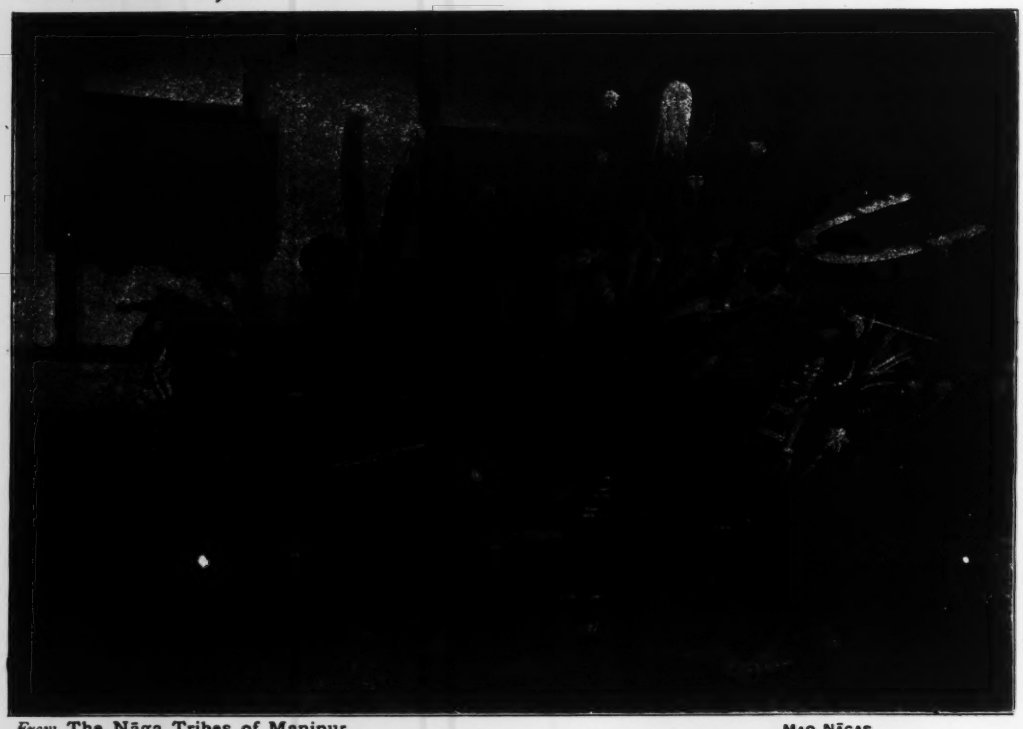
Frontispiece from **Poems by Alexander Pope** (*Blackie*).

a more essential accuracy, or rather truth, by making character his main motive. And of character he is an excellent draughtsman. He has, in fact, created a new genre (though to a certain extent reminiscent of Brantôme or Tallement de Réaux), which is best described as he has described it in his title. His work is altogether on a higher plane, artistically, and, for the reason already given, historically, than that of the pedestrian compilers. But then Mr. Capes is a proven artist. With the exception of Mr. Maurice Hewlett there is probably no writer alive in England to-day who could have done these things so well. Many of these vignettes are gems, reminding one, in their perfect compression and finish, even of Maupassant. The macabre little study entitled "Fouquier-Tinville" is, perhaps, the masterpiece. But there are others almost, if not quite, as good. The "George I.," the "Charles IX.," the "Jane Shore," the "Lady Godiva," "The Executioner of Nantes," "The Queen's Nurse," are all exquisitely done. So, in a lighter vein, are "The King's Champion," "The Lord Treasurer," and "The Duke de Guise." From these titles, only a third of the whole number, it will be seen how wide is Mr. Capes's range. His knowledge, indeed, must be both wide and thorough. No superficial student could have treated his material with such sureness and insight and with such apparent contempt. Obviously Mr. Capes did not read up his subjects for the purpose of making this book. So we may conclude that he knows much more than he has here told us. There are as good fish in the troubled and beautiful seas of history as Mr. Capes has yet taken out; and there seems no reason why we should not give us a second series of historical vignettes as fascinating as the first.

THE NÂGA TRIBES OF MANIPUR.

By T. C. Hodson. 8s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

Mr. T. C. Hodson's work is a monument of industry and accurate arrangement. The title sufficiently explains the



From **The Nāga Tribes of Manipur** (*Macmillan*).

MAO NĀGAS.
(From a photograph by E. J. Mitchell, Esq., P.W.D.)

author's purpose, which is to give as complete an account as possible of the natives who inhabit the greater part of the State of Manipur, which is situate in south-eastern Assam and upon the borders of Upper Burma. The Nāga tribes are hill people and are still in a comparatively primitive state of civilisation. Mr. Hodson's book is divided into sections and sub-sections which admit of easy reference, while their subjects cover every aspect of the domestic and social life, religion, and so forth of the Nāga tribes. It is an exceedingly interesting and valuable contribution to the science of anthropology, but perhaps it is not entirely a book for the general reader, although the author has a pleasantly dry sense of humour, as the following anecdote bears witness :

"On one occasion a Tangkhul belonging to the village of Hundung purchased a shell from a Kabul sweeper attached to the regiment in Manipur, and took it to the village blacksmith. This sensible fellow at first refused to have anything to do with it as he feared there was something uncanny about it. There was a lengthy debate which terminated when the owner of the shell offered a proof of his confidence in his property by putting the shell in the fire. As it happened that the shell was a live one, the discussion was adjourned until we could take official part in it. Curiously enough, of the five people who were sitting round the fire when the shell burst, only two were injured, and they both recovered from the slight wounds they received. The Tangkhul who bought the shell was fined by the village for his rash and negligent conduct in bringing dangerous substances into the village precincts. For the present this source of supply may be regarded as closed."

SEVENTEEN YEARS AMONG THE SEA DYAKS OF BORNEO.

By EDWIN H. GOMES. 16s. net. (Seeley.)

The Sea Dyak is at least the most notorious inhabitant of Borneo. He has a reputation for treachery, headhunting, and general bloodthirstiness—a reputation which as yet he has hardly had time to live down. Mr. Gomes, however, has lived seventeen years among the Dyaks as a missionary, and he may therefore lay claim to special knowledge. He has found that the Dyak is by no means faultless, and that he possesses many attractive virtues. As a matter of fact, there are very few reliable accounts of this curious people in existence. Mr. Gomes has gone far towards remedying this defect. The purpose of his book is to give, within manageable compass, a complete account of the ordinary, everyday life of the Dyak, his customs, religious beliefs, traditions, and folk-lore; and in this purpose the author has been completely successful.

From **Seventeen Years among the Sea Dyaks of Borneo** (*Seeley*).

A DYAK GIRL DRESSED IN ALL HER FINERY TO ATTEND A FEAST.

The Rev. John Perham, who was formerly Archdeacon of Singapore, in a brief, but pleasant, introduction vouches for the accuracy of Mr. Gomes's detail; the book is plentifully illustrated, well written, and in every way it makes exceedingly interesting reading.

From **An Unknown People in an Unknown Land** (*Seeley*)

INDIAN STALKER, DISGUISED AS A CLUMP OF FOLIAGE.

AN UNKNOWN PEOPLE IN AN UNKNOWN LAND.

By W. BARBROOKE GRUBB. 16s. net. (Seeley.)

"Barbrooke Grubb may be a name little known at home," says Mr. H. T. Morrey Jones in his introduction to the book which he has edited so unobtrusively and so well "but in South America he is recognised as the greatest living authority on the Indians of the Chaco." The Chaco is that plain country—largely unexplored—which forms a large amount of the north-west of Argentina and covers practically the whole of the western half of Paraguay. It is inhabited only by wandering tribes, hostile to the newcomer and especially to the white man, living in a state not far removed from utter savagery. It was among these people that Mr. Grubb volunteered to go as a missionary and it is the story of his adventures that he tells in this most fascinating volume. He gives, besides, a very full account of the manners and customs of the Lengua Indians (with whom he has chiefly associated) which is of the greatest interest. It is satisfactory to know that Mr. Grubb's methods have been wonderfully successful, and we would draw attention to the fact that "the author's profits from the sale of this volume will be devoted to the support of the Society's Mission." The book has sixty excellent illustrations and a map.

FROM HAUSALAND TO EGYPT THROUGH THE SUDAN.

By H. KARL W. KUMM, Ph.D. 16s. net. (Constable.)

In the autumn of 1908 Dr. Karl Kumm set out on an expedition through Nigeria, his principal object being to establish a Freed Slaves Home at Rumasha. Having accomplished this mission he continued his travels and passed through Central Soudan to Khartoum. He gives a vivid and picturesque account of his journey, and some admirable description of the country through which he passed, and the native tribes among which he sojourned. He utters some grave warnings of what he foresees will be the result of the spread of Mohammedanism in Africa and considers that the policy of the British Government in the Sudan is largely responsible for the growth of Mohammedan influence among the pagan tribes. His statement of that condition of things and the opinions he has formed on it are charged with weighty significance. Incidentally he had his share of big-game hunting and experienced some very difficult travelling and occasional dangers. This is an ably written and valuable work on a perennially interesting country that has been much visited and written about but is still comparatively little known. There are nearly a hundred illustrations and some excellent maps and plans.

HENRI II.: HIS COURT AND TIMES.

By H. NOEL WILLIAMS. 15s. net. (Methuen.)

Saulx-Tavannes, quoted by Mr. Williams, summed up Henri II.'s character with much accuracy when he described that sovereign as "*de nature plus corporelle que spirituelle.*" He was, indeed, no saint, and his marriage with Catherine de Médicis was almost foredoomed to failure. At the same time, one possessed of the physical courage of Henri, and his generally kindly consideration of his people, could not be an entirely bad king. Henri was not. In fact, as the kings of France go, he was up to—and even a little above—the average; while in many respects he compares more than favourably with his father, François I. Probably he is most celebrated for his liaison with Diane de Poitiers, a woman twenty years his senior, his cruel persecution of the Huguenots, and the unfortunate manner of his death. The story of his reign, and that of his father, well repays study, and it has an added interest to English and Scottish readers in that Mary Queen of Scots passed a great part of her early life at Henri's court. Mr. Noel Williams has compiled a most scholarly and interesting volume from material which is not in itself altogether promising, but which at least affords to the author an excellent opportunity for displaying to advantage his powers as biographer and writer of popular history. The book is well produced, and it contains a most elaborate and careful index.

From **From Hausaland to Egypt** (*Constable*).

SULTAN SINUSSI OF NDELE.

ESMOND.
THE ENGLISH HUMORISTS and THE FOUR GEORGES.

Vols. X. and XI. of the Centenary Biographical Edition of Thackeray's Works. With Biographical Introductions by his daughter, Lady RITCHIE. 6s. net each. (Smith, Elder.)

"One evening at Thackeray's house," Sir George Russell is quoted as saying, in Lady Russell's 'Swallowfield and its Owners,' "about two years before his death, when I was talking with him and his daughters, I said, 'Tell me, Thackeray, which is your own favourite among your works?' He answered, 'Tell me first which is yours.' I replied, 'The Newcomes.' Miss Thackeray expressed her preference for 'Pendennis,' and her sister, I think, shared this opinion. Thackeray, after a pause, said with emphasis—I give his very words—'Well, I should like to stand or fall by "Esmond."'" The passage is given by Lady Ritchie in her biographical introduction to "Esmond," which is one of the two new volumes that Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. have just added to their Centenary Edition of Thackeray's works. The general opinion now is probably with Thackeray. "Vanity Fair," and perhaps "Pendennis," are more popular, there are scenes and passages in both of them as great as anything in "Esmond," but, on the whole, as a piece of art "Esmond" is the supreme work of Thackeray's genius. In her preface, by means of his letters to his mother and daughter and friends, joined to her personal recollections, Lady Ritchie pictures Thackeray's everyday life during the time when he was engrossed in writing this greatest of his books. It is an intimate picture, in which one has glimpses of him at work in his study, or going about among his friends, or sitting to write these unaffected, wonderfully self-revealing letters, in which, between references to all manner of things of the hour, he tells of the progress of his novel, of how he is now pleased with it, now rather in despair about it, now working upon it strenuously and with difficulty, now finding his difficulties melting away and the story living and running easily. Nothing in the biographical kind could be more interesting, or could give a fuller idea of the man in his habit as he lived. To read the series of prefaces to these volumes is to get to know Thackeray from his childhood onward, as closely as we know almost any man in literary history, more closely than we know most of whom formal biographies have been written; and it is a knowledge it is good to have, for the better you know him, in his simplicity, his homeliness, his industry, his indomitable courage and humour, the higher you place him in your regard and in your admiration. The other new volume contains "The Four Georges," "The English Humorists," and the lecture on "Charity and Humour" that was delivered in New York in 1852. Each of these volumes contains a portrait of Thackeray, one hitherto unpublished, a large number of illustrations by Du Maurier, Fred Barnard, and Frank Dicksee, and some old and several new drawings by Thackeray himself.

From **A Saga of the "Sunbeam"** (*Longmans*).

LORD BRASSEY AT THE HELM.

A SAGA OF THE "SUNBEAM."

By HORACE G. HUTCHINSON. 6s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

"This is a Saga of the *Sunbeam*," says Mr. Hutchinson, "but it is not one of those great Sagas of the *Sunbeam* which everybody knows and which were written many years ago, nor does it compare with them—for one thing because the golden days of the Saga are past, for another because the present teller is not worthy, and for a third because the sailing, though a notable navigation, was not world-compassing like the first and best of those other and earlier." The *Sunbeam*, "as everybody knows"—or ought to know—is Lord Brassey's sailing yacht of 550 tons, with auxiliary steam, and it was she who made the trip round the world celebrated in Lady Brassey's "A Voyage in the *Sunbeam*," a book which has long been a classic of its kind. The voyage of which Mr. Hutchinson writes was from Dover, *viâ* Wick and Iceland, to Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, and thence to Quebec and Montreal, returning by the Labrador coast to Waterford, and, again, to Dover. Although performed under conditions which were, upon the whole, favourable, a trans-oceanic voyage is a considerable achievement for a yacht of the size of the *Sunbeam*, and nobody should object to the modest boast of Mr. Hutchinson's title. The story of the adventure, pleasantly told by the author, makes very good reading, and the book is illustrated by a dozen excellent photographs.

FERDINAND LASSALLE.

By GEORGE BRANDES. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

Whatever may have been the case in less prolific days, publication of a book on any given subject in this age of multitudinous literature does not necessarily imply that that subject is, at the moment, peculiarly prominent. But when two or more books on an identical theme are simultaneously issued either the event is warranted by the state of the public mind or there is a conspiracy afoot among those autocratic people, the publishers, to create interest in the theme in question. Whether the demand for information about the career of Ferdinand Lassalle has created the supply or the supply the demand, the issue, first of a translation of Hélène von Racowitza's memoirs and secondly of Dr. Brandes' monograph, is calculated to revive interest in an extremely interesting personality. A great novelist has given Lassalle pseudonymous immortality, but the man whom Heine called the Messiah of the nineteenth century and to whom Bismarck paid a public tribute of enthusiastic eulogy certainly deserves to be remembered for his own sake. From the moment when at the age of twenty Lassalle broke off his researches in the philosophy of Heraclitus the Obscure to champion the unfortunate Countess von Hatzfeldt until the duel which brought his career to an untimely close, his life—a strenuous game—was played out in public. To a splendid intellect, he added great oratorical ability; to a deep and burning hatred of oppression, an iron will. His personal charm must have been wonderful, and for years his house in Berlin was the rallying-ground of wit and culture. As a Socialist he stands alone. Though confessedly a revolutionary and an advocate of force,

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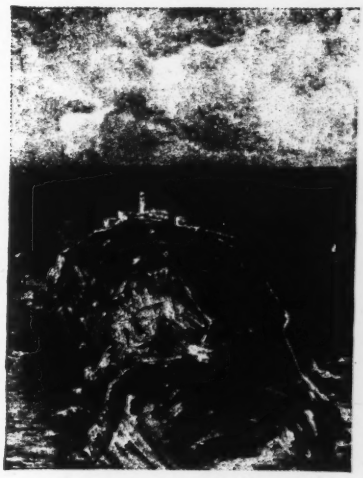

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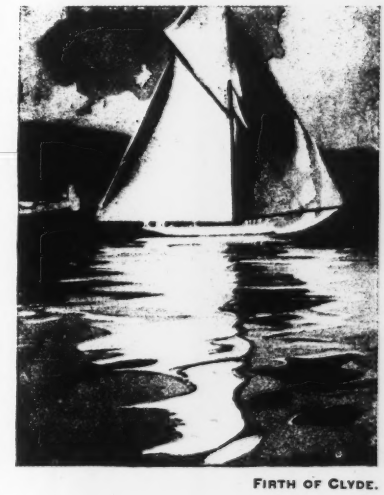

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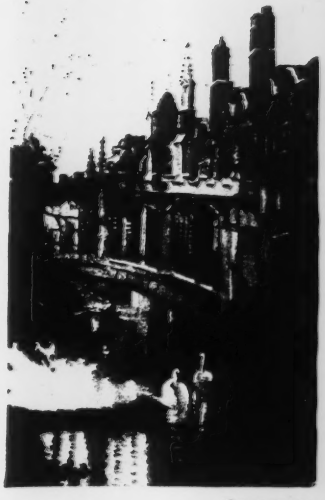

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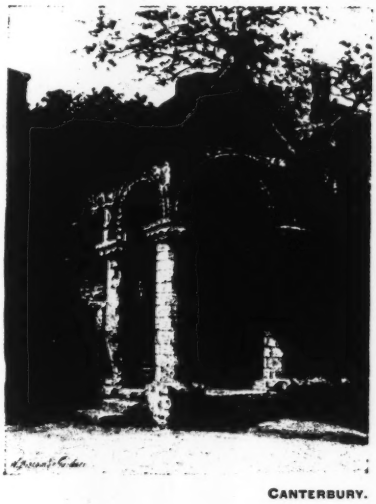

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From **Mediterranean Moods** (*Grant Richards*). PEASANTS OF BARBAGIA.

he had little sympathy with the subversive Utopianism of his contemporary Marx. Nor, though its forerunner, is his creed to be identified with modern State socialism. For Lassalle was never an internationalist. He dreamed of a united Germany, and so found himself in sympathy with the Iron Chancellor. Dr. Brandes has made excellent use of the opportunity which such a character offered him. His study was written thirty years ago, but its reissue needs no apology, for it has not been superseded, nor is there any reason why it should be. Not only does it contain an adequate account of the agitator's life, but also a very useful analysis—both sympathetic and critical—of his writings and his spoken word.

From **Oriental Cairo** (*Hurst & Blackett*). THE SÛK-EN-NAHASSIN.

EIRE:

and Other Poems. By ROBIN FLOWER. 1s. net. (Locke Ellis.)

To become articulate was always the poet's cry. In past times poets might have been divided into two classes: those who sang, and those who heard with the discerning ear and judged with intelligent approbation the musics that they heard. It must be confessed (however sadly confessed) that the true inner music of poetry and the secret rapture of the poet seldom reached the larger public attention. A right understanding of this implies the understanding of much else. The distinction was between the poet who was the Discoverer, and the poet who was the Rejoicer. The problem of the present day is that both Discoverer and Rejoicer have become articulate, and in this way the distinction between them has become confused. It is no necessary disparagement to Mr. Robin Flower to say that he belongs to the latter class. He has discovered us no new latent poetry in the universe, nor is his a pioneer soul in the fields of song; but he has sung us exquisitely well the poetry that comes natively to the soul that has rescued itself from the deadening influence of circumstance. Nor is this a light thing to say. He is the rejoicer become articulate. His articulation is too apt sometimes to become sing-song, and this is particularly to be noticed in his songs of Eire. Their lilt wears to a monotony; and in them, as in his lyrics, despite their charm, it is too easy to read on without knowing what one is reading. He is at his best in the earlier passages of "The Bacchante," as for example:

> "For look! I drink, and time is nought to me,
> I reel with joy as yond sky reels with day,
> Swayed by no less a god, no god of thine,
> But mine, my god, and I his thing, his slave,
> Stricken to rapture, as one strikes a lyre
> And wakes the madness sleeping in its strings.
> Lo! shall such strings respond to touch of man,
> That once have thrilled to mightier harmonies
> Swept by the fingers of a passionate god?"

This, with the Sonnets, gives us the best of him.

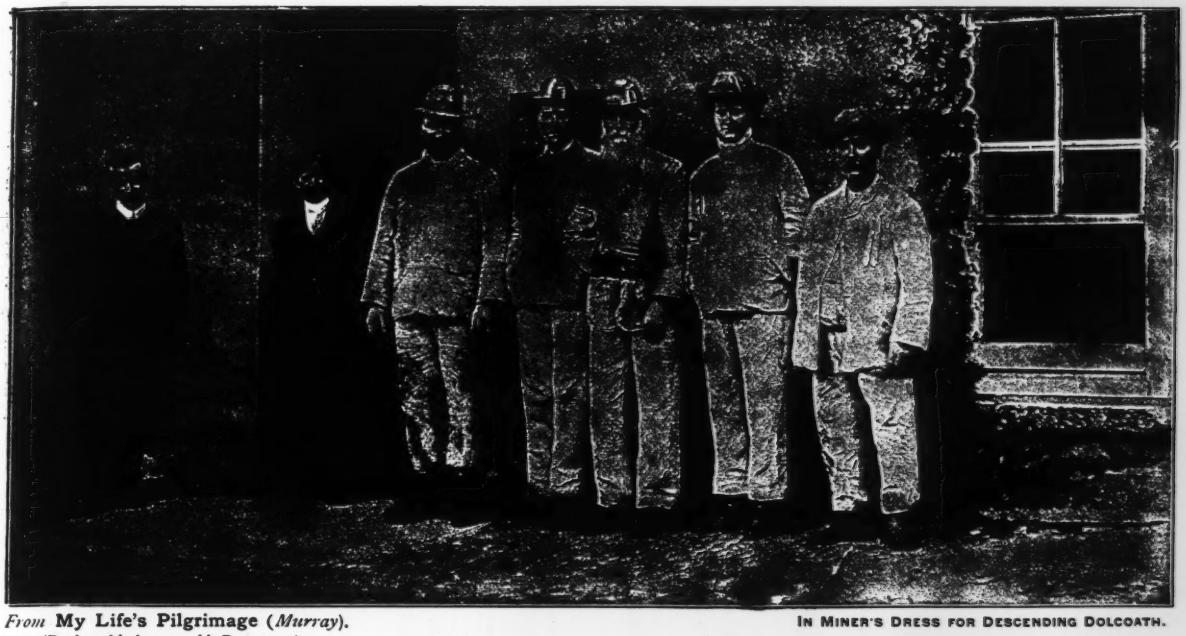
MUSIC-DRAMA OF THE FUTURE.

By RUTLAND BOUGHTON and REGINALD BUCKLEY. 2s. net. (Reeves.)

Like the twin gases in a blow-pipe, two brains appear to have impinged one upon another, and, following a certain remembered recipe, "all that is fusible" of the ancient legend of "Uther and Igraine" has been

> "Melted all down in a pipkin or crucible,"

and this book is the residuum—or part of it. Both Messrs. Rutland Boughton and Reginald R. Buckley contribute copious notes on the progress of the experiment. But Mr. Boughton, who will compose the music of the music-drama of the future, parades, as chief alchemist, "a half-taste of a work which achieves what Wagner failed thoroughly to achieve. . . . Those who have ears to hear the poetry and the inevitable music of 'Uther and Igraine' can skip this essay, . . . but the greater part of the artistic section of the community must always go to school, and will be better advised to learn now from us what the work is, than to decide for themselves what it



From **My Life's Pilgrimage** (*Murray*).
(Reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.)

IN MINER'S DRESS FOR DESCENDING DOLCOATH.

is not, and so make themselves a laughing-stock for all who come after." This engaging spirit of infallible youth pervades the pages which follow, pages in which a very foam of words is tossed to heaven as the writer girds at accepted principles and achievements. Indeed he shows a greater disposition to usurp this function than logically to proceed with his argument. It is the dramatist's business to study the technique of his art, for without such study it is unlikely that even if he has ideas capable of moving millions he will be able to present them in a moving manner. So we are interested to know that the authors have devoted much of their valuable time to the necessary process, if we care little to read profuse autobiographical details of how they came to do so. Thus we are interested to know that there is a distinction between "opera" and "music-drama," that "opera belongs to the lowest order and music-drama to the highest," if we care little to read Mr. Boughton's personal estimate of Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande." When all has been read, when we have followed the comparison of Æschylus with Wagner, Euripides with Ibsen, Aristophanes with Shaw and (presumably) Sophocles with the present authors, it becomes clear that they propose to carry the form of opera — we should say music-drama — a step forward by the employment (in addition to the characters on the stage and the orchestra) of an "orchestral chorus" to "comment, elucidate, point the climaxes and express that mighty spirit which can only be found in the mass of humanity." This innovation has the sanction of centuries behind it, for it is derived from the chorus of Greek drama, and, to single out an instance, a similar device is embodied in the chorales of Bach's Passion-Music. The reasons given for its resurrection are not very convincing. It is very likely that the mere presence of such a body would be resented as an interpolation by the hearer. It is bound to add largely to the already abundant practical difficulties of performance. And it may very fairly be argued that a theme requiring elucidation and comment and to have its climaxes pointed, by yet other means besides the music, is scarcely a suitable one to form the ground of a music-drama. Speaking without having seen the music and without the enlightenment of a performance under the conditions imagined by the authors, "Uther and Igraine" stands as the narrative of a lustful episode, told in neat blank verse, which the archaic magic of Merlin fails either to refine or to make convincing in this twentieth century.

From **John Viriamu Jones** (*Longmans*).

STANDING COMMITTEE OF OXFORD UNION IN 1879.
E. B. POULTON, PRESIDENT, SITTING IN THE CENTRE.

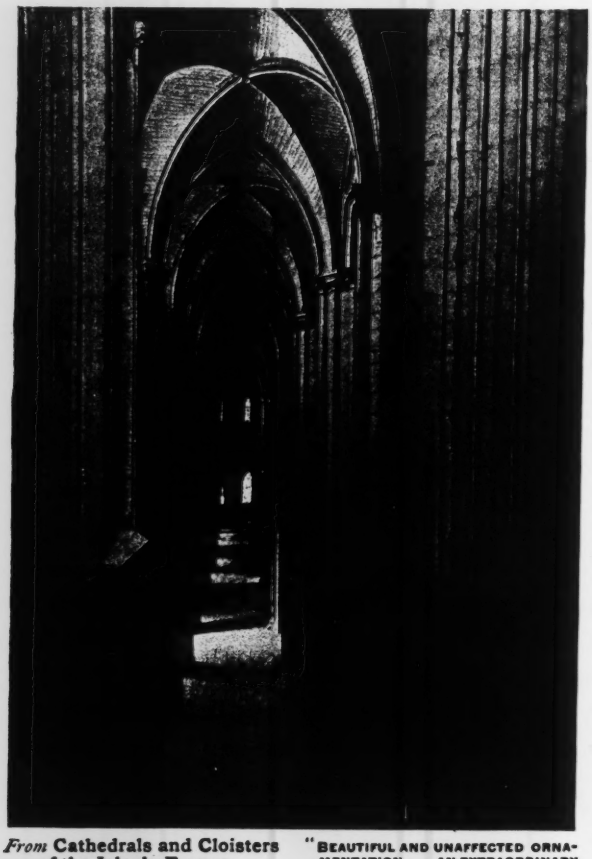
From **Forgotten Shrines.**
(*Macdonald & Evans*).

NORBURY CHURCH FROM THE EAST.
(Photo by James Watts.)

JOHN VIRIAMU JONES,

and Other Oxford Memories. By EDWARD BAGNALL POULTON, Hope Professor of Zoology. With 5 Illustrations. 8s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

Professor Poulton, who is well known outside Oxford for his work in connection with protective colour in animals and other issues of Darwinism, has deserved well of his Alma Mater for committing to something more durable than memory a few sympathetic remembrances of the thrill and flush of his early friendships. E. B. Poulton himself was at Jesus. His friend Viriamu Jones, contrariwise, as Spencer would say, was at Balliol. It is a beautiful thing to discover the friendships of young men in this reverent way — friend sharpening the countenance of friend, the discussion of every subject in the earth and out of it, the life of the Union and of college clubs of every kind taken seriously, the disappointments endured, the triumphs won—this is the discipline, the influence of mind upon mind that moulds and models a University man of the old pattern, in spite of dons and classes, in spite of the still more withering blight and sterilising sway of the examination system. Mr. Poulton seems intuitively, after so many years, to understand the part played by college talks, and literary papers, and long walks together to track out Giles Gosling of Cumnor, to drink cider cup at Godstow, or to identify the "signal elm" of Thyrsis. Mr. Poulton reconstructs a phase of the old life in a way we should have thought impossible, so strongly does it evoke old memories, so sharp is the percussion upon the lost chords of memory. He does this by reconstituting a Union debate as it happened Thursday after Thursday in term time in the 'seventies and 'eighties: those good old debates on Disestablishment and the Bulgarian Atrocities. The crowd of members always standing about the stove; the frequent plaint of the President, "I must request all Hon. Members who *can* find seats to do so"; the little incidents which attract all eyes to the gallery; the occasional interruptions to debate such as that upon a famous occasion when the mover's name was thrice vainly called by the President, whereupon a half-stifled voice was heard from a dark corner giving the sharp, sufficient explanation—"Gated"; the rare flash of wit as when a member, called to order for referring to another as "the noble lord," immediately begged to "withdraw



From **Cathedrals and Cloisters of the Isle de France.**
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MADAME ROLAND.
(From an engraving by M. F. Dien.)
From **Life of Madame Roland**
(*Hutchinson*).

the obnoxious epithet"—all these little incidents live again in these pages with a startling vividness and reality. As in all those scenes over which the successive generations of the sons of men flit and play, the sense of transience is quickened here. A sense of sadness hovers. How intensely eager were the actors then. To-day they are just as eager. How they contend for the prizes of the debate and of the society. How gloomy and cast-down by a short spring or a failure. Mr. Poulton evidently has the single eye; his book is simple, unpretentious in its aim, but it reveals a "memory" which will undoubtedly endear its possessor to many readers and to many friends.

FORGOTTEN SHRINES.

By Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B., B.A. 25s. net. (Macdonald & Evans.)

To quote the title-page, "Forgotten Shrines" is "an account of some old Catholic halls and families in England and of relics and memorials of the English Martyrs." It will at once be seen that it is a book which appeals primarily to readers of the Catholic religion, but large portions of it are also unquestionably of much general interest. Dom Bede Camm is a writer of great industry (the ancient MSS. and authorities which have been collated for the production of this book prove so much) and he is fortunate in being possessed of an effective and sympathetic style of narration. Some eighteen stories of the English Martyrs are brought together within the pages of this handsome volume, which, tragic and vividly told as it is, should be read by all broad-minded Christians, for it is typical of the devotion and courage which the Catholic Church has always inspired in the hearts of its children. Although "Forgotten Shrines" may at first blush seem an expensive book, it is in reality exceedingly good value. It is very fully illustrated with an abundance of interesting and well-reproduced photographs, while there are in addition several clever drawings by Mr. Joseph Pike to which the author justifiably calls special attention. The press-work has also been very carefully and painstakingly performed and the production of the volume reflects the greatest credit upon both the printers and Messrs. Macdonald & Evans.

Mgr. Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans.
From **Men and Things of My Time**
(*Chatto & Windus*).

From **Brahms**
(*Methuen*).

Johannes Brahms, æt. 20.

CATHEDRALS AND CLOISTERS OF THE ISLE DE FRANCE.

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These exceptionally beautiful volumes form, you will find, an ideal gift for any friend who is interested in architecture. Miss Rose has approached the magnificent Gothic which characterises the cathedral architecture of the Isle of France in the proper spirit of appreciation. But not only does she possess a deep critical knowledge, she has studied to excellent effect the history of each separate cathedral with which she deals, and she is fortunately able to impart a vast amount of information in an effective and pleasing style. The volumes are extraordinarily well illustrated with about two hundred and fifty photographs by Miss Vida Hunt Francis, which form a series the equal of which we have never seen.

LIFE OF MADAME ROLAND.

By I. A. Taylor. 12s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

Miss Taylor's excellent biography of Madame Roland deserves a wide success. She does not pretend to any great originality and has made no discoveries of new material, but at the same time she writes with a freshness and ease which should give her "life" a high place among present-day popular biography. "The most prominent feminine figure of the French Revolution, the representative and embodiment of the spirit by which its purest and most disinterested adherents were animated," Madame Roland's life was "short, strenuous, and tragic." She perished on the guillotine during the revolution which she had so ardently assisted in fostering. No perfect woman, she was yet lovable, sincere, and honest, and her life-story

is one of the most remarkable of those whose names the French Revolution has handed down to everlasting fame or ignominy. Miss Taylor writes well and easily, and her study of her heroine is thoughtful and suggestive. The book has several excellent illustrations.

BRAHMS.

By J. A. FULLER-MAITLAND. 7s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

The life of Johannes Brahms was interesting, not so much because of any memorable events that occurred in it, as because the man himself was a profoundly interesting personality and moved in circles that were largely made up of men of his own profession who were as great or greater than himself. Mr. Fuller-Maitland deftly narrates the comparatively few outstanding events in Brahms's career, and goes very fully into the story of his relations with contemporary musicians and traces the rise and steady progress of his influence in the musical worlds of Germany and England. A large collection of the composer's letters were published recently, and these are full of sidelights on his own life and the musical life of his time, and from this source Mr. Fuller-Maitland has drawn much valuable material and woven it skilfully into his narrative. He has also made a special study and detailed analysis of each of Brahms's compositions, and discusses them with that knowledge and lucidity and mastery of technique that have made him one of the first and most popular of musical critics. The portrait of Brahms that we reproduce is from a pencil drawing done from life in 1855 by J. J. B. Laurens.

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From **Across the Roof of the World** (*Constable*).

ACROSS THE ROOF OF THE WORLD.

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"Travel is conquest" is the Arab proverb on the title-page of this record of a journey such as we believe has never before been undertaken, and it is certainly a record of conquest in more senses than one. Starting from Lansdowne in the district of Garwhal, Northern India, Mr. Etherton's expedition passed through Kashmir, Gilgit, Hunza, and over the Pamirs (the Roof of the World) through Chinese Tartary, Mongolia, and Siberia to Novo Nicholaevsk, a station on the Trans-Siberian Railway some 120 miles to the west of Tomsk, thus completing a route of nearly four thousand miles. Many of the regions through which the expedition passed are entirely, or almost entirely, unexplored, and Mr. Etherton's manly and straightforward account of the difficulties which beset him in one of the most inhospitable regions in the world makes reading of the kind which must be appreciated by all who enjoy the truthful and unembellished stories of great adventurers. The author has illustrated his book very fully with a series of excellent photographs.

From **The Big Game of Africa** (*Appleton*).

THE LIONESS WHICH ALMOST KILLED THE AUTHOR. SHOT ON THE SOTIK, 1909.
(Photograph by R. Tjader.)

THE BIG GAME OF AFRICA.

By RICHARD TJADER. 12s. 6d. net. (Appleton.)

Mr. Richard Tjader's "Big Game of Africa" is a good deal more than the average sporting book. There is, of course, the usual record of important "kills" and hairbreadth escapes, all very briskly and pleasantly done, but the book purports also to be a sort of handbook upon its subject. Mr. Tjader's intention has been to give the reader something more than a bare record of his adventures and experiences; he wants to give him a guide to big-game shooting. And he has done it. Not only are there a number of useful travel hints and "tips" upon the selection of an outfit, the sportsman's armoury, etc., but there is a fifty-page appendix devoted to the Ki-Swahili language, which is the most widely spoken tongue in the sporting districts of British and German East Africa — the most important hunting districts in the world. This appendix is thoroughly practical; it supplies the reader with a series of lessons in the language, its conjugations, a most useful vocabulary, and a number of exercises skilfully graduated in difficulty. We have no doubt that this alone will make the book a *sine qua non* for the intending sportsman, while the general reader will find over three hundred pages of "story," which are racily and pleasantly written. The value of the book is even further enhanced by a fine series of photographs, all of which are excellently reproduced and many of which must have called for a good deal of pluck in their taking.

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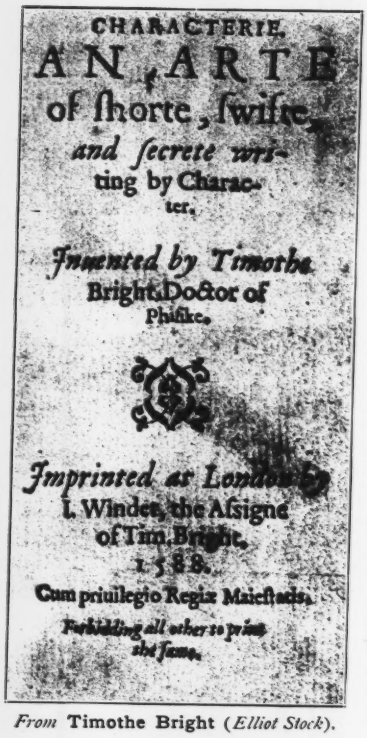
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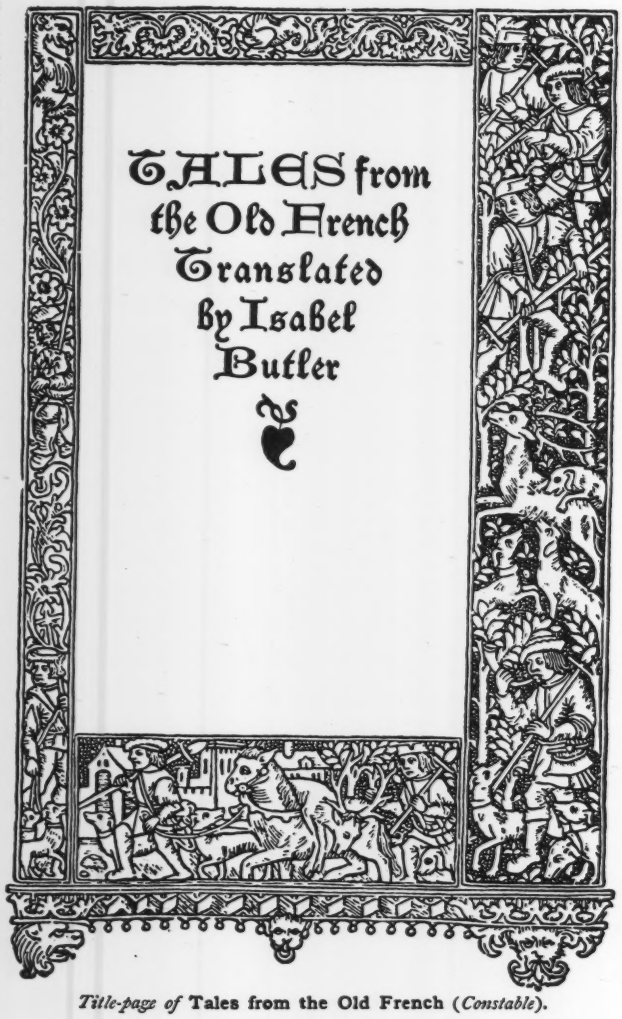
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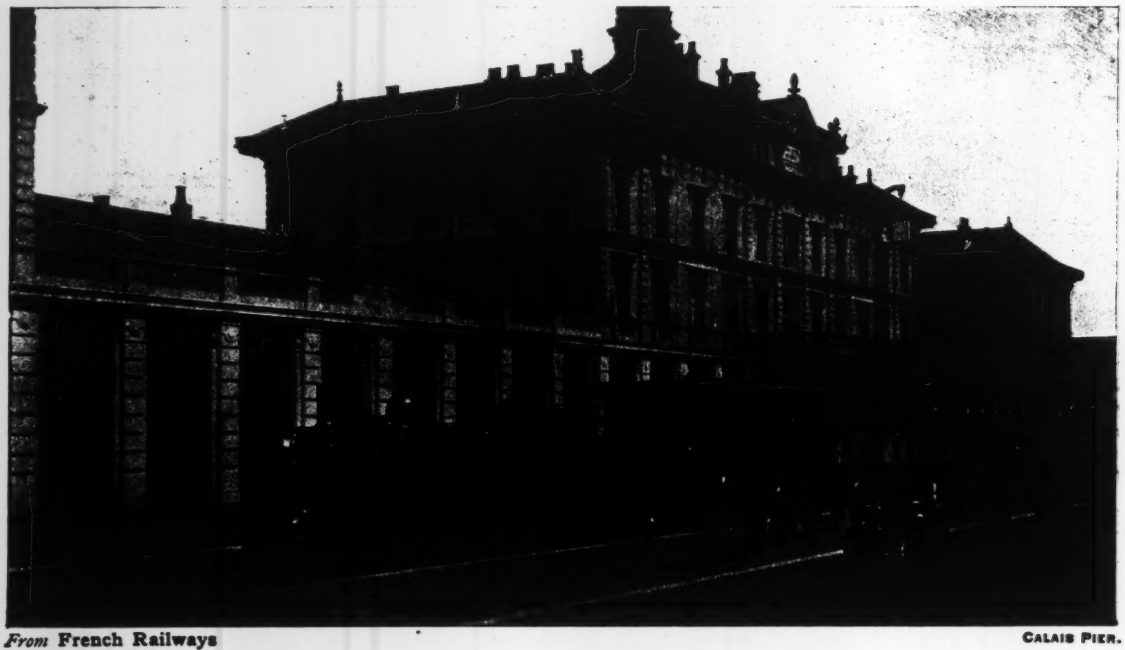

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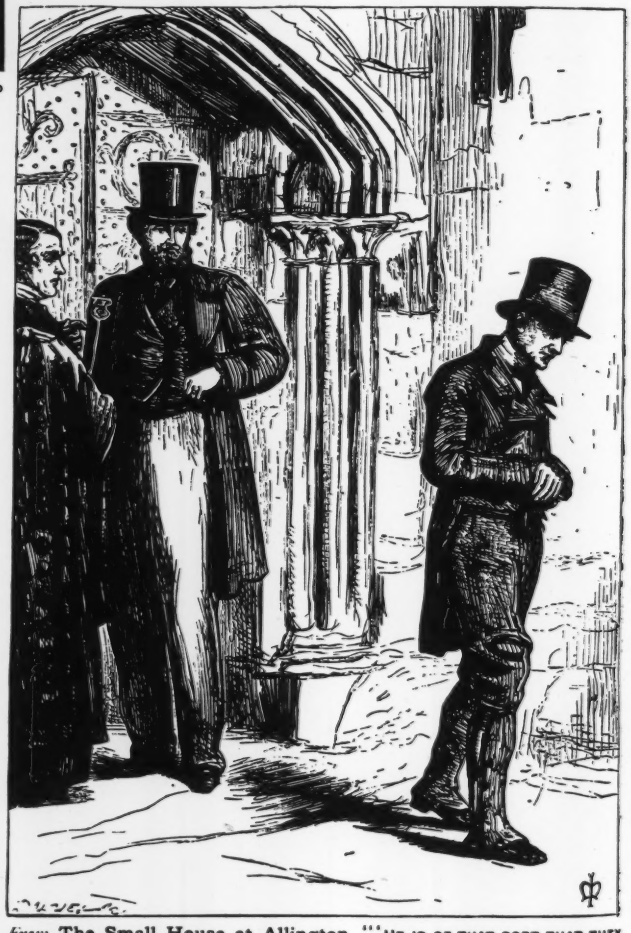

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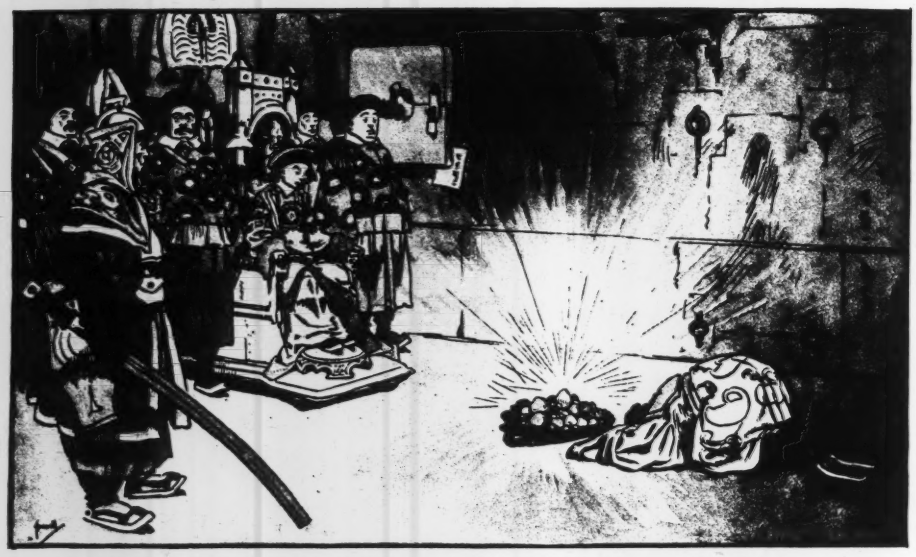

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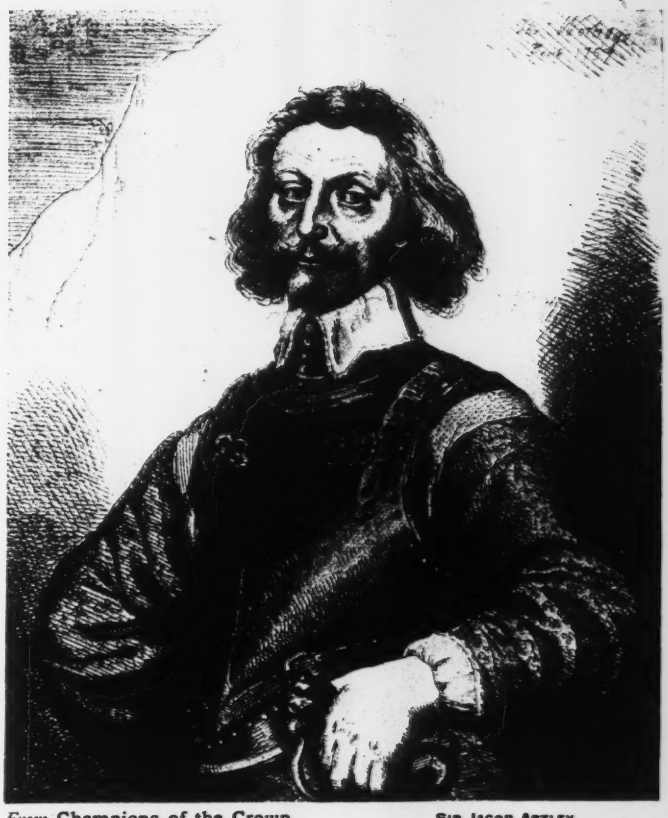

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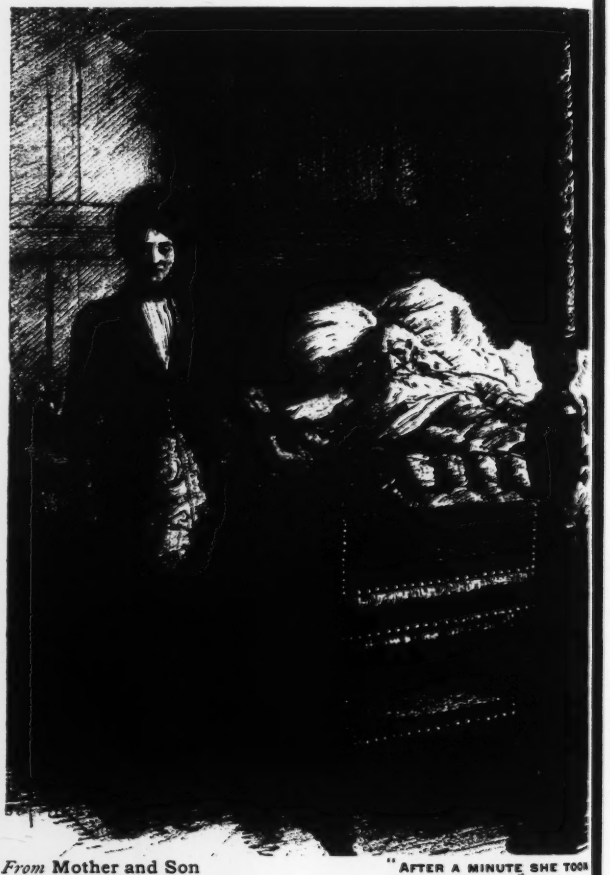

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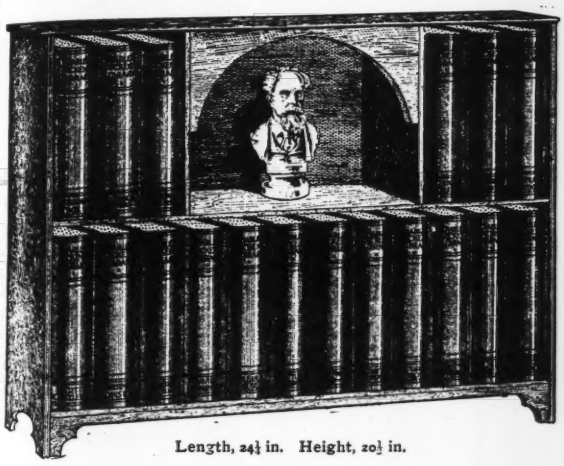

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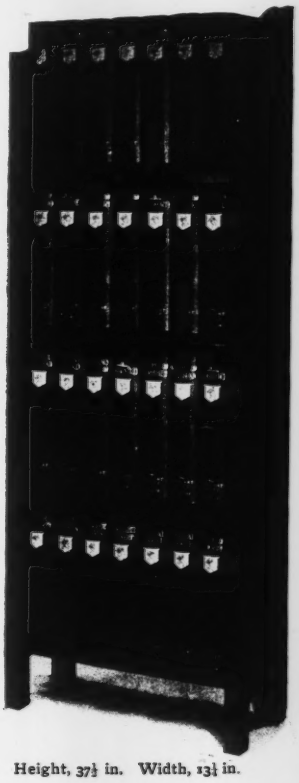

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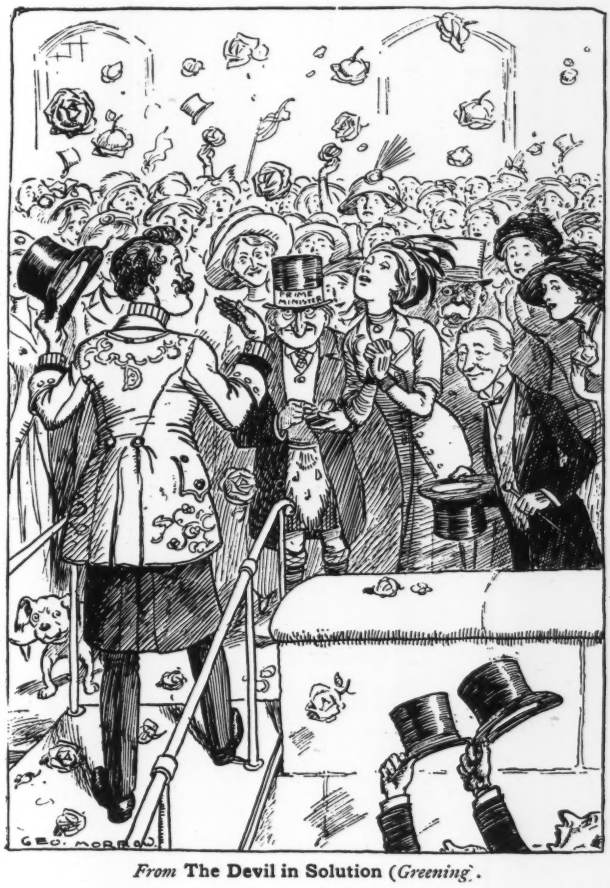

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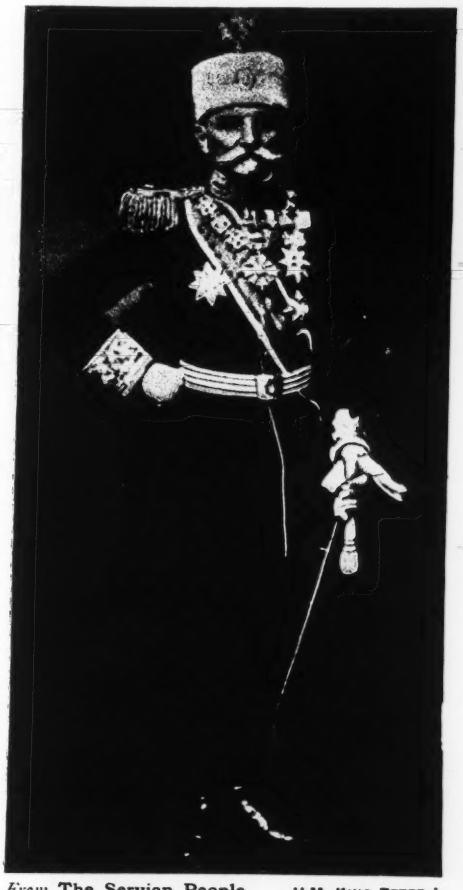
By Tom Gallon. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

"Dead Man's Love" is easily as thrilling a story as any that Mr. Tom Gallon has ever written. Perhaps it may be almost absurdly improbable, but—once he has "got into" the book—the reader recks not of that. If we endeavour to tell the main incidents of the plot in a very brief manner, it must be understood that the book has an excitement on pretty well every page, at which it is impossible even to hint. Norton Hyde escapes from prison, where he has been unjustly undergoing a sentence of ten years, and after some complications he exchanges clothes with a man who has hanged himself. The dead man is buried as the escaped convict—surely a sufficiently remarkable occurrence in itself to justify the epithet improbable—and Hyde then begins a new life



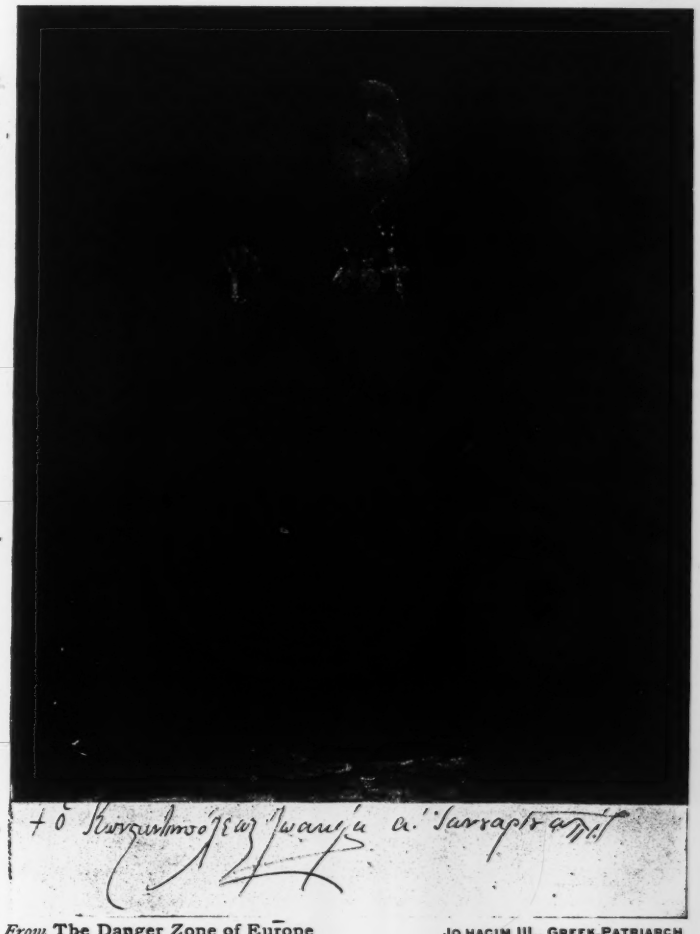
From The Servian People (*Laurie*). H.M. King Peter I. of Servia.

under the appropriate name of John New. But he has had an accomplice—Dr. Bardolph Just—who has a beautiful ward, Delora, with whom Hyde (or New) falls very deeply and speedily in love. Now Dr. Just is an unscrupulous scoundrel, Delora is an heiress, and her guardian wants her money very badly. Here there are of course complications—it's a very pretty situation when you think of it—and this is where we will leave the plot. We have little doubt that Mr. Gallon will win the success with this book which it deserves. We have seldom read a brisker or more exciting tale.

A KINGDOM OF DREAMS.

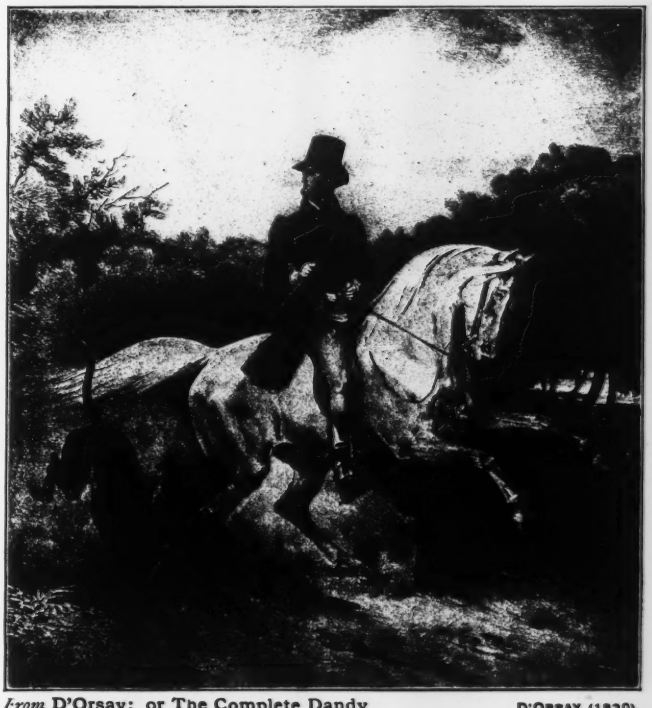
By J. J. Bell. 6s. (Cassell.)

Mr. Bell's latest adventure in fiction takes the



From The Danger Zone of Europe (*Unwin*). Jo Hacim III., Greek Patriarch of Constantinople.

form of what can only be styled a novel of sensation—but very good sensation. Anthony Keith is rescued at the prison gates by Godley Grant, a rich man, who takes him to his house on the Scottish coast. Here Keith is very well treated, and he comes to regard Grant almost in the light of a father. Now Grant has a bee in his bonnet—the dream-kingdom of the title—the idea of founding a model



From D'Orsay; or The Complete Dandy (*Long*). D'Orsay (1830).

From **Dead Man's Love**
(*Ward, Lock*).

"IN A VERY FURY OF PASSION SHE SUDDENLY DROPPED HER HAND UPON IT, AND CAUGHT IT UP"

From **The Unknown Lady**
(*Ward, Lock*).

"THEY WERE STILL STANDING THERE IN THE OPEN DOOR, HENRY WITH THE CANDLE IN ITS GLASS GLOBE HELD UP OVER HIS HEAD AND NAILA BESIDE HIM."

From **A Kingdom of Dreams**
(*Cassell*).

"SYBIL CAUGHT AT HIS ARM. 'NO!' SHE SCREAMED. 'NO! YOU MUST NOT!'"

From **The Green Cloak**
(*Sidgwick & Jackson*).

"'I KNOW WHERE SHE'S GOING,' HE SAID."

From **The Money-Spider** (*Cassell*). "FOR A SECOND THE PAIR STARED INTO ONE ANOTHER'S EYES THERE WAS DEFIANCE, EVEN HATRED, IN THE GLANCE OF BOTH OF THEM"

colony in Central Africa, where money will not be needed and will accordingly never be used, and where the hen which has laid its last egg shall be pensioned until life becomes a burden to her, when it will be taken from her painlessly, and she will be decently cremated! Also—we don't want to give the plot away too completely—there is a good deal about a certain inheritance of £1,000,000, with which Keith is closely connected. Then there is a most charming heroine, a strong and well-knit plot, and some excellent examples of how well Mr. Bell understands the art of characterisation. The whole constitutes a story which is as good as any that the author has ever written.

THE UNKNOWN LADY.

By JUSTUS MILES FORMAN. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

"The Unknown Lady" is a novel of much variety. You have a picture of a village in the New England of forty years ago; you are given an insight into the gay and irresponsible life of the Quartier Latin which makes you feel as though you had lived, flirted, and worked there with the best of the Bohemians; and you are transplanted into a pleasant English country house of the present day. Henry Trent, the hero, paints five wonderful pictures which represent the woman whose image is always haunting his mind and whom one day he expects to meet—and yet he knows really nothing of painting. When he has finished the pictures, he finds the unknown lady: they marry, have a fortnight of perfect happiness—and then comes tragedy. The plot is an impossible one and the story is certainly too long, but Mr. Forman generally contrives to hold the reader's interest. The author is particularly happy in his picture of Bohemian life in Paris, and here his descriptive powers serve him especially well. Altogether the book is an effective piece of work whether the author deals with tragedy or comedy, and it should increase the circle of Mr. Forman's admirers.

THE MONEY-SPIDER.

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX. With Frontispiece in Colour by CYRUS CUNEO. 6s. (Cassell.)

Probably much of Mr. Le Queux's popularity is traceable to the fact that he is always reliable. The reader who picks up any one of his latest novels knows, within certain bounds, what to expect. His author, he feels, will give him three hours' good entertainment; there is sure to be a well-constructed plot, often a mystery of the most elusive variety, several stirring passages, and, in the end, virtue triumphant. It is greatly to Mr. Le Queux's credit that he has never consented to pander to those baser arts of the novelist by which to gain a transient popularity: his work is always of an excellent tone. Sensational it may be, but never improper. "The Money-Spider" is an excellent example. It may not belong to the higher branches of the art, but it does supply many people with what they are looking for. It is a first-rate story, exceedingly well told, with a mystery—or, rather, a succession of mysteries—of the most baffling description. The author's breeziness of style is by now well known, and he never allows the reader's interest to flag for a moment. The scene shifts from the Riviera to a point within the Arctic Circle, but the author is equally at home in either *milieu*. In fact, it is just the sort of book to refresh the reader tired either by hard work or by a succession of modern problem novels.

A ROGUE IN AMBUSH.

By HEADON HILL. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Carter Ravenscar, Lord Monksilver's secretary, is a villain of the deepest dye. In the most ingenious manner

From **A Rogue in Ambush** (*Ward, Lock*). "A TALL MAN STEPPED OUT OF THE SHADOWS AND TOUCHED HER LIGHTLY ON THE ARM."

possible he encompasses the death of the Rev. Chaloner Wenslade, Lord Monksilver's brother and heir, and he arranges the affair so cunningly that suspicion inevitably falls upon the murdered man's son, Dick. There is another mystery in the book, of which Ravenscar is again at the bottom. The much-tried Dick is again directly concerned in it, for his fiancée is spirited away by this very thorough villain. But you must read the story to get at the motives and the manner in which that clever detective, Elisha Crowe, tracked the villain down. Mr. Headon Hill can always be depended upon to do this sort of thing briskly and well, and "A Rogue in Ambush" is certainly one of his best books. The reader's interest is held from the first page to the last and, in spite of several improbabilities, the book is one which may be very strongly recommended.

THE WEST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE.

By JOSEPH E. MORRIS, B.A. 3s. 6d. net and 4s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

Messrs. Methuen's "Little Guides" series is almost too well known to require further commendation, and the latest addition to it is entirely successful in reaching the high level attained by its predecessors. Mr. Morris's book is clearly the outcome of a lengthy experience of the Riding (which, by the way, is in itself the largest of English counties), and he writes throughout with what is clearly first-hand knowledge. The volume is planned on the form familiarised by the other "Little Guides" when dealing with a country—that is to say that, in the course of a lengthy introduction, the author notices the area, etc., physical features, communications, antiquities, and ecclesiology of the Riding, supplies a few brief appendices and a couple of excellent indexes, while the remainder of the book is devoted to a "description of places arranged alphabetically." It must not be imagined that because it is styled a "little" guide Mr. Morris's is a small book; it is that only in *format*, in other respects it is uncommonly large—it contains, for instance, nearly six hundred pages—and as a guide for the pleasure-seeker or holiday-maker it may be very strongly recommended. There are twenty-six illustrations from photographs, a useful map, and several plans.

From **Dulce Domum** (*Murray*). MARY ANN MOBERLY, BY GEORGE RICHMOND.

From **In Castle and Court Hou.e** (*Laurie*). THE BARONESS DE BAZUS (BETTER KNOWN AS FRANK LESLIE).

From **Leigh Hunt** (*Herbert & Daniel*).

ANNUAL AND BIENNIAL GARDEN PLANTS.

By A. E. SPEER, F.R.H.S. 7s. 6d. net. (Murray.)

Mr. Speer's excellent work on gardening is of a severely practical kind. After a brief, but useful, introduction, he proceeds to devote sections of varying length to each of the hardy or half-hardy annual and biennial plants commonly grown in this country. These sections are all arranged in alphabetical order, and each contains full instructions for the cultivation of the flower under consideration, as well as a description of the best-known varieties. Mr. Speer writes in a clear and straightforward manner, and he confines himself strictly to business. We have no doubt whatever that his book will be of the greatest use to a large number of amateur gardeners. The volume is beautifully illustrated with fifty-eight photographs and drawings, six of which are reproduced in colour.

CHARLES II.

From **The Gay King** (*Stanley Paul*).

THE HERB-GARDEN.

By FRANCES A. BARDSWELL. (A. & C. Black.)

Miss Frances Bardswell's book concerns a field which in this country is practically unexploited. There is, of course, a good deal of modern book-making on the subject of herbs, which consists chiefly in the collection of curious verses and recipes. But the cultivation of the herb as an article for daily use has been neglected. And yet "Cooks and housekeepers sometimes say they need not depend upon the gardener for herbs they want, but can buy them very easily from the grocer in bottles. Bottles, indeed! How much I dislike the sight of those bottles! Cooks who talk like this do not know the difference between herbs bought in bottles and the herbs they might gather for themselves on sunny mornings in the summer out of their own or their masters' gardens. If the chance is given her, the Queen of the Kitchen soon discovers the secret!" Thus Miss Bardswell's book has a distinctly utilitarian use, and it is, before everything, a practical book. She devotes chapters to the making of the herb-garden, the gathering, drying, and storing of herbs, and a dozen others of useful hints and of descriptions of various recommended herbs. The book has also sixteen

From **The School of Madrid** (*Duckworth*).

JUAN RIZI—PORTRAIT OF DON TIBURCIO DE REDIN. (MADRID MUSEO DEL PRADO.)

beautiful illustrations reproduced in colour by the Hon. Florence Amherst and Miss Isabelle Forrest.

THE CHEVALIER D'EON.

From **Famous Impostors** (*Sidgwick & Jackson*).

From **The West Riding of Yorkshire** (*Methuen*).

COURTYARD, SKIPTON CASTLE.

THE PATRICIAN.

By JOHN GALSWORTHY. 6s. (Heinemann.)

If it was difficult at times to believe that the author of "The Island Pharisees" should have written "Fraternity," it is doubly hard to realise that the same pen should have produced "The Patrician." His early novels revealed Mr. Galsworthy as the Attila of the upper middle classes. Whether, as in "The Man of Property," they lived in London and made money in the City, or whether as in "The Island Pharisees" and "The Country House," they lived upon their broad acres, was immaterial. Both sections of the caste were equally, or almost equally, odious to him, and he castigated their essential sterility and narrowness with an impassioned irony and bitterness into which, except in one or two striking scenes, no remorse or sympathy found room to creep. In "Fraternity" the dawn of a wider and less harsh outlook was already discernible. Superficially, indeed, Mr. Galsworthy narrowed his outlook and he became primarily interested in the individual, where before he had been interested in the class. In reality, however, his powers of mind showed a proportionate expansion. The artifices which sometimes suggested that the political pamphleteer was hiding behind the novelist dropped for ever from one who so delicately forced us to realise that, fundamentally, the same problems confront both the classes and the masses alike. And now the dawn of that wider outlook which was born in "Fraternity" has brightened into day. The desire to dwell mainly upon the blemishes of his characters has given way to the wish to describe them as they present themselves to him, the good with the bad, and, at times, even to make excuses for them, and to show that, if we do not like them, we must remember that, after all, they are struggling gallantly in the environment in which they have been placed. Once again, as in his former novels, Mr. Galsworthy has centred his story in the doings of a particular class. In this novel, as the title indicates, the particular class selected is the peerage. One by one we are introduced to the various characters: Lord Valleys, a Cabinet Minister, grimly intent upon keeping pace with the times, determined to "wait in front"; his wife, a kind mother and hostess, a thorough woman of the world; the elder daughter Agatha, with her vision bounded by household affairs; the younger son, Bertie, keen and inscrutable; old Lady Casterley, mother to Lady Valleys, and a firm believer in the old nobility. Such are a few of the characters in the family destined to be so profoundly agitated by the affection of Lord Miltoun, the elder son, for Mrs. Noel, and by the apprehension that Lady Barbara, the younger girl, has fallen in love with that democratic champion of lost causes, Mr. Courtier. The personality of Lord Miltoun is the mainspring of the story and is undoubtedly the finest conception which Mr. Galsworthy has yet produced. A man with all a Coriolanus's contempt of the mob, and feeling that he has in him the powers of a statesman, he is determined that he will not either enter Parliament until he has qualified himself to do so, nor remain there a day longer than he can without loss of self-respect. On the very threshold of his career he meets Audrey Noel. They fall in love. Audrey, separated from an intolerable husband who will not hear of divorce, believes erroneously that Miltoun knows the facts, only to find that he holds views identical with those of her husband as to the indissolubility of marriage. The anguish of mind into which he is plunged gives Miltoun a touch of brain fever, through which, thanks to Lady Barbara's impetuous action, he is nursed by Mrs. Noel. Unable to reconcile it with his conscience to live with her and to continue in public life, he elects to abandon his career. Despite all the protests of his family and his friends he clings obstinately to his position, utterly illogical in a man of his religious convictions. The way out of the difficulty is afforded by the

From **Annual and Biennial Garden Plants** (*Murray*).

CREAM CUPS. (*Platystemon Californicus.*)

action of Mrs. Noel herself, who, braced in her already half-formed resolution by a visit from Lady Casterley, silently flies from her lover. Lord Miltoun is left free to pursue his career. As "Fraternity" was an advance upon the preceding novels, so, we would repeat, is "The Patrician" a greater achievement than "Fraternity." It will be said, no doubt, that Mr. Galsworthy is losing his sting. We have no fear for that so long as he can give us portraits such as those of Lady Casterley and Lord Harbinger. That satire which is purely destructive is not an end. We are more than compensated by the sturdy optimism of this book, by the virile hope expressed therein of what the best man in whatever class he is born can do for present-day society, by the intimation of what aristocracy in its true sense really means or may mean.

AMONG INDIAN RAJAHS AND RYOTS.

By Sir Andrew H. L. Fraser, K.C.S.I., M.A., LL.D., Litt.D. 18s. net. (Seeley.)

Sir Andrew Fraser is an ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, and his recollections may therefore be justifiably expected to be of unusual interest. He has spent thirty-seven years of his life in India, principally in the Central Provinces and in Bengal. His reminiscences cover sport (there are a couple of thrilling chapters on wild elephants and tigers and big game) and things of more serious import, such as Education, Christian Missions, the causes and limitations of Indian Unrest, and "the partition of Bengal," concerning which it is interesting to note that in the writer's opinion "the agitation against Partition was mainly due to causes which can easily be pointed out, and the comparative success of that agitation was really an indication or symptom of the existing spirit of unrest of which the partition was certainly neither the origin nor the cause."

From **Adventures in Friendship** (*Hodder & Stoughton*).

"If any one is sick . . . she appears with her little basket."—*An Old Maid.*

In the space of a short note it is impossible to do justice to the merits of this most interesting book, but readers—if they are wise—will discover them for themselves. The volume is well illustrated and excellently produced.

From **The Herb-Garden** (*Black*).

Colour in the Herb-Garden.
Order of herbs from top to bottom :—Red and White Valerian, Yellow Fumitory, Cat-Mint, Santolina, Sweet Woodruff.

SIXTINE ROME.

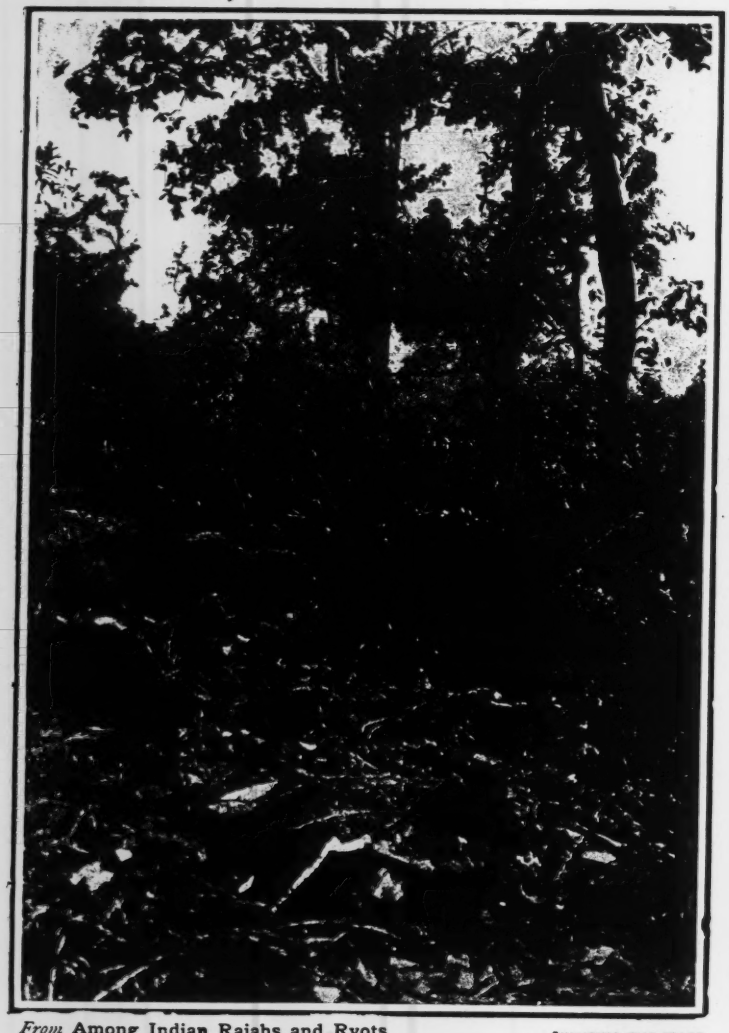
By J. A. F. Orbaan. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

Mr J. A. F. Orbaan has written a painstaking historical and topographical account of Rome as it was in the latter part of the sixteenth century, when Sixtus V. was Pope. It was a time when the Papal States were much overrun by pestiferous banditti, which Sixtus set himself resolutely and successfully to suppress; at the same time he made a shrewd and forceful use of his temporal powers and exercised a considerable influence in European politics. But it is more with his work in Rome itself that Mr. Orbaan is concerned, and during the five years of his Papacy Sixtus made many important architectural changes in the Eternal City, completed the dome of St. Peter's and had a hand in destroying almost as much as he built or rebuilt. There are very interesting chapters on the Pope's architect and on the Vatican Library, and a good record of the destruction of the Septizonium. The plans and pictures illustrating the book add greatly to its value.

CLIFF CASTLES AND CAVE DWELLINGS OF EUROPE.

By S. Baring-Gould, M.A. 12s. 6d. net. (Seeley.)

Mr. Baring-Gould believes, with much justice, that "it has hardly been realised to what an extent . . . cliff dwellings have existed and do still exist in Europe." Indeed, this book convinces us that the troglodyte has by no means passed away. Perhaps caves—slightly adapted—are pleasanter to live in than might at once appear; but any-



From **Among Indian Rajahs and Ryots** (*Seeley*).

AWAITING THE TIGER.

how Mr. Baring-Gould quotes the witness of a "neat and pleasant-spoken" Frenchwoman who informed him: "Mais c'est tout ce qu'on peut désirer. Enfin on s'y trouve très bien." Cave dwelling is, in fact, a much bigger subject than the ordinary reader may imagine. It embraces such things as cliff castles, underground monasteries, subterranean churches, rock hermitages and sepulchres, and connected with all these there is any amount of fascinating history. Mr. Baring-Gould's latest book, indeed, makes most varied reading of a curious kind. It is very fully illustrated and is absolutely the last word upon its subject.

NELSON'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

Vol. I. A—Anor. 1s. net. (Nelson.)

Messrs. Nelson must be tired by now of being told that it is a marvel how they can do these things at the price, but this is, nevertheless, the only true description of "Nelson's Encyclopædia." The Encyclopædia proper, we understand, is to be completed in twenty-three volumes, published fortnightly, and a "handy reference library for the home" will be completed by the publication of an English dictionary and an atlas of the world as volumes 24 and 25. The Encyclopædia itself is founded upon the Harmsworth Encyclopædia, a highly successful publication, and the Nelson "Loose-Leaf," which had a big circulation in America. It is not, however, a reprint (the articles on aeroplanes prove that), but has been systematically revised and brought up-to-date, while a large number of new articles have been added. The volumes are of that handy *format* which Messrs. Nelson have already familiarised in their sevenpenny and shilling series, print and paper are very good, and Vol. I., at any rate, contains an abundance of useful illustrations.

CHARLES DICKENS.

By His Eldest Daughter. 2s. 6d. (Cassell.)

Miss Mamie Dickens's pleasant little life of her father was written primarily for children, and was originally published so long ago as 1885. With the near approach of the Dickens Centenary and the steps which are being taken to celebrate it, the book should enjoy a renewed popularity. A monument of filial devotion, it presents a large amount of personal material concerning the great author which is of the first interest. It also contains a useful summary of its subject's writings and four well-executed coloured illustrations by Mr. C. E. Brock.

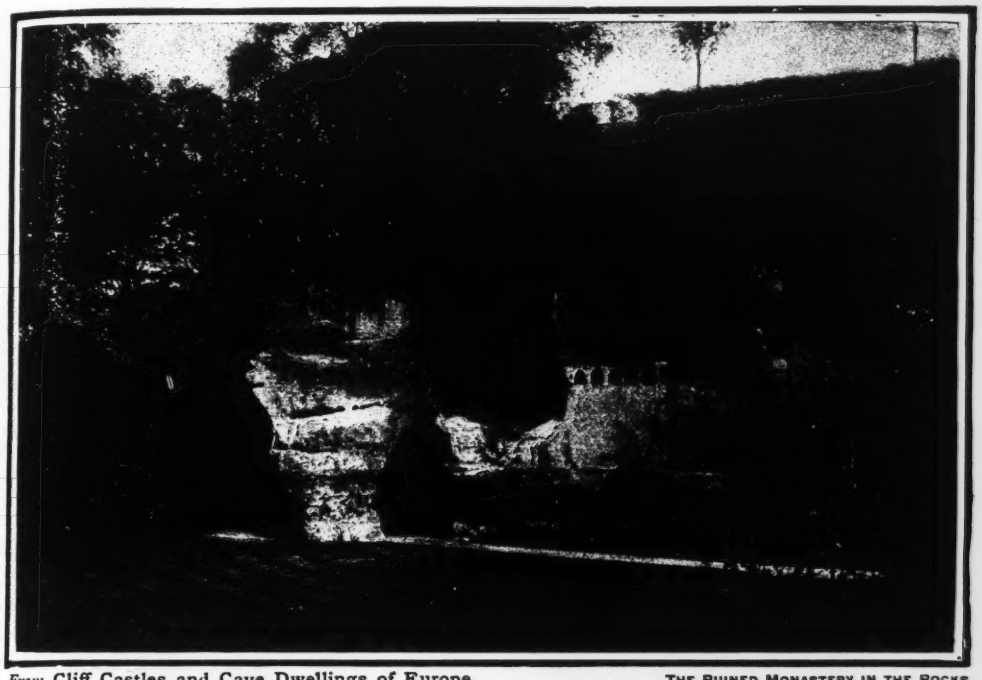
WHITE MAGIC.

By David Graham Phillips. 6s. (Appleton.)

"White Magic" is decidedly an unusual book. Mr. David Graham Phillips got hold of a good idea, and he developed it cleverly and without that over-excess of sentimentalism with which American authors are inclined to pack their love-themes. Roger Wade is an artist of great physical and mental attractions, of which he is blissfully—and rather unnaturally—unconscious. He has made a name for himself in Paris, has been left a very comfortably-sized fortune, has returned to his native country, and has built for himself a lonely studio. He is also wedded to his art; he feels certain that marriage is the death-blow to art, and therefore he has

From **Sixtine Rome** (*Constable*).

THE VATICAN LIBRARY BARRING THE COURTYARD OF BRAMANTE.



From Cliff Castles and Cave Dwellings of Europe (*Seeley*).

THE RUINED MONASTERY IN THE ROCKS, NOTTINGHAM PARK.

decided not to marry. However, one stormy day he enters his studio to find a beautiful girl sheltering from the rain. Each is attracted by the other, they meet often, and gradually drift into love. When the reader is informed that the girl is the daughter of a millionaire, who is strongly opposed to the idea of her marrying anybody she may meet, and that Wade still has his mind made up that marriage is not for him, he can see what a strong situation Mr. Phillips invented. The gradual development of the story is exceedingly cleverly done, the characterisation is admirably natural, and the more dramatic situations are handled with sureness and power. We are confident that everybody will enjoy "White Magic."

AILSA PAIGE.

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS. 6s. (Appleton.)

Mr. Chambers's latest novel, although not exactly a new departure, is on lines somewhat different from those of his latest books. He is no longer scourging the sins of modern American society in a manner of which, to tell the truth, we have grown a little tired, excellent though it is; but instead he tells a story—straightforward in essentials, but exceedingly complicated in its details—of the period of the American Civil War. Although essentially American—we cannot quite grasp, for instance, the reasons why the hero should swear off marriage at the beginning of the book and at the end should fling himself, in no odour of free love, but with no substantial change in his original position, into the arms of his chosen one—the book is one which will appeal to a large number of readers on this side of the Atlantic. Especial praise must be given to the author's really brilliant battle pictures, wherein the horrors of war are realised almost to an uncomfortable degree. The book is a good deal too long and some of the minor intrigue is unnecessary, but it makes, nevertheless, exceedingly good reading and it can be very strongly recommended.

THE BIG FIVE.

By AMBROSE PRATT. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

"The Big Five" is one of those rather wild stories which are suitable for adults who delight in adventure of rather a more full-blooded type than is permissible in boys' books. Mr. Ambrose Pratt invents an unexplored and practically unknown district of Australia which is fabulously rich in mineral wealth—more particularly in gold. The owner of this vast tract of country is an eccentric gentleman who dresses in an "immaculately fitting silk riding suit . . . glossy boots and leggings, and brand new chamois-skin gloves" in the heart of the bush. But he is not really much of a fellow, although perhaps more sympathetic than he sounds in this description; the hero is of the more stereotyped manner of adventurer—the man who will baulk at precious little; and the heroine is the eccentric gentleman's wife and "a tigress." There is a good deal of violence and several very sudden deaths, a fair love interest, and a well-constructed plot. In fact, Mr. Ambrose Pratt gives you everything that you can ask, provided that you do not ask too much.

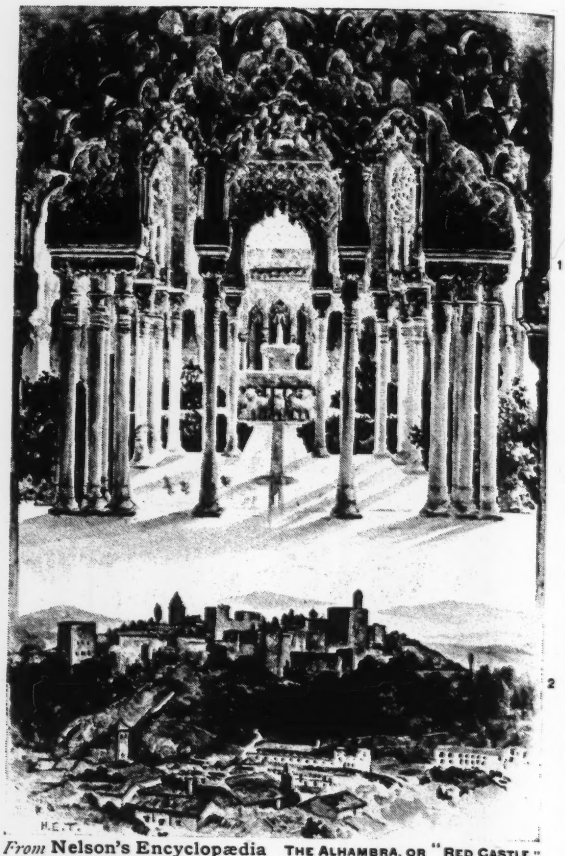
From The "Wine Drinker" and Other Stories (*Smith, Elder*).

"IN CAME THE SILVER-LINED SEA CURTAIN."

(Reviewed on p. 43.)

From **Siren Land** (*Dent*).

A MEDIÆVAL SIREN (HARLEIAN MS.).



From **Nelson's Encyclopædia** (*Nelson*).

THE ALHAMBRA, OR "RED CASTLE."
1. COURT OF THE LIONS.
2. GENERAL VIEW.

THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

By MARY STUART BOYD. 12s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

Mrs. Boyd's "Our Stolen Summer" will be remembered by those readers who were fortunate enough to make its acquaintance as a work of travel on exceedingly pleasant and somewhat unusual lines. She reverts to her former manner in her account of a six months' stay in the Balearic Isles. Her "forewarning" is worth quoting: "'I hear you think of spending the winter in the Balearic Islands?' said the only Briton we met who had been there. 'Well, I warn you, you won't enjoy them. They are quite out of the world. There are no tourists. Not a soul understands a word of English, and there's nothing whatever to do. If you take my advice you won't go.' So we went. And what follows is a faithful account of what befel us in these fortunate isles." "What follows" is just about as attractive as it could possibly be, and it makes us want very much to go to the Balearic Islands. Mrs. Boyd is a most sympathetic writer, with a keen eye for beauty, and every chapter of her book is a delight. Her husband is Mr. A. S. Boyd, the well-known artist, and his eight drawings in colour and numerous pencil illustrations in the text serve to bring the unfamiliar beauties which Mrs. Boyd describes even more vividly before our eyes. This entirely attractive book is lacking in one thing only—a map.

From **Charles Dickens** (*Cassell*).

A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR.

SIR WILLIAM BUTLER:

An Autobiography. By LIEUT.-GEN. THE RT. HON. SIR W. F. BUTLER, G.C.B. 16s. net. (Constable.)

When the man of action has also some gift of literary expression he is generally more justified in writing his autobiography than is the man whose life-work has been done in the study; certainly there was the best of reasons why Sir William Butler should have spent his quieter years in writing this story of his own chequered career. He had lived a full life, and played an important part in making the history of his time. He was so far a born leader of men that he was not willing to obey instructions blindly; he thought for himself, formed his own opinions, and had

the courage always to speak his thoughts plainly and strongly on occasions when a more diplomatic, a less bluntly soldierly man might have temporised. Consequently he was not in particularly good favour with the official world, and came in for a deal of misrepresentation and misunderstanding. No one attempts to deny now that the events justified him in his obstinate warnings of our unpreparedness before the South African War; we suffered for not believing in them, and we treated him as one too often treats the man who insists on telling us unpleasant truths at inconvenient times. The whole story is here in Sir William Butler's book, told simply and clearly, without rancour but with due emphasis, and it forms one of the most interesting episodes in a volume that is full of interesting reminiscences and good anecdotes and will rank as one of the few modern autobiographies of permanent importance, and one that the historical student cannot afford to overlook.

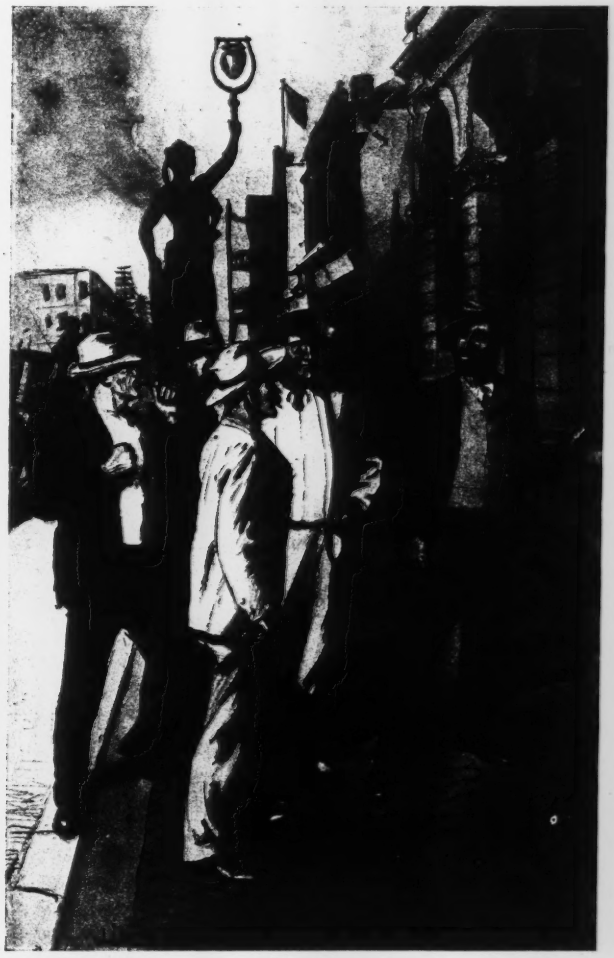
From **White Magic** (*Appleton*). "SHE'S A FOOL—AN IMPETUOUS FOOL."

THE MAN SHE LOVED.

By EFFIE ADELAIDE ROWLANDS. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Miss Rowlands' numerous love stories have, we believe, met with a considerable success in America, and there seems to us no particular reason why they should not duplicate that success in this country, for they give what, after all, the great body of the public is still demanding and probably what it will continue to demand for some time to come. First and foremost, they are love stories, secondly they are sensational. In "The Man she Loved" Miss Rowlands rightly holds to her original manner. The heroine is one Kit Marlowe, the Cinderella of her family, living on the charity of her aunt and her beautiful cousin, Rosemary. She attracts the attention of two men, Sir Charles Desmond, and his friend, Edward Montgomery, and the rest of the book resolves itself into a duel between the two, which the better man eventually wins. Further complications arise when Rosemary, pretending that Kit

Cover illustration of **Ailsa Paige** (*Appleton*).



From **The Big Five** (*Ward, Lock*). "WE MET BY ARRANGEMENT ON THE STEPS OF THE 'AUSTRALIA HOTEL.'"

has gone to a finishing school in Paris, gets her a situation as lady's maid. Our readers will see that the situation is not exactly new, but Miss Rowlands' treatment of it is brisk and efficient. "The Man she Loved" is quite a readable book of its kind.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE.

The World's Classics. 9 Vols. 1s. net each. (Frowde.)

THE SHAKESPEARE READING CIRCLE.

With Introductions and] Notes by ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES. 2 Vols. 9d. net each. (Dent.)

Mr. Frowde has published the first three volumes of the "World's Classics" edition of Shakespeare, the three volumes containing thirteen of the plays. They are beautifully printed and very tastefully produced, and contain a note by Mr. Watts-Dunton on the special typographical features of this edition, and there can be no question that these features are an improvement. The whole page, including the stage directions, is printed in roman characters, the directions being set in smaller sized letters instead of in italics, and the result is pleasanter to the eye and makes easier reading. Then, too, the names of the characters are not abbreviated at the beginnings of their utterances but always printed in full. Small matters, but as Mr. Watts Dunton points out, they tend to present the plays in more artistic and more readable form. The first volume contains Swinburne's fine and lyrically eulogistic general introduction to the works of Shakespeare: and each play is prefaced with a scholarly study of it by Mr. Edward Dowden. The slimness and handy size of the volumes make this an absolutely ideal pocket edition of Shakespeare; it was especially designed, Mr. Watts-Dunton tells us, "for those who love to read his works in the open air," and it is admirably adapted to this end; but its carefully edited text and authoritative introductions make it as satisfactory to the more exacting student as to the out-of-door man who goes reading it for pleasure only.

From **The Fortunate Isles** (*Methuen*).

SUNDAY MORNING AT IVIZA.

This other edition of the plays, that Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves is engaged upon and Mr. Dent is issuing, appeals almost entirely to the indoor reader. Mr. Graves has inaugurated his scheme by preparing "As You Like It" and "The Merchant of Venice" for reading classes, or for reading aloud "in the family circle or amongst friends." He has removed from the text all passages that could possibly offend against delicacy and could not well be read aloud in a mixed company, arranging each play so that it may be gone through by a circle of readers in two hours and a quarter. Each book contains, besides a general introduction, a helpful essay on elocution; notes on the origin of the play; full descriptions of the characters and costumes, a plan for the arrangement of seats, showing where the representative of each character should sit, and hints as to which readers could most readily duplicate parts in the event of there not enough being present to make up a full caste. We strongly recommend these convenient and admirably contrived little volumes to reading classes and reading circles, and to any one who contemplates forming such; with their lucid directions and notes they seem to us to fulfil completely the function for which Mr. Graves has designed them.

From **Sir William Butler, an Autobiography.** (*Constable*).

LIEUT.-COL. W. F. BUTLER, C.B. Taken in 1883, as Queen's A.D.C. (Photo by Heath, Plymouth.)

From **A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands** (*Hutchinson*).

MRS. HUGH FRASER.

ENGLISH LITERATURE DURING THE LIFETIME OF SHAKESPEARE.

By FELIX E. SCHELLING, Professor in the University of Pennsylvania. 10s. 6d. net. (G. Bell & Sons.)

Professor Schelling is convinced that 'until the history of literature cuts loose from the tyranny of biography, as history at large has long since cut loose, little progress can be made towards the realisation of the higher aims of literary study." Therefore, in telling once more, primarily for the benefit of American students, the fascinating story of Elizabethan literature, he has neither listed authors in the order of their birth nor books in the chronology of their publication. He has not attempted to eschew biography: he has made it his servant. And being a vigorous and lucid writer as well as a scholar, he has given us a narrative which can be read in its entirety without fatigue, and has so arranged his material as to make it very useful for the purposes of reference. The volume has the further double advantage of being in touch with recent research and remarkably free from distracting footnotes. The results of laborious study are frequently compressed into the limits of a single sentence. Professor Schelling not only adopts a Swinburnian tone in reference to the claims of the Baconians, but carries the war into the enemy's camp, as it were, by questioning the position of Bacon as a philosopher. In support of his contention that "Bacon's touch with poetry is scarcely more serious than his momentary points of contact with the drama," he effectively contrasts the cynical lines, "The world's a bubble," which have been attributed to Bacon, and Shakespeare's exquisite Sonnet cxvi. Whilst by no means dogmatic, he is far from dissociating the poetry of Sidney, Spenser, and Shakespeare from the influence of experience in life, even if all the claims of Continental originals be granted. And as regards the charge of "filching," of which we have heard so much of late, he declares that "it is not fair to make too much of a practice that was as common to the age, and in general as ingenuous and free from concealment, as piracy on the high seas against the commerce of Spain." But "nothing is more erroneous than to suppose that Spenser borrowed his perfect stanza of the 'Faerie Queene' from the Italian." Some excellent remarks are made with reference to the right understanding of Euphuism and Arcadianism. One or two other points may be noted. For example, Professor Schelling is at some pains to show that it is a mistake to consider the Authorised Version of the Bible as mainly the work of the King James translators in 1611. He is on less secure ground, perhaps, in describing the allegations against Marlowe's character as "inventions." His reference to "Eastward Hoe" contains the statement that "Jonson and Chapman" were arrested. The generally accepted story is that Chapman and Marston, the principal authors, were imprisoned, and that Jonson joined them of his own free will. Professor Schelling adopted this in the introduction to his edition of the "Discoveries." Confusion arises undoubtedly from the fact that Jonson and Chapman were in trouble over an unknown play soon after the "Eastward Hoe" affair. It is a pity that there are so many errors in the bibliography and index; but the repetition of one slip is certainly suggestive. On pp. 474 and 476 Jonson is credited with writing "Eastward Hoe" with Marston and *Dekker*. It is hardly to be denied that this play contains much more of what one would have expected from Dekker than from any one of the three men whose names are on the title-page of 1605.

From **The Cornish Riviera**
(*Beautiful England Series: Blackie*).

TRURO CATHEDRAL.
(Reviewed on p. 35 of Supplement.)

MOTHER AND SON.

By L. T. MEADE. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Mrs. Meade has given us a study of the love of a mother for a child that is not her own — a changeling for the son who died at birth — which is both interesting and unusual. The Stanions were married for seven years before an heir to their great property came to crown their happiness, and when, during the absence of the father, the much-longed-for son died, the mother and nurse substituted the child of a villager who was leaving for Australia. The father was left in ignorance of the change, and when in after years two daughters and a son are born, the mother is placed in a terrible position, for she loves the changeling almost more than her own children. When you are told that two great fortunes hang upon the condition of Mrs. Stanion having two sons, you have a fair idea of the dramatic situation which ensues. However, Mrs. Meade knows her work so well that everything is brought right without either alienating the reader's sympathy or offending his sense of justice. The book contains some delightful child characters which are drawn in the author's best vein, and the whole makes a readable and well-constructed story.

From **The Fine Art Scott** (*Educational Book Co.*)

BAILIE MACWHEEBLE AT BREAKFAST.

"Before him was a large bicker of oatmeal porridge, and at the side thereof, a horn spoon and a bottle of twopenny. Eagerly running his eye over a voluminous law paper, he from time to time shovelled an immense spoonful of these nutritive viands into his capacious mouth."—*Waverley.*

(From the painting by Jas. Eckford Lauder, R.S.A.)

From **A Great Emergency** (*Bell*).

From **A Century of Scottish History** (*Blackwood*).

From **Heroes of Genoa and the Rivieras** (*Laurie*).

THE RING OF UG, AND OTHER WEIRD STORIES.

By E. Elliot Stock. 2s. 6d. (Ouseley.)

Besides being an enthusiastic climber, Mr. Elliot Stock has, if such an epithet be permissible, a pleasant faculty for raising the reader's hair. Of the four stories included in this little volume, the best and the weirdest is almost certainly that which supplies the book with its title. With its scene laid among the Cumberland Fells, it admits of none but a supernatural explanation, and at the same time it is sufficiently convincing—and conviction is the main point for which the author must aim in stories of this type. The remaining three stories have their scenes laid in the Arctic Ocean, the Bernese Oberland, and a wild district of Pembrokeshire. All reach a certain level of achievement, and "The Ring of Ug" may be recommended as a book which will, at any rate, mystify its readers.

SCRAMBLES IN STORM AND SUNSHINE AMONG THE SWISS AND ENGLISH ALPS.

By E. Elliot Stock. 6s. net. (Ouseley.)

Mr. Elliot Stock has a fine enthusiasm for climbing, and the extracts adapted from his diary to form "Scrambles in Storm and Sunshine" should find a large circle of readers. The author is not one of your boastful people who pretend invariably to attain the object on which they set out, but the account of the peaks which he has "missed" makes

From **Scrambles in Storm and Sunshine** (*Ouseley*).

"OUR LITTLE CARAVAN WAS NOW SADLY REDUCED."

reading quite as good as that of those which he has won. Nor does Mr. Stock confine himself to Switzerland; he is aware that just as good sport in certain respects may be had among the Cumberland Fells. Indeed, his account of a night spent on the Great Gable Crags is more thrilling than any of his Swiss experiences. The book is well produced, and contains twenty-two excellent photographs taken by the author, and, in addition, four clever drawings by Mr. R. C. Armour. It will be welcomed as the straightforward and honest record of some rather unusual experiences.

From **The Ring of Ug, and Other Stories** (*Ouseley*).

"MUTTLEBURY, WITH BOTH ARMS OUTSTRETCHED, PLEADED RAPIDLY, AND IN AN UNKNOWN TONGUE, AS THOUGH TO SOME HIDDEN PRESENCE."

GETTING ON:

The Confessions of a Publisher. By John Adams Thayer. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

If Mr. Thayer was not born a publisher, he was a born one; he had discovered his vocation and entered upon it by the time he was thirteen, when he edited and published a small monthly paper which he called the *Printer*. As a mere child he went on to a Sunday-school platform and recited a sort of poem that ran:

> "When I'm a man, a man,
> I'll be a printer if I can, and I can";

and when he was a man he found that he could, and he was; he passed from printing to act as advertising manager to the *Ladies' Home Journal*; he spent a month and a day with *Munsey*, worked for a year on a newspaper, made a great fight for "clean advertising" in the periodicals, and was largely responsible for founding and publishing the successful *Everybody's Magazine*. Now, "after